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Playmate of the Year

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS RALPH NADER

PLUS:
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PATRICK SWAYZE
AND HOW TO
TALK TO
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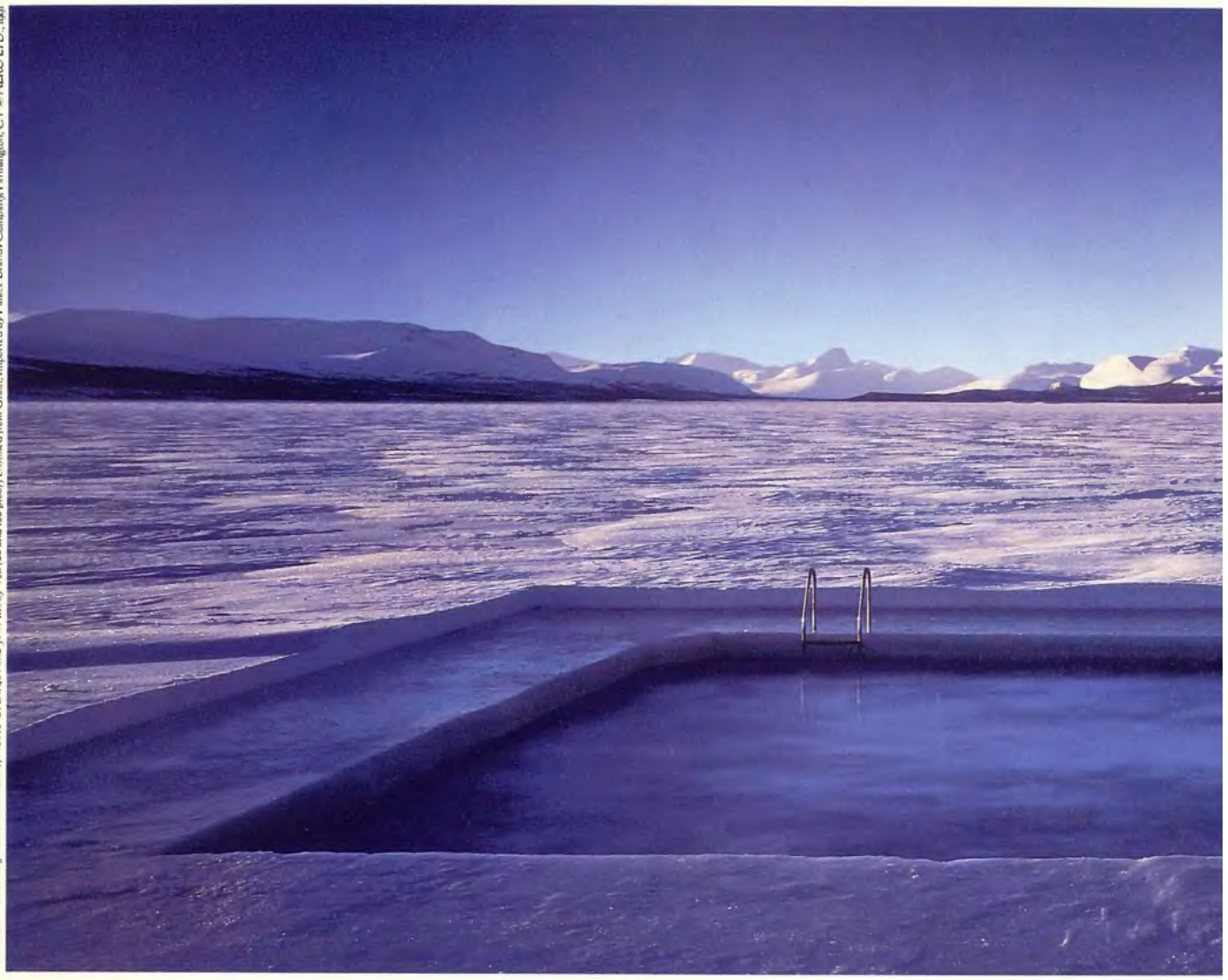

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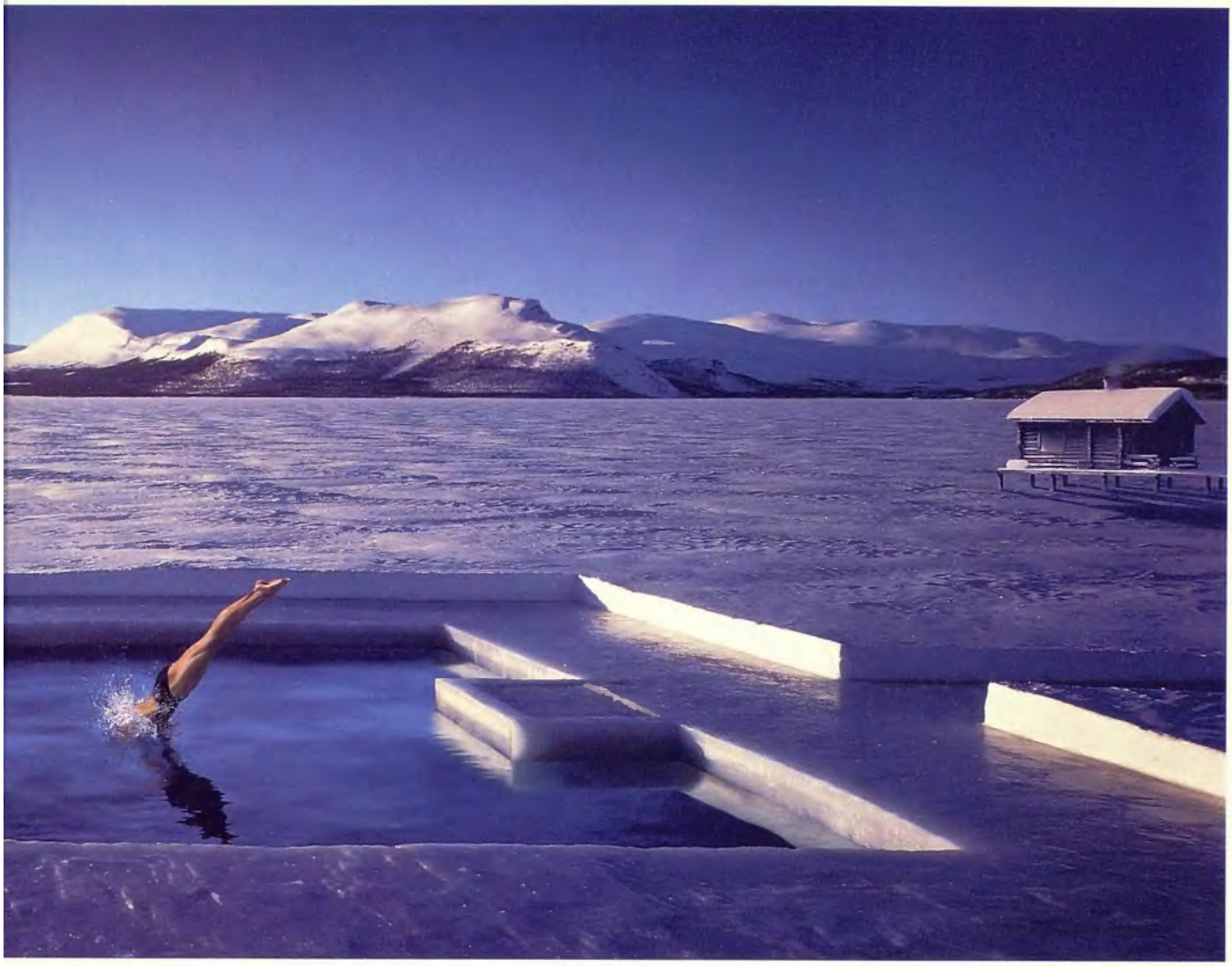

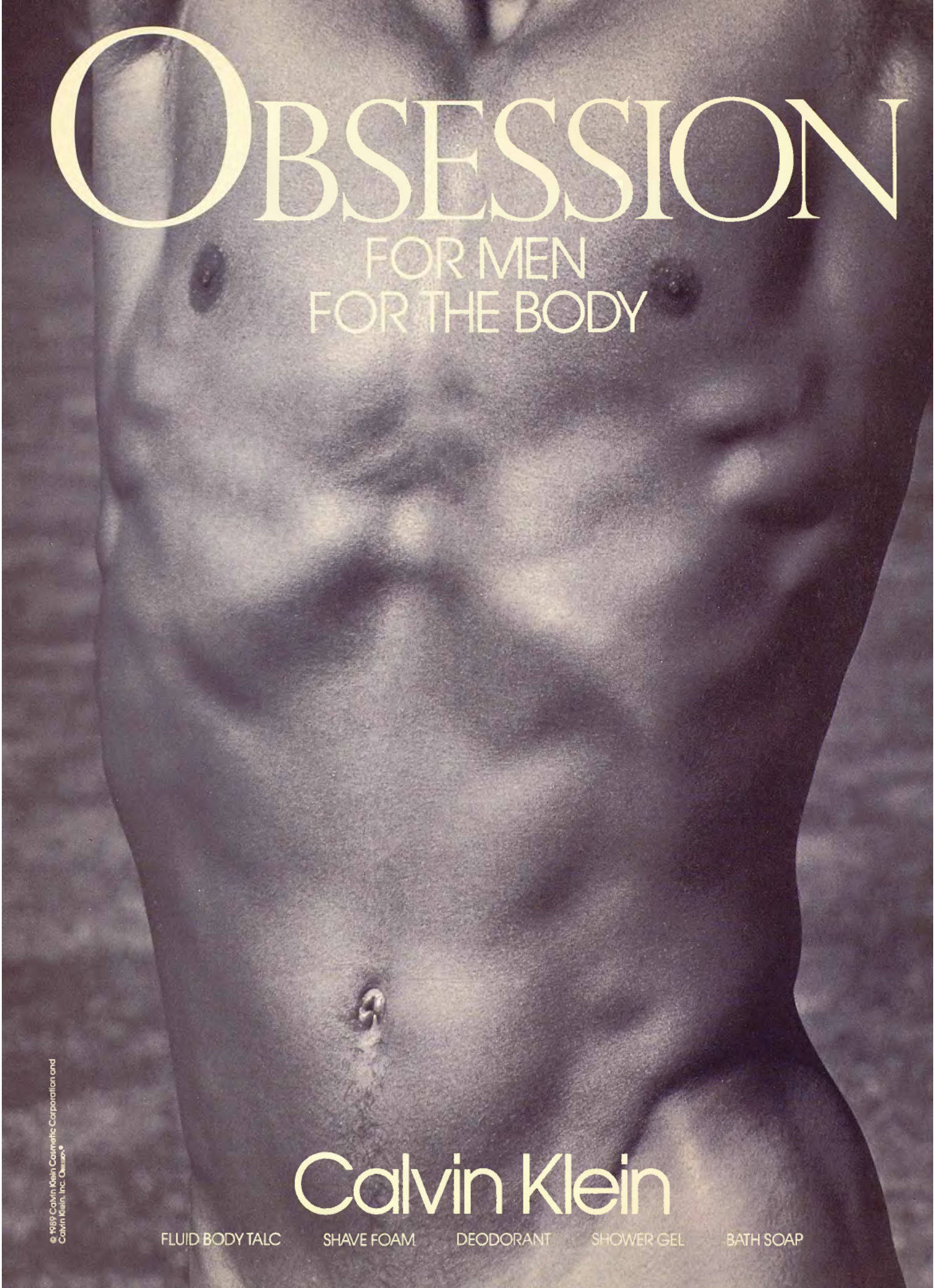
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PLAYBILL

WE THINK June is a perfect month. Summer's here, school's out, the summer Olympics are revving up and we get to tell you who is the Playmate of the Year.

For starters, NBC's Mr. Everyman, **Bob Costas,** is the anchor for the Barcelona Olympics, and in our profile, *Bob Costas Goes for the Gold*, writer **Lee Green** gets a rare backstage look at what makes him tick. It turns out that Costas' easygoing demeanor is deceptive; the guy's a perfectionist. The accompanying chart, *The Boys in the Booth*, written by Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook,** gives the play-by-play on every top sportscaster from **Gifford** to **Musburger** to **Madden.**

Sports nuts just *seem* out of control; members of the Hong Kong Mob really are. **T. J. English's** article, *Hong Kong Outlaws* (illustrated by **Marshall Arisman**), describes a vicious bunch of well-organized criminals who are relocating to the U.S. It's part of our ongoing series on the New Mob. An equally terrifying story, for different reasons, is that of **Tom Anson,** as told by **Harry Stein** in *Presumed Guilty*. Anson is one of a growing minority—men falsely accused of child abuse by vindictive ex-wives in custody battles. There is no more heinous crime than child abuse—and no other charge that so destroys a man. Says Anson, "I can never get back what's been lost."

We recently read that consumer confidence is so low that people are more worried now than at any time since the recession of 1974, which is why, after a 24-year break, it's time to reinterview **Ralph Nader.** Nader, who talked with **Murray Fisher** about his run for the Presidency as a "none of the above" candidate, says, "We all feel an increasing loss of control over our lives." One man who's taken firm control of his life is flamboyant heartthrob **Patrick Swayze,** who may be the toughest guy ever to don toe shoes. In a not-so-macho *20 Questions*, **Lawrence Linderman** finds out what makes a hunk a hunk. The rest of us struggling Romeos may benefit from reading Contributing Editor **Denis Boyles's** *The Thinking Man's Guide to Talking with Women*, illustrated by **Georganne Deen.** A few caveats could change your life.

Bittersweet love is the subject of our fiction selection, **John Nichols'** *An Elegy for September* (from a book to be published by Henry Holt). A teenaged beauty seduces an aging novelist—first by mail, then in real life. *Elegy* is illustrated by **Bryan Leister.** Before we leave the subject of love, we think a fashion statement is in order. Remember how good silk underwear feels—on your body and on hers? Feast your eyes on *Real Men Wear Silk*, photographed by **Andrew Rosenthal,** for a look at silk on the outside—from sports jackets to sweaters.

You've been cautious in word, not so cautious in deed and you're dressed to thrill. OK, where to eat? **John Oldcastle** makes it easy with *The Best Place in Town*, a guide to culinary one-night stands in 25 American cities from Atlanta to Seattle.

Let's see, your passions for words, love, fashion and food have been sated. Did we forget anything? Just joking. We'd never forget photographs. Just look at what Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** found on late-night cable in Manhattan. *Video Vamp* showcases **Lynn Muscarella,** hostess of the live call-in fantasy show *Voyeurvision*. It's an eye-opening treat for the open-minded.

You've been so patient, we won't make you wait any longer. Lights, camera, action: The Playmate of the Year is Miss August 1991, **Corinna Harney.** You remember her in the fabulous cowboy boots (and nothing else)? Well, a picture is still worth a thousand words. We thank Richard Fegley (again), you for your support and Corinna, of course.

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ARISMAN

STEIN

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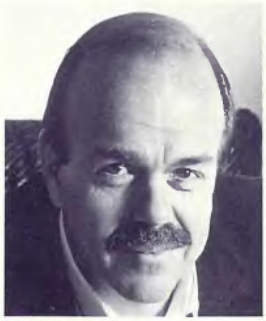
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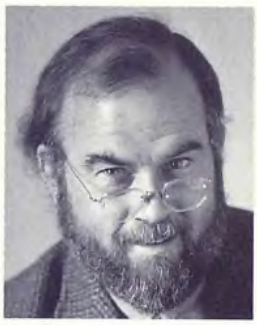
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DEEN

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LEISTER

ROSENTHAL

FEGLEY, HARNEY

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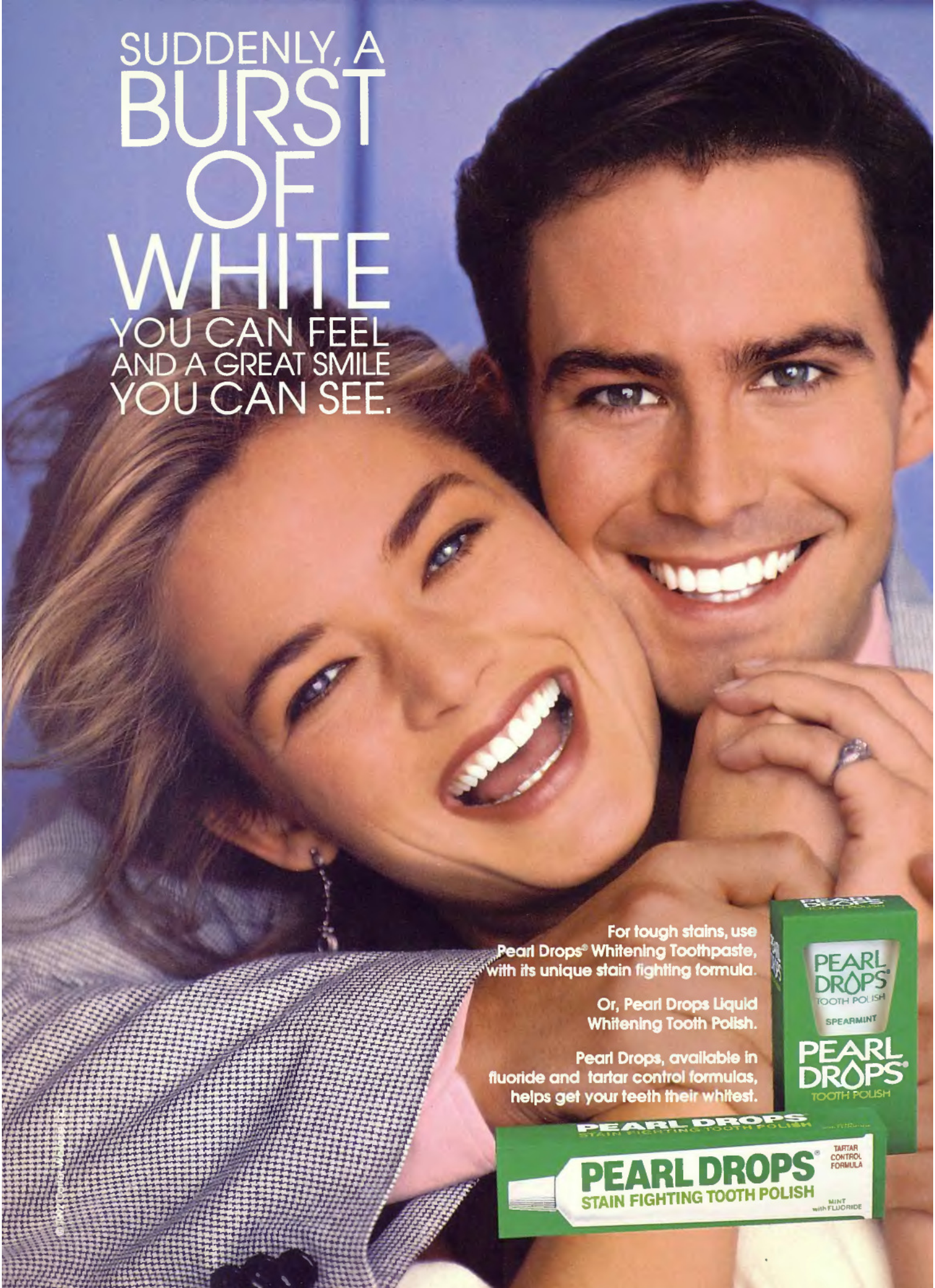
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COVER STORY

Las Vegas' new star, Corinna Harney, aced out 11 beauties and broke the bank when she became *Playboy*'s Playmate of the Year. Our cover was produced by Senior Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan, designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Thanks to Pat Tomlinson for styling Corinna's hair and make-up and to Lester Lampert Inc., Chicago, for her necklace. She loves our Rabbit? She loves him not?

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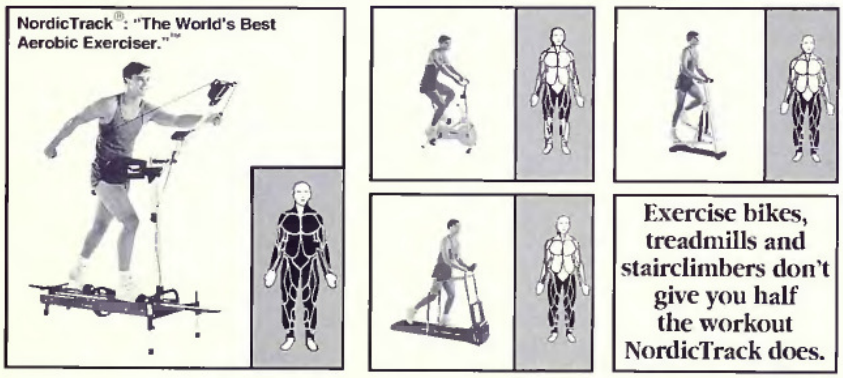

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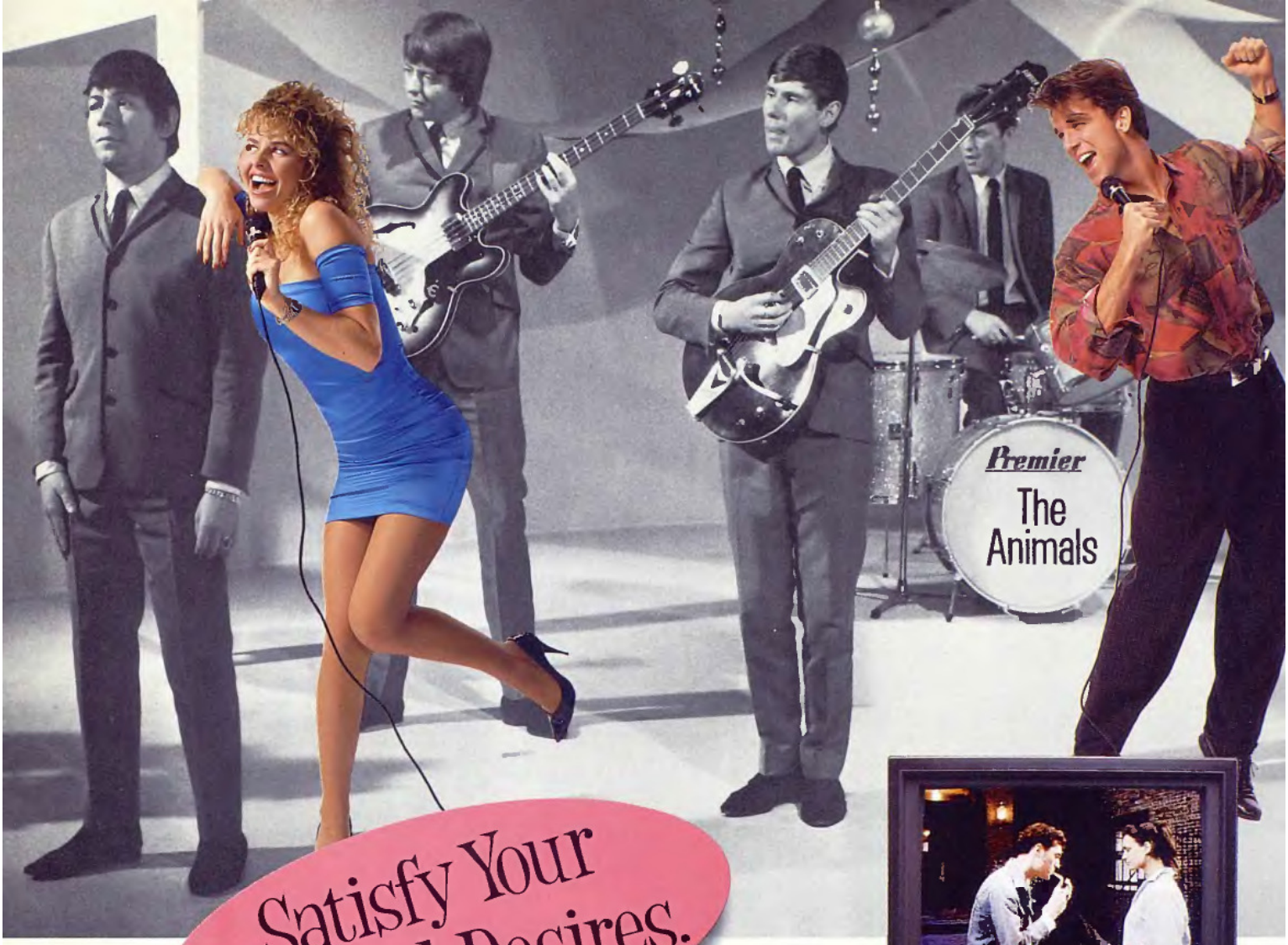

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LORNE MICHAELS INTERVIEW

Congratulations on Contributing Editor David Rensin's fascinating *Playboy Interview* with Lorne Michaels, the creator of *Saturday Night Live*, in your March issue. I think *Saturday Night Live* is simply the best show ever to appear on television. A Saturday without it would be like Christmas without Santa Claus.

Robert J. McKenzie
Hampton, Virginia

The *Playboy Interview* with *S.N.L.* producer Lorne Michaels inspired me to go through my back issues of *Playboy* to find and reread your interview with the original cast in 1977. I'd appreciate it if you would do a similar interview with the current cast. This group, along with Jan Hooks, Dennis Miller, Jon Lovitz and Nora Dunn, is just as talented as the original *S.N.L.* regulars, and you should try to get them all together before any more of these funny people jump ship.

Now that the movie *Wayne's World* has been a box-office winner and Lorne Michaels is planning an *S.N.L.* movie, I hope he doesn't branch out too much and dilute the energy he puts into *Saturday Night Live*. The show has returned to being as funny as it was in the old days, and we *S.N.L.* fans would like to see it stay that way.

John Shellenberg
Bellevue, Nebraska

FORT LAUDERDALE EXPOSÉ

Hats off to Pat Jordan for presenting the outside world with a refreshingly accurate description of Florida's Gold Coast (*The Creep, the Cop, the Wife & Her Lovers*, *Playboy*, March). For 19 years I've questioned the endless praise bestowed upon this area where I've grown up. Although one might be hard-pressed to find a region of the eastern U.S. that has more sunshine, my gut instinct tells me "Paradise" is not worth it full-time. Numerous travels to other regions of the country have led me to the conclusion that the heat Jordan speaks of not only causes leather car seats to burn one's buns, it has an identical effect on one's heart.

Scott Smith
West Palm Beach, Florida

As a citizen of Fort Lauderdale, I'm disappointed in the tone of Pat Jordan's article concerning the Jeff and Kathy Willets incident. In trying to set a sleazy stage for what is undeniably a sleazy sequence of events, Jordan trashes a city that a majority of residents are proud of and happy with. Judging an entire population by one bimbo and a few johns is akin to the generalizations of the high-profile organizations that boycott your magazine and call it pornographic because it contains pictures of unclothed women.

Ken Cooper
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Fort Lauderdale is more than the land of the dispossessed, as Pat Jordan describes it in your March issue. It is a major international center of commerce. As do many other cosmopolitan cities, it has positives and negatives.

Just a few of the positives are the revitalization of our world-famous beach, the creation of Riverwalk (an attractive linear park along New River in the heart of our downtown), the construction of a science museum that contains a state-of-the-art IMAX theater and the renovation of the International Swimming Hall of Fame and Aquatic Center (where international meets are regularly held and members of the U.S. Olympic diving and swimming teams train).

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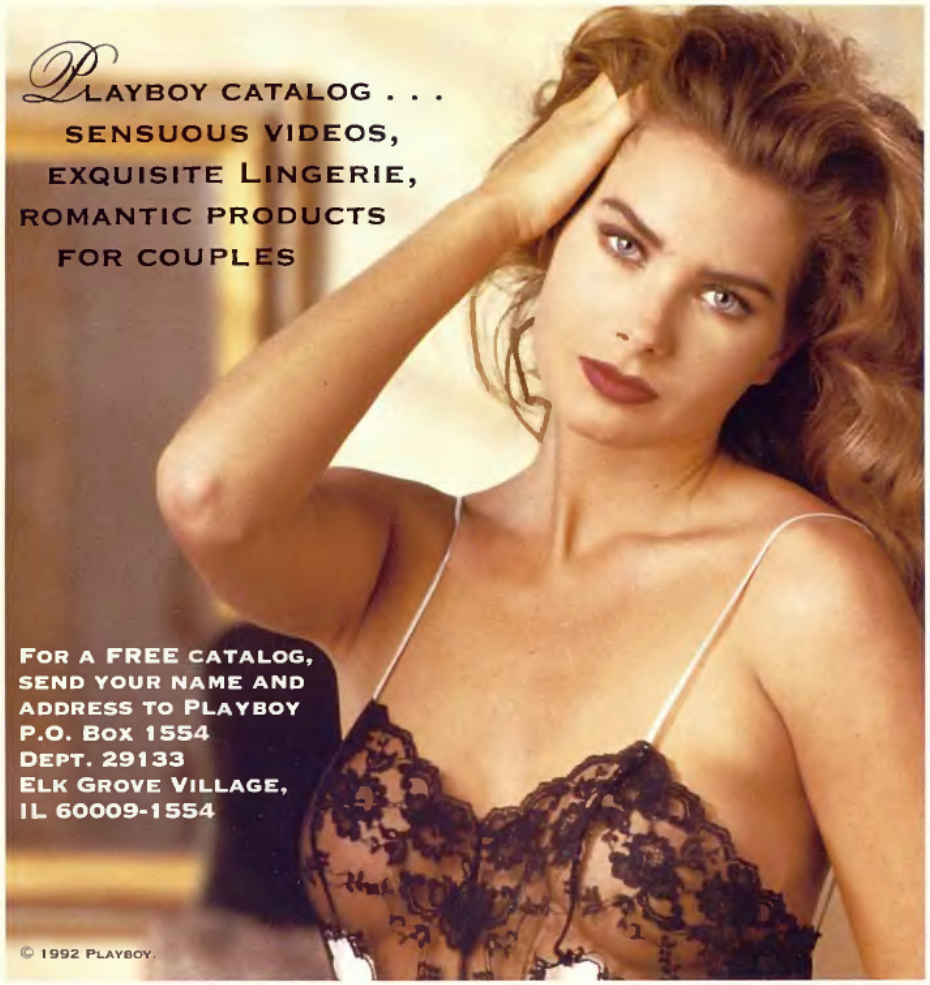

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It is easy to sensationalize Fort Lauderdale, but a closer look reveals a dynamic city that is a first-class vacation destination with warm weather, seven miles of magnificent beach and 165 miles of waterways that visitors can travel by water taxi.

As a native of Fort Lauderdale, I can attest to the fact that we have soul and character, creativity and substance. I invite you to visit us and allow me to personally show you the Venice of America.

Jim Naugle
Mayor
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

THE DRUG WARS

Tim Wells and William Triplett's article *The Drug Wars: Voices from the Street* (*Playboy*, March) is both chilling and depressing. But what I missed was a solution to the problem.

I feel that the way to diminish drug abuse is to elevate the status of the common worker—in restaurants, factories, hospitals, etc. A person should be better rewarded for making a hamburger than for selling drugs, and it's important to remember that rewards can be psychological as well as material. Until our reward system is changed, the drug-abuse situation will continue.

Another step toward solving the problem would be for our workplaces to provide incentives for each person to produce at the level at which he's capable. Too often the job market offers only jobs with rigid qualifications that eliminate many people who'd like to work. This stifles the human spirit of industry and productivity.

Rich Yates
Claysville, Pennsylvania

SOCIETY DARLINGS

Your pictorial on the East Coast's post-debutantes, *Society Darlings* (*Playboy*, March), is a refreshing change from your usual models, but you outdid yourselves with that cover! I thought I'd seen beautiful men's-magazine covers before, but Vickie Smith in that gown, those pearls and that setting makes for the most exquisite cover in *Playboy* history!

Tim Yeary
Winchester, Kentucky

Society darling Jaclyn Miller has the smallest breasts I have ever seen in *Playboy*, but I find that to be a real turn-on, as do lots of other men. Let's see more girls who wear a 32-A bra. Slim is in!

Carlton Crawford, Jr.
Edgewater, New Jersey

All of your society darlings are appealing, but I must admit I'm partial to Jaclyn Miller, a sexy gamine vibrant

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with intelligence, and to Diana Crane—voluptuous, radiating energy and health. All in all, a great pictorial!

Craig Schrode
Denver, Colorado

Thank you for the photos of the wonderfully erotic Diana Crane. My friends here in Oklahoma are always asking me why I don't get myself a steady girlfriend. I generally respond by telling them that I'll get a steady girl when I find one who enjoys drinking fine brandy and smoking good cigars. Thanks to you and Miss Crane, I now have someone to point to when they accuse me of asking for the impossible.

Rafael Francisco Rondón
Norman, Oklahoma

I'm cosmically inspired by your photos of stunning post-deb Juliet Hartford. The other debs don't exactly depress me either, but Juliet clearly leads this pack of Thoroughbred fillies. Well done, *Playboy*.

Peter Dinkel
San Francisco, California

Society darling Bridget Marks looks as though she stepped out of a Botticelli vision. You've outdone yourselves!

Donald Altschul
San Francisco, California

Please say that the picture of Carolyn Liu on page 131 of your March issue was reversed. If not, she is in violation of navigational regulations. The running lights on the bow of her runabout should have the green light to starboard and the red light to port, instead of the reverse order shown in your picture.

It takes a real boating nut to notice the equipment on the boat rather than the equipment on the pilot.

T. K. Foster
Dallas, Texas

Breathe easy, T. K. You're right, the photo was reversed.

TYLYN JOHN

March Playmate Tylyn John is the sexiest, most alluring woman ever to be found among the pages of your magazine. Her dangerous curves and steel horse are what make America beautiful.

Ron Sanders
Schaumburg, Illinois

I was very displeased with Tylyn John's promise to "stop cussing like a trucker." I've been a respectful truck driver for six years now, and I come from a large family of respectful truck drivers. I am sick and tired of people like Tylyn putting all of us down because of a few yahoo drivers who give us a bad name.

John F. Snyder
Metamora, Michigan

SWING, BROTHER, SWING

David Standish's latest installment of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock: Swing, Brother, Swing* (March) is excellent. Being a musician myself, I was filled with a sense of brotherhood as I read it. The amusing *Jive Glossary* has given me an idea. My father recently told me about the progress my ten-year-old nephew, back in New York City, is making with the bass fiddle he took up at school last year. Being his favorite uncle, I thought I'd encourage, dazzle and enlighten him with a letter written in cool jive (from the glossary). I wonder if he'll reply in kind.

John M. Knabel
Phoenix, Arizona

ASKING FOR IT?

Cynthia Heimel seems to be continually thumping men on their heads for being men, painting them with a broad stroke that includes every type from extreme and very real sexists to just about any other male who wears pants. In her latest diatribe (*Women*, "She Asked for It," *Playboy*, March), she hits the Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill debacle, raps the Democratic Senators and then goes on to give some of her own personal experiences. Only toward the end of her column does she begin to touch on a crucial issue: "A man is trained from childhood to be totally in control."

Most of the men I know spent their formative years under the influence of their mothers and female school teachers. Is this where they learned to be totally in control?

Paul D. Stutrud
Rohnert Park, California

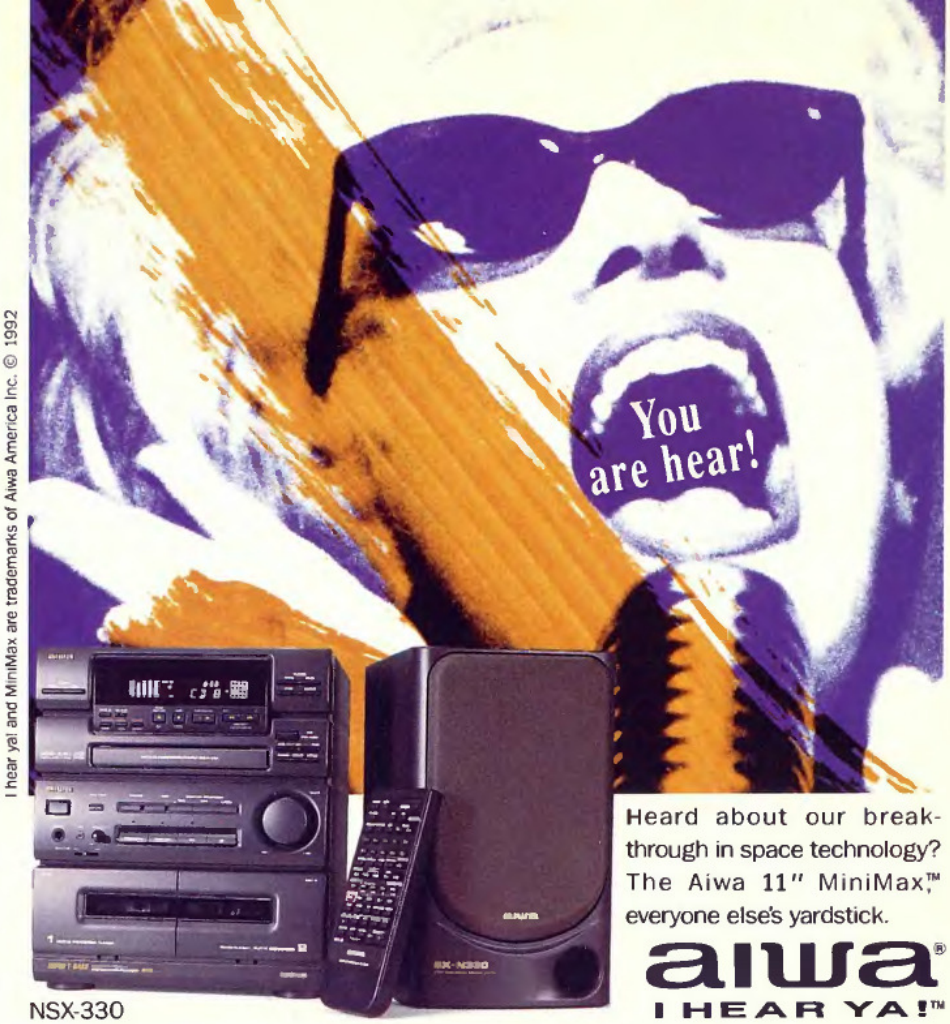
ALEX HALEY

I was doing a radio show out of San Antonio this morning when the information came that Alex Haley had died. Alex conducted a *Playboy Interview* with me almost 20 years ago, after the Jack Ruby trial. He was one of the sweetest guys (and I use that word in a very masculine way) I have ever known and certainly one of the most assiduous, painstaking writers who ever interviewed me.

He was one of those people who passed too swiftly through our lives and with whom we always resolve to spend more time. I wish I had, and now it's too late. I'm sorry to see him go. I mourn him.

Melvin M. Belli
San Francisco, California

We also deeply mourn the death of Haley, whom America knows best as the author of "Roots," but whom we knew as a friend and colleague. Haley's professionalism helped earn the "Playboy Interview" the popularity and journalistic respect it has today. But he was more than a fine journalist; he was one of the best of men. For that, most of all, we miss him.



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Jack Daniel's
Country Cocktails

There's a little Jack Daniel's and a lot of great taste in these new drinks from Jack Daniel's.

Just pour our new Country Cocktails over ice, sit back and enjoy. Each one's as good as the next.

It's been awhile since the folks at Jack Daniel's came out with anything new. Jack Daniel's itself hasn't been new since 1866, and that's sort of been the pace down here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

Jack Daniel's is made in the hills of Tennessee at America's oldest registered distillery. Come visit us sometime.

But now there really is something new. Jack Daniel's Country Cocktails. They're a whole line of good tasting drinks already made up in little bottles with lots of country character—and just a touch of smooth-sipping Tennessee Whiskey.

Each Country Cocktail is our own original recipe. There's Lynchburg Lemonade, Tennessee Tea and Downhome Punch. And they're just as easy to serve as they are to drink. You just pour over ice and enjoy.

We do hope you'll agree our Jack Daniel's Country Cocktails are worth a try.

After all, news like this only comes out of Lynchburg every 125 years or so.

Jack Daniel's
COUNTRY COCKTAILS

A little Jack Daniel's, a lot of great taste.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

TO TOAST WITH THE MOST

Delivering a toast at a wedding is one of the few things that can cloud June skies for us. When our friend Peter Alson last played best man, he wisely sought the advice of Norman Mailer—a guy with a reputation for toasting his way out of tight spots.

"Mailer told me that a necessity for giving a good toast is being drunk. Wing it. If you can't really speak extempore, toasting can be a miserable business. Many people are completely humorless on family occasions and you could offend everyone for years to come, so err on the side of conservatism. According to Mailer, you can measure the amount of irony you can afford by the wealth of the people in the room. The two are in inverse relation.

"When the moment came, I was buzzed on champagne and I began with an anecdote. I paused when I got laughs and finished with an ode to marriage that only a single person could give. Afterward, people came over, patted me on the back and said, 'Good speech.' By the time dessert rolled around, I heard myself contentedly lecturing to someone, 'You can measure the amount of irony you can afford by the wealth of the people in the room.'"

•

It had to happen. Gil Schamess, an editor in Watertown, Massachusetts, has started a literary magazine printed entirely on T-shirts. It's called, appropriately, *Tee Shorts* and costs $20 per issue. Schamess sums up his editorial philosophy this way: "I'm publishing stories I'm happy to stick my neck out for—or stick my neck through."

•

In countries ruled according to Islamic law, architectural blueprints must be approved by a committee of Islamic scholars—the *ulema*—so that the government can be certain that no toilet faces Mecca.

•

A University of Denver marital-studies center reported that cities with major-league baseball franchises have a divorce rate 25 percent lower than those cities without them. The center's director allowed that he was uncertain as to what the results meant.

SEMANTICS OF ROMANTICS

In an era when we call multimegaton bombs Peacekeepers and closet-sized apartments efficient, the term euphemism has become a euphemism for bald-faced lie. And nowhere are euphemisms more liberally abused than in personal ads. Here's what they mean:

Independent thinker: crazy.
Outrageous: crazy.
High-spirited: crazy and hyperactive.
Free-spirited: crazy and irresponsible.
Exotic: crazy with a pierced nose.
Round: fat.
Big and beautiful: fat.
Huggable: really fat.
Fat and sassy: huge and loud.
Svelte: anorexic.
Dynamic: pushy.
Assertive: pushy with a mean streak.
Excited about life's journey: no concept of reality.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Sultry: easy.
Looking for Mr./Ms. Right: looking for Mr./Ms. Rich.
Moody: manic-depressive.
Soulful: quiet manic-depressive.
Poet: boring manic-depressive.
Very human: Quasimodo.
Swarthy: sweaty even when standing still or in the cold.
Uninhibited: lacking basic social skills.
Irreverent: mean and lacking basic social skills.
Aging child: self-centered adult.
Youthful: over 40; trying to deny it.
Humorous: watches too much TV and never shuts up.

HALCION DAYS

In a recent *Publishers Weekly*, we were smitten by this blurb: "*Embrace the Serpent*, by Marilyn T. Quayle and [her sister] Nancy T. Northcott. When Russian leaders, desperate for cash, maneuver their man into the newly vacated Cuban presidency, only one man can keep the U.S. from political disaster." *Dan Quayle?*

•

In Avon, Colorado, the town council held a contest to name the new bridge over Eagle River. After evaluating 84 suggestions (which included the benign but descriptive Eagle Crossing), the council voted 4–2 to give it the official name of Bob.

MIDNIGHT RAMBLER

After a life of loneliness, despair and recreational sex, Allan Havey, host of Comedy Central's convulsively funny late-night talk show *Night After Night*, has discovered the wisdom of aging. "If you're twenty-five, you can't appreciate a twenty-three-year-old the way you can when you're thirty-seven," he tells us. "And if you ever kiss an eighteen-year-old, it brings back high school. All of a sudden you can smell your notebook again." But maturity has its down side, even for a comedian with cable access to 22,000,000 viewers: "I get looks from women, like, 'You're thirty-seven, you've never been married? There must be

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It's a great way to let off steam. I would like to see Godzilla destroy Disneyland next."—KOICHI KAWAKITA, SPECIAL EFFECTS DIRECTOR OF THE LATEST GODZILLA MOVIE, ON THE MUTANT REPTILE'S HABIT OF SQUASHING FAMOUS LANDMARKS

MAKING OUT

According to a study in *Archives of Sexual Behavior* on the effects of nine months of aerobic exercise on 78 sedentary, heterosexual men, the percentage increase in frequency of deep kissing, 20; of sexual intercourse, 30; of orgasms, 26.

FACT OF THE MONTH

In a *National Law Journal* survey of 100 state and federal judges who watched the Clarence Thomas hearings on television, 48 said they would not want to be nominated to the Supreme Court.

THE FOREST OR THE TREES?

According to the U.S. Forest Service, number of the 122 national forests that lost money in 1990 on timber operations, 65; the number that lost money according to independent reports, from 98 to 108.

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Net revenue of sales of public timber, according to the Forest Service: $629,727,247; according to independent economists: $118,895,390.

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Amount the federal government plans to spend in 1992 to make national forest timber available for logging: $583,400,000.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY

Percentage price increase from 1981 to 1991 of a Cadillac Sedan DeVille, 115; of a Chevy Caprice, 114; a Corvette, 108; a Buick Regal, 101; a Camaro Z28 coupe, 74.

DRESS FOR SUCCESS

Percentage of American companies that allow executives to wear jeans, 12; to wear sneakers, 25; to omit a necktie, 34.

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Percentage that say wearing casual clothes improves morale: 47.

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Percentage that have a formal dress code: 22.

BARELY TALKING HEADS

According to a Harvard study, the average length of a TV sound bite for Presidential candidates in 1968, 42.3 seconds; in 1988, 9.8 seconds.

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Total minutes of speaking time by the two major Presidential candidates on ABC, CBS and NBC during the 1968 campaign, 182.31; during the 1988 campaign, 115.58.

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Total time of campaign coverage by the three major networks in 1968, 21 hours, 46 minutes; in 1988, 16 hours.

WHEN THE MOOD STRIKES . . .

In a survey by *American Health*, the percentage of men and women who have had sex while listening to music, 58; while taking a bath or shower, 38; while watching TV, 36; while watching an adult video, 21; while eating, 4.5; while exercising, 3.5; while making a home video, 2.5.

. . . AND WHEN IT DOESN'T

In response to an open-ended survey question by TAG-Heuer, a Swiss watch manufacturer, the percentage of Americans who would spend a hypothetical 25th hour of a day in active sports, 36; who would spend the extra hour sleeping, 20; with loved ones, 15; on the job, three; watching TV, one; engaged in sex, less than one.

—BETTY SCHAAL

something wrong with you,'" he says. "But I'm a real adult, I have nice furniture and I don't have Jimi Hendrix posters on the wall." Havey feels proper furnishings make for better dates. "I'd rather be at my home with a woman. I know she's not going to pull out handcuffs," he remarks. "Besides, I know where my handcuffs are."

•

The Japanese have a new verb for one of life's unspeakable miseries: *bushusuru*, meaning "to do a Bush." The word has special relevance in Tokyo's bar district, where it's socially acceptable for Japanese businessmen to drink until they throw up—something American workers are apparently just too lazy to do.

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Texas Monthly had some fun correcting an item that ran in *The National*. The now-defunct sports daily "reported that the protective cup worn by Texas Rangers pitcher Nolan Ryan during his seventh no-hitter was sold at auction for $62,500. In fact, the item sold was Ryan's cap and the price was $6250." The magazine was smiling when it titled the item IT PROTECTS THE EYEBALL.

NEW RELIGIONS OF THE NINETIES

Where does the soul go after death? It depends.

Frisbeetarian: Believes that after death, the human soul goes up on the roof and never comes down.

Runnerarian: Believes that the soul comes back as a small dog meant to bite marathoners on the legs and ankles.

Feminarian: The female soul joins its own special heaven far away from Saint Peter and those other nasty boys.

Pollsterarian: 45 percent of all souls go to heaven, 35 percent to hell, 20 percent undecided return to New Hampshire.

Militarian: The soul sits at the feet of God, who is actually General George S. Patton.

Sodomarian: The soul flies into the center of the earth through Newark, New Jersey.

Agritarian: The soul inhabits the body of commodities futures traders. Good souls get the winners, bad souls bust out with the losers.

Collegiarian: The soul and its buddies attend an eternal spring break hosted by freshman babes in thong bikinis.

Buchananarian: Right-thinking American souls frolic in a walled paradise protected by U.S. Rangers.

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Whole Foods Market, a ten-store chain of health-food stores, has set up "massage stations" at its checkout counters to help customers with the stress of the organic-food-shopping experience. In their stores in Palo Alto, Berkeley, Houston, Austin and Dallas, ten minutes of relief goes for seven dollars.

MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

MOST PEOPLE listen to music to escape reality, and critics invariably disapprove. But the real test is the alternate reality that the music creates. Is it soggy like Michael Bolton's? Deceitful like Wilson Phillips'? Or something enlightening?

"Reality used to be a friend of mine," croons the Jersey City brother duo P.M. Dawn in ***Of the Heart, of the Soul and of the Cross: The Utopian Experience*** (Gee Street/Island). They're so fed up with the life they've been handed that they will do a rap without street smarts or street attitude. Beyond the De La Soul–style "daisy age," they're suburbanites holed up with their stereos—except that the music they live for is prized less for rarity than for its ecumenical reach (their first hit, *Set Adrift on Memory Bliss*, is built off a Spandau Ballet sample). Their escape fuses the Beach Boys with Grandmaster Flash. It can teach if you can learn.

My Bloody Valentine comes out of the same poof-to-arty English dance-music scene that gave the Eighties Spandau Ballet, and these guys have had it with pop pseudos. Instead, their trance-disco creates a world in which New Age and the ecstatic postpunk guitar converge. The ***Tremolo*** EP (Sire/Warner) is a taste for the fainthearted, but on the ***Loveless*** album, they put it together.

FAST CUTS: Digital Underground, ***Sons of the P*** (Tommy Boy): How can P-Funk cease to exist when we still have our records? Pixies, ***Trompe le Monde*** (Elektra): Before the world fools you.

DAVE MARSH

Rebel rockers require a rigid code of conduct. That's why they often slam into walls going full tilt. The few who survive tell fascinating stories, as do Mike Ness and Social Distortion on ***Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell*** (Epic).

Leader Ness was a classic case of bad news fueled by drugs, alcohol and violence, plus the arrest record that went with it, and the band's thrash seemed dead-ended both musically and commercially. But its second major-label album of the Nineties tells a coherent and moving story about how it all changed.

Social Distortion's rebellion is perceptible in the fury of its guitar attack and rhythms, in Ness's scabrous vocals and despairing lyrics. But now Ness is straight, interested in the musical roots from which rock rebellion derives and in catastrophe and recovery. *Born to Lose*, *99 to Life* and *Bye Bye Baby* accent thrash with country, blues and rockabilly, leavening spite with anecdote, confession and spiritual metaphor. Ness pictures himself as a murderer, declares that he'd be better off dead and yet affirms his desire for life. His insights make this album as fascinating as a true crime story.

A *Utopian Experience* with P.M. Dawn.

P.M. Dawn raps without attitude, but Social Distortion doesn't.

FAST CUTS: ***The Ultimate Sonics*** (Etiquette, 2442 N.W. Market St., Seattle 98107): Sixties garage punk as crazed as titles like *Strychnine* and *The Village Idiot (Jingle Bells)* suggest. Nirvana's grandfathers. ***Lenny Bruce Originals, Vol. 1 and Vol. 2*** (Fantasy): Smart as they are profane, funnier than they are dirty and guaranteed to cure you of Andrew Dice Clay.

VIC GARBARINI

Senegal's Youssou N'Dour has recorded with Peter Gabriel, sung with the Boss and Sting on the Amnesty International world tour and is now being touted as the first international pop star with a chance of inheriting Bob Marley's mantle. His band, the Super Etoile, is world quality, with rolling, melodic percussion typical of West African music fused with tight pop arrangements that ride between African and Western traditions. N'Dour's slightly Islamicized, keening soprano weaves through the music, a pop *griot* articulating his people's yearnings. Think of Paul Simon or David Byrne coming from the other direction. So are we in Marley territory? Not yet, though ***Eyes Open*** (40 Acres and a Mule Musicworks/Columbia) is entertaining and innovative.

Back in 1987, four minor geniuses got together for four days and made a quantum leap, delivering John Hiatt's nearly miraculous *Bring the Family*. After five years of rumors and false starts, bassist Nick Lowe, drummer Jim Keltner and master guitarist Ry Cooder rejoined Hiatt to form Little Village. OK, maybe hoping for another quantum leap was pushing it, but ***Little Village*** (Reprise) is less, not more, than the sum of its parts. Everybody's nice and polite and gives one another their space but, shit, where's the spark? Cooder sticks to his understated dynaglide calypso mode, which is pleasant but hardly as riveting as his sweaty, Memphis-at-midnight funk overdrive. And Hiatt's writing is clever rather than cathartic. Still, I pray they stay together and tour—their combined repertoire could make this the hottest live band of old farts out there. Then maybe they'll head back to the studio for the real deal.

FAST CUTS: Kronos Quartet, ***Pieces of Africa*** (Elektra/Nonesuch): Afroclassical gas. Tom Verlaine, ***Warm and Cool*** (Rykodisc): Duane Eddy scales Twin Peaks. ***Cracker*** (Virgin): Post–Camp Van Beethoven.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

A child prodigy of rock and roll, Charlie Sexton was playing lead guitar at the age of 12 for Joe Ely. Four years later, he moved from Texas to Los Angeles and put out his first solo album. Young, talented and pretty, he seemed surefire for MTV—a new kid on the block with chops. Well, it didn't work, and Sexton moved back to Austin to reconnect with his roots. Smart move. His roots have now blossomed in the form of the Arc Angels, consisting of Stevie Ray Vaughan's former rhythm section (Tommy Shannon and Chris Layton) and another hotshot guitar slinger (Doyle Bramhall II). Their self-titled debut, ***Arc Angels*** (DGC), reveals some serious barrelhouse rock and roll with lyrics several cuts above the clichéd norm. This is a tad surprising because you'd expect Vaughan-style blues pyrotechnics, but these guys have their soloing down to bite-sized chunks in an ensemble format—sort of the Stones crossed with the Allman Brothers crossed with the Black Crowes crossed with the Georgia Satellites crossed with—do you get the picture? The strongest hook comes in a slow love song, *Sent by Angels*, that'll inspire you to marry your girlfriend. Listen at your own risk.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Arc Angels *Arc Angels*	3	6	6	7	8
Youssou N'Dour *Eyes Open*	7	8	7	6	6
P.M. Dawn *The Utopian Experience*	9	7	7	9	8
Sir Mix-a-Lot *Mack Daddy*	6	6	8	8	8
Social Distortion *Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell*	8	8	8	8	6

THE BEAT GOES ON DEPARTMENT: **Grateful Dead** percussionist **Mickey Hart** assembled 1500 drummers for a drum-in in northern California. With a $40,000 grant from the National Association of Music Merchants, Hart proved that you don't have to be a wild man to get a big bang.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Bobby McFerrin** is scoring **Whoopi Goldberg's** new movie, *Sarafina*. . . . **Madonna's** next film role will be in the erotic thriller *Body of Evidence*, co-starring **Willem Dafoe.** She'll play a woman accused of murdering her lover. . . . A movie is being made based on the old **Marshall Tucker** song *Fire on the Mountain*, about a pop musician who meets the girl of his dreams in Nashville, follows her home and then must overcome a legend to win her love. . . . **Tara Kemp** has recorded a song for **Kid 'n Play's** new movie, *Class Act*. . . . Rapper **Eazy-E** of **N.W.A.** has co-written a movie in which he plans to star. It's called *Smilin' Facez* and is set in L.A.

NEWSBREAKS: The metal concert to end them all: We hear that **Guns n' Roses** plans to hook up with **Metallica** for summer stadium shows. . . . And on a calmer note: Look for **Eric Clapton** and **Elton John** to be out on the road together during the summer. . . . In other highly anticipated touring news, Lollapalooza II is expected to kick off in San Francisco in mid-July. The lineup at presstime includes the **Red Hot Chili Peppers, Soundgarden** and **Ice Cube. Perry Farrell** is helping to organize this tour and may emcee some of the shows. . . . **Roger Daltrey's** solo LP just came out and **Pete Townshend's** is in the planning stages. . . . *A Very Special Christmas* raised $8,000,000 for the Special Olympics back in 1988. A sequel is being planned for this coming Christmas holiday and **Tevin Campbell** has already cut his song for the album. . . . **Robert Cray's** new LP and a worldwide tour are on tap for early summer. . . . **Queen Latifah** and **Monie Love** have made a TV pilot for a comedy called *Out of My Face*. It may make the NBC lineup. . . . Once again, the B. R. Cohn Winery hosts its celebrity golf classic. We call it rock-and-roll golf, since **Bruce Cohn** is the longtime manager of the **Doobie Brothers.** If you're in Boyes Hot Springs, California, in the middle of May, **Huey Lewis,** members of **Little Feat, Mötley Crüe** and **Fleetwood Mac** will be looking for caddies. . . . Now we've heard it all: **Barry Melton** from the Sixties band **Country Joe and the Fish** is running for election as a San Francisco municipal court judge. If he wins, he'll be hearing misdemeanors and small civil cases. . . . The new **Wilson Phillips** LP, due out any day now, is being fine-tuned so that **Carnie** and **Wendy Wilson** and **Chynna Phillips** will avoid the dreaded sophomore slump. . . . The Rhythm & Blues Foundation gave **Aretha Franklin** its 1992 Lifetime Achievement Award. . . . Hot North Carolina band **Superchunk** recorded with underground producer **Steve Albini** but, at Albini's suggestion, kept his name off the LP. (When was the last time you heard of a producer's failing to take credit?) Why? Because Albini believes that consumers have a preconceived idea of what one of his productions should sound like. . . . Finally, **Gene Simmons** confesses that he is the one responsible for letting **Kiss** drift in a pop direction for the past decade. Says Gene, "We've been searching for a while, but I've found my balls again." Thank God.

—BARBARA NELLIS

FAST CUTS: ***Mental Jewelry*** (Radioactive), by Live: Four kids in their early 20s who have been playing together since the eighth-grade talent show. Unique sound—R.E.M. over a jazz-fusion rhythm section—and lyrics inspired by the Indian philosopher Krishnamurti. ***Give Happyhead*** (Atco/Eastwest), by Happyhead: Whacked-out dance music as funny as Right Said Fred. Lead singer sounds like David Bowie discovering acid house. "Just make it fabulous," they command, and it is.

NELSON GEORGE

Born and bred in the growing New York black-rock scene, Eye & i is a six-member band with a radio-friendly sound. Unlike the progressive-rock orientation of Living Colour, the first group from the Black Rock Coalition to get a major-label deal, Eye & i's work is built around tight song structures that suggest, depending on the composition, Blondie, early Madonna or even Roxette. The group's nucleus consists of bassist Melvin Gibbs and lead vocalist D. K. Dyson, who wrote or co-wrote nine of the ten songs. In tandem with producer John Porter, Dyson and Gibbs have crafted a number of strong songs for their debut album, ***Eye & i*** (Epic). Among them are *Virgin Heart*, a black/AC ballad; *Easy Goodbye*, which lays rock-guitar textures over a danceable mid-tempo beat perfect for black radio; and *No Promises*, a slick pop concoction that Madonna would love to have written. Other tracks have a rock edge, and the Lou Reed cover, *Venus in Furs*, allows Dyson to put a seductive spin on her sharp, passionate delivery. Eye & i's striking debut could provide the pop breakthrough that fans of black rock are waiting for.

Though ***Mack Daddy*** (Def American) is Sir Mix-a-Lot's major-label debut, this Seattle-based rapper has been releasing successful singles since 1985. His *Square Dance Rap* and *Posse on Broadway* were big in the Northwest. His current liaison with Rick Rubin, the executive producer of this album, gives Mix-a-Lot a national platform and he uses it well. Creative samples, including a couple of Stevie Wonder song fragments, and his own gruff, strident style give *One Time's Got No Case*, *Lockjaw* and *A Rapper's Reputation* a distinctive quality. Sir Mix-a-Lot doesn't fit neatly into any of the current rap categories; remarkably, he has been able to establish his own.

FAST CUTS: Ellis Marsalis, proud papa of saxophonist Branford and trumpeter Wynton, is a pianist steeped in New Orleans' rich musical tradition. His ***Heart of Gold*** (Columbia), produced by another son, Delfeayo, is a 15-song collection of standards along with several originals.

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SCOTS WHISKY

UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH

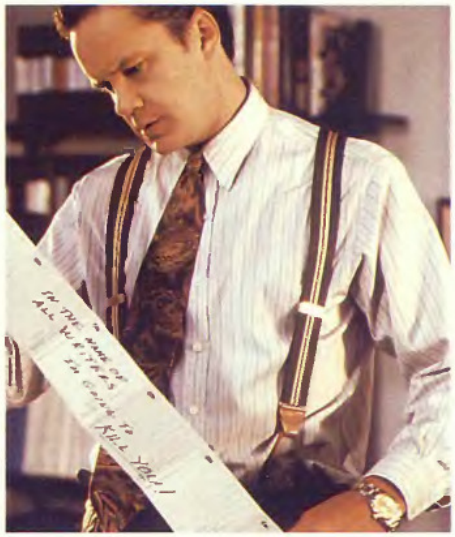
MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

NO MOVIE in decades has given the hot-foot to Hollywood like director Robert Altman's ***The Player*** (Fine Line). This splendid, timely satire of movie moguls and their minions is as slashing as *The Bad and the Beautiful* or *Sunset Boulevard*—and manages to be wickedly funny at the same time. The screenplay adapted by Michael (*The Rapture*) Tolkin from his own scathing novel presents Tim Robbins as Griffin Mill, a baby-faced studio barracuda whose power base is threatened by a predatory newcomer (Peter Gallagher). Mill's other problems are legion, but his chief concern is a series of death threats he gets from a disgruntled writer. While Mill faces one crisis after another—murder, infidelity and on-the-job angst among them—*The Player* enlists practically every big name in Tinseltown to mock a business that hatches megabudget movies during a fast lunch. Most of the projects are allegedly made to order for Bruce Willis and/or Julia Roberts. Cynthia Stevenson and Greta Scacchi, respectively, portray Mill's old and new flames, with Whoopi Goldberg as a droll homicide inspector and Fred Ward as the studio expert in damage control. Appearing briefly as themselves are Cher, Joel Grey, Jack Lemmon, Marlee Matlin, Burt Reynolds, Mimi Rogers, Lily Tomlin, Andie MacDowell, Nick Nolte, Susan Sarandon, Willis, Roberts and many more. They're the icing on a scrumptious piece of cake that outsmarts any American comedy in recent memory. ¥¥¥¥

•

The official outrage of Queer Nation and other militant gay and lesbian groups is likely to have slight impact on the success of ***Basic Instinct*** (Tri-Star). Director Paul (*RoboCop*, *Total Recall*) Verhoeven's smashing psychological shocker certainly has a bisexual heroine (beautiful Sharon Stone, a former *Playboy* cover girl in a star-making stint) who is rich, bright, amoral, uninhibited and suspected of being a serial killer. Michael Douglas is the detective she turns on and off at her whim, while she lives with a gorgeous lesbian named Roxy (Leilani Sarelle). *His* other interest is a police-department psychologist (Jeanne Tripplehorn). Douglas hasn't been so deep in dirty deeds since *Fatal Attraction*. But once again, he's on a roll. True, the movie's lesbians aren't very nice people, but everyone here is pretty depraved. Written by Joe (*Jagged Edge*) Eszterhas, Verhoeven's hot, highly lacquered thriller—despite a few lapses of logic—exudes raw sex appeal and enough jolting surprises to justify its advance reputation. Even with the trims required to earn its R rating, *Basic Instinct* remains controversial, compelling entertainment. ¥¥¥½



Robbins: what a *Player*!

Altman skewers Hollywood; down-and-dirty *Instinct*; outrageous taxi rides.

•

Writer-producer-director Jim Jarmusch hits pay dirt roughly half the time in a lewd, outrageous omnibus comedy called ***Night on Earth*** (Fine Line). Jarmusch, hailed since *Stranger than Paradise* in 1984 as one of the leading U.S. independent film makers, has an international cast speaking four languages (English subtitles as needed) in a quintet of impudent tales about cab drivers and their passengers in cities around the world. In Los Angeles, Winona Ryder takes the wheel as a hippie who couldn't care less when casting agent Gena Rowlands offers her a shot at a movie career. Next is a choice New York episode starring Armin Mueller-Stahl as an inept immigrant cabbie whose two fares (Giancarlo Esposito and Rosie Perez) squabble in four-letter words. The next best bit occurs in Rome, where Roberto Benigni, on a taxi run with a priest, launches into a hilarious confession of his sexual misdeeds with pumpkins and a sheep.

Two other segments—featuring Béatrice Dalle as a blind *Parisienne* and some fine Finnish actors in a downbeat finale about a hard-luck hack stuck with three drunks—are the weaker parts of a moody, well-acted showpiece. ¥¥¥

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More whoop-de-do about the Kennedy assassination erupts on the screen in ***Ruby*** (Triumph), an unabashed fiction far less pretentious than Oliver Stone's controversial *JFK*. British director John Mackenzie (who made the memorable gangster movie *The Long Good Friday*) entrusts Stephen Davis' fanciful screenplay to some very capable actors. Danny Aiello is tops in the title role as Jack Ruby, the seedy nightclub owner who shot Lee Harvey Oswald. Here Ruby is depicted as a loser on the lunatic fringe of a conspiracy he scarcely understood. Sherilyn Fenn registers strongly as an imaginary stripper named Candy Cane (not to be confused, the movie insists, with Ruby's real-life pal Candy Barr), who sleeps with Kennedy not long before his fateful date in Dallas. Arliss Howard adds intrigue as a CIA man whose motives are left open to question. While *Ruby* offers sheer melodrama instead of answers, the guessing game continues. ¥¥½

•

A corpse with a cache of drugs stuffed down its throat is encased in a crude wooden coffin, then strapped to the top of a Ford Galaxy to be taken from Canada to New Orleans. That's one kinky aspect of director Bruce McDonald's ***Highway 61*** (Skouras), a road comedy of striking originality and weird humor. Transporting the body are a small-town Canadian barber named Pokey (Don McKellar) and a self-described groupie, Jackie (Valerie Buhagiar). Along the way, Jackie seduces Pokey at gunpoint in a graveyard during a storm; she also steals money from children. Trying to make literal sense of *Highway 61* would be folly. Ye seekers of head trips, go with the flow and savor some zany detours en route. ¥¥

•

Italy's nominee for an Oscar as best foreign-language film, ***Mediterraneo*** (Miramax) is a cheerfully sexy comedy about eight Italian soldiers who are more or less forgotten on a Greek island in the Aegean during World War Two. They play ball, dance, fraternize with local wenches (Vanna Barba as the resident prostitute makes the strongest impression) and generally ignore the fact that they're supposed to be occupation troops under the flag of fascism. Director Gabriele Salvatores steers his actors, little known here, through an enlightened but predictable lark that places a higher value on life and love than on blind patriotism. ¥¥¥

•

Pregnant and single, an artist named Clare (Noni Hazlehurst) awaits the birth of a baby she has agreed to bear for a friend, Sandy (Helen Jones). Lending moral support during Clare's prenatal vigil are several other close chums,

also Sandy's husband, Michael (Frank Whitten), who impregnated Clare by arrangement. So goes ***Waiting*** (Aries), which won five Australian film awards last year, including a best-director prize to Jackie McKimmie for her sensitive take on the subject of surrogate motherhood. All of it happens at a rustic farmhouse where memories, doubts, regrets and old rivalries exert a strain on long-standing friendships. Aside from its glimpses of Australian bohemians leisurely coming unstrung, *Waiting*'s most striking scenes show Hazlehurst swimming naked during the advanced stages of her pregnancy. ¥¥¥

•

Monologist Spalding Gray, as the writer and solo performer of ***Monster in a Box*** (Fine Line), recalls his travels, his fantasies and his misadventures in the 1988 Broadway revival of *Our Town*. The movie version of his one-man show (its title refers to his then-unfinished novel, since completed and excerpted in May's *Playboy*) is better by far when British director Nick Broomfield does less instead of more. While Laurie Anderson's musical score seems appropriate, too much weird, otherworldly lighting, plus unnecessary sound effects, often draw attention away from one of the smoothest talking heads of our time (director Jonathan Demme handled this sort of thing markedly better in the performer's memorable *Swimming to Cambodia*). Even so, Gray scores as a damned funny guy getting more help than he needs. ¥¥¥

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Having Robert Redford as the narrator of ***Incident at Oglala*** (Miramax) adds substantial clout to director Michael Apted's earnest, absorbing documentary. While the movie rambles a bit and looks every inch a candidate for public television, it's a compelling, true tale about the 1975 murder of two FBI agents during a shoot-out on the desolate Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. Interviews with Lakota Nation men and women, as well as with legal partisans on both sides, don't supply a final answer to the whodunit. Apted's well-achieved aim is to underscore the continuing misery and the mystery behind a crime for which one man (Leonard Peltier) is still serving time—probably as a scapegoat. You won't walk away untouched. ¥¥¥

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The fictionalized ***Thunderheart*** (TriStar), produced by Robert De Niro, starts inventing where *Oglala* leaves off. Again, director Apted takes the helm in another murder story set on the Pine Ridge Reservation. This time, Val Kilmer stars as an FBI man, himself of Indian descent, sent to solve a homicide case; Sam Shepard plays the local agent he is supposed to help. Several effective Indian actors—Sheila Tousey and Graham (*Dances with Wolves*) Greene—add authenticity to a somewhat muddled story that combines ancient mysticism with shady government doings. As the plot thickens, Kilmer begins to have visions and discovers his roots in the Pine Ridge culture. Somehow, there's not much sizzle in his character, nor in *Thunderheart* as a whole, compared to the searing emotional content that gives *Oglala* its sting. ¥¥

Howard: music man.

OFF CAMERA

One of the hottest composers of music for movies is **James Newton Howard,** 40, who scored such recent hits as *Grand Canyon* and *Prince of Tides* and did the same for the upcoming all-star *Glengarry Glen Ross*. As keyboardist, producer or arranger, Howard has worked with big-time performers from Barbra Streisand to Cher. Clearly a glamourous music man in the Burt Bacharach mold, he was briefly married some years ago to Rosanna Arquette ("We're still good friends") and admits to close harmonizing with Streisand. "It's true, we had a short-lived relationship." This spring, he will be marrying again. Her name is Sofie. She works for a record company.

In Howard's view, movie music "tells you what's between the lines . . . you *lead* the audience. But musical scores have become much less literal, not the sweeping violins they used to use for romantic scenes or the heavy *da-da-dum* when somebody stumbles over a dead body."

Howard, who has some 33 film and TV scores to his credit, feels he was born to write movie music. "I'm a melody man," he explains. "I try to find an attitude, some particular mood or feeling that fits what's happening on screen." His other passion? "Skiing. But I'm just a beginner, maybe intermediate." Musically, he's shredding moguls.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

American Me (Listed only) Edward James Olmos' grueling portrait of crime-ridden Hispanic L.A. ¥¥¥

Basic Instinct (See review) Heavy-breathing sex and suspense. ¥¥¥½

City of Joy (Listed only) Atmospheric epic stars Patrick Swayze as a do-good doctor in Calcutta slums. ¥¥¥

Daughters of the Dust (Reviewed 5/92) Colorful slice-of-life about Sea Island women in transit. ¥¥¥

Edward II (5/92) A gay king. ¥¥½

The Hairdresser's Husband (Listed only) He's turned on by her touch. ¥¥½

Highway 61 (See review) Comedy that seldom moves in a straight line. ¥¥

Howards End (4/92) Beautiful epic based on E. M. Forster novel. ¥¥¥¥

Incident at Oglala (See review) Hate crime on the reservation. ¥¥¥

Johnny Suede (5/92) Showcasing Brad Pitt with a vintage hairdo. ¥¥¥

K2 (12/91) *Very* high adventure. ¥¥¥

Lovers (5/92) Sex and violence in Madrid, with Victoria Abril. ¥¥½

The Mambo Kings (5/92) A pair of Cuban siblings swing it. ¥¥¥

Mediterraneo (See review) Italy's Oscar bid glorifies wartime Greece. ¥¥¥

Mississippi Masala (3/92) Young lovers threatened by racism. ¥¥¥½

Monster in a Box (See review) Gray is too often overshadowed. ¥¥¥

My Cousin Vinny (5/92) A New York lawyer invades the South. ¥¥¥

Night on Earth (See review) Jim Jarmusch's essay on taxi trips. ¥¥¥

The Player (See review) All of Hollywood under a hot light. ¥¥¥¥

The Puerto Rican Mambo (5/92) A droll essay on Hispanic pride. ¥¥¥

Raise the Red Lantern (4/92) Marriage as a Chinese torture. ¥¥¥½

Ruby (See review) That's Jack, the man who shot Oswald. ¥¥½

Shadows and Fog (5/92) One of Woody Allen's murkiest comedies. ¥¥

Spotswood (4/92) Anthony Hopkins, as efficiency expert, saves it. ¥¥

Thunderheart (See review) Another whodunit with an Indian theme. ¥¥

Toto the Hero (4/92) Everyman's existence, summed up superbly. ¥¥¥¥

Waiting (See review) A surrogate mother-to-be has her say. ¥¥¥

Where Angels Fear to Tread (4/92) More Forster on a back burner. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

Grammy winner **Aaron Neville**—the Creole crooner with the voice of an angel and the biceps of a biker—has always had a passion for the old West. As a youngster, he was inspired to yodel by the singing-cowboy movies of Roy Rogers and Gene Autry—and he still likes to replay those memories on video. Other Neville raves: the "sweet little romance" *Green Card*; *New Jack City* ("a positive message film"); anything with James Cagney; and the creepy *Child's Play 2* ("great for laughs"). And while the Louisiana legend's singing can be heard on the sound tracks of *The Mighty Quinn* and *Rain Man*, you can see him as the tough bartender in the recently released *Zandalee*, a red-hot love story shot in—naturally—Cajun country. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

The recent video releases of Kenneth Branagh's gutsy *Henry V* and Mel Gibson's *Hamlet* are reminders that Shakespeare (and Shakespeare derivatives) never lose their appeal. For the Bard or just Bardolatry, check out:

A Double Life: Ronald Colman won a Best Actor Oscar for menacing Shelley Winters in this flashy 1947 hit about a Broadway actor cast as *Othello* who confuses his life with his art.

Forbidden Planet: Not nude like last year's *Prospero's Books* or Paul Mazursky's modernized 1982 version, this is a clever, original science-fiction take on *The Tempest* (1956; stars Walter Pidgeon).

A Midsummer Night's Dream: Thirties Hollywood curio stars James Cagney as Bottom, Mickey Rooney as Puck and was Olivia de Havilland's movie debut. Uneven, but an ambitious spectacular.

Julius Caesar: Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz (1953), with Marlon Brando as Marc Antony topping a brilliant all-star ensemble.

Romeo & Juliet: Filmed successfully several times, but Franco Zeffirelli's 1968 epic is the gorgeous last word on young love destroyed.

The Taming of the Shrew: Liz Taylor and Richard Burton did their zestful best for Zeffirelli in 1967 as squabbling Kate *vs.* Petruchio. But also see the lively musicalized ***Kiss Me Kate*** (1953), in which Avon's ace meets Cole Porter.

Throne of Blood: It's *Macbeth* starring Toshiro Mifune in Akira Kurosawa's 1957 samurai re-creation of the great Scottish tragedy. A knockout.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO PREZPLEX

As the November election approaches, it's nice to remember where we've been and for whom we voted. Video can help:

Abraham Lincoln: Kids' hagiography retells the quainter Abe anecdotes, setting them to bright, animated book illustrations that work better than the old familiar photos (Spoken Arts).

TR and His Times: Footage-driven bio of Teddy Roosevelt focuses on the "genius" who was also the first President to enter a plane and submarine, use a camera and man a typewriter. Best when windy Bill Moyers gives the mike to historian David McCullough (PBS Video).

Woodrow Wilson in Peace and War: The Professor President: E. G. Marshall narrates on location from Wilson's alma mater in Princeton to his last D.C. residence. Program is weak on Wilson's record, stronger on his personality and includes a glimpse of an Edith Wilson party dress (AIMS Media).

First Lady of the World: Eleanor Roosevelt: Arguably the most outspoken Presidential wife, Mrs. F.D.R. is remembered nicely here, down to her little dinner-bell voice. In the end, her halo wears well (AIMS Media).

The Great Debates: John F. Kennedy vs. Richard M. Nixon: Edited and accompanied by commentary, tape shows how R.N. actually improved after the first debate (he looked worse than he sounded). But, alas, here he is for all time vowing to defend those vital islands, Quemoy and Matsu. Kennedy, by a nose (MPI).

—JAMES HARRIS

VIDBITS

In the eighth annual consumer poll conducted by *The Laser Disc Newsletter*, disc enthusiasts chose ***Blade Runner*** (Voyager), starring Harrison Ford, as their favorite platter; the 1982 futuristic action flick edged out *Fantasia* and *Lawrence of Arabia* for the number-one spot. Poll respondents named the letter-boxed edition of *My Fair Lady* (CBS/Fox) the worst disc they ever tried to watch, while MGM/UA's 50th-anniversary release of *The Wizard of Oz*, at $24.98, was cited as the best bargain on disc. For a free sample of the *Newsletter*, call 516-594-9304. . . . Think you've discovered the surefire way to win at pool? Are your dessert recipes so good you want to share them with the video-viewing world? For wanna-be entrepreneurs eager to see how their ideas would fly on tape, a California-based company called 411 Video Information (408-647-9253) provides full-blown consultation on the special-interest video industry—from developing a concept to finding a market to producing the final product. See you on tape.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
COLLECTIBLES	***The Fisher King*** (homeless eccentric Robin Williams joins ex-d.j. Jeff Bridges in Grail quest); ***Rambling Rose*** (horny hired girl Laura Dern comes on to upright employer Robert Duvall—and rest of neighborhood); ***The Commitments*** (working-class Dublin kids form hot soul band; great score).
COMEDY	***Other People's Money*** (Sexy young lawyer tokes on wheeler-dealer Danny DeVito in fight over family biz; sharp); ***29th Street*** ($6,200,000 lottery ticket disrupts Brooklyn household; o charmer); ***The Super*** (sleazy slumlord Joe Pesci ordered to live in own rathole; silly, but Pesci's a hoot).
DRAMA	***My Own Private Idaho*** (male hustlers River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves bond in misery; at moments, brilliant); ***The Field*** (Irish farmer Richard Harris guards land from American developer; Harris soors); ***Tom Jones*** (the only best-flick Oscar winner of past 40 yeors not on vid—until now).
CLASSIC X DISCED	From Laser Disc Entertainment, all-time adult hits: ***Deep Throat*** (Linda Loveloce finds doc's diagnosis easy to swallow); ***The Devil in Miss Jones*** (dead spinster tells hell's boss how she'd relive life; three sequels also available); ***Insatiable*** (stars Marilyn Chambers, who is; unedited collector's edition).

SUMMER IS THAT
TIME OF YEAR
WHEN YOU LOOK
FORWARD TO
GOING BAREFOOT
AND HOLDING
SOMETHING OTHER
THAN MEETINGS.
THE SUMMER GIN
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER
DRY GIN
BEEFEATER
SUMMER GIN
Beefeater Dry Gin. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 47% Alc./Vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1991

By STEPHEN RANDALL

I WAS HAVING lunch with Mike Ovitz the other day—you know Mikey, of course, he's the single most powerful agent on the planet as well as a dear, dear friend—and he was telling me, quite confidentially, what my next screenplay should be about. "Think inner city," he whispered over his calamari. "Think gangs. *Boyz N the Hood* has changed everything." He paused for emphasis. "*Everything*."

Wait a second. I think I'm getting confused here. I don't write screenplays. I've never met Mikey. If Mikey and I found ourselves sharing a table at lunch, we'd both see it as a serious career reversal. It's just so easy to delude myself into thinking I'm a true show-business insider whenever I read *Entertainment Weekly*.

These days, I get to delude myself a lot. Something strange has happened in the world of magazines and TV, and you can sense it in *Entertainment Weekly* and *Premiere* and *Vanity Fair* and on *Entertainment Tonight*. You even get a strong whiff of it in *The New York Times*.

What's gone wrong? It's simple. Suddenly, everyone in the media sounds as if he or she is having lunch in Los Angeles. I should know. I live in L.A. I *love* L.A. But of all the bad things that can befall you here—being beaten senseless by a cop or having an irate minivan driver open fire at you on the Harbor Freeway—lunch remains the most unpleasant experience. It doesn't matter who your companion is, sometime after the menus leave and before the check arrives, the talk will turn to the Industry.

"I think ABC's going to have trouble counterprograming the Olympics," confided luncheon companion number one.

"The good thing about *Hook*," companion number two told me, "is that all that money is actually up there on the screen."

"You can tell by the trailer that *Wayne's World* will do only twenty-five mill," said companion number three. "Brandon's crazy if he thinks it will do more."

These three people are, by trade, a photographer, a magazine editor and a dentist. None has a nanosecond of entertainment-industry experience—nor the slightest idea of what he's talking about.

That doesn't stop any of them, of course. Nor does it stop the new breed of L.A.-minded journalists. No longer satisfied with doing what they do well, such as profiling the celebrity of the month or reviewing films and TV shows, today's journalists want to go behind the scenes. They want to meet the power brokers, dissect the deals, figure out the box-office grosses, contemplate the Nielsen ratings. Undaunted by the fact that they live in New York and know nothing about how show business works, they while away pretend lunches in L.A.

TIM O'BRIEN

Hollywood: The bucks start here.

Why the press goes gaga in La La Land.

Entertainment Weekly is the ultimate L.A.-lunch magazine. It stews and frets over who's on top at the box office. Since that's generally a boring subject (unless you own a studio), the magazine tries to spice things up. One week, *EW* declared *Terminator 2* the box-office champ—an obvious choice since it made more money than any other movie. But on another week, using a system called "percentage return on investment" that *EW* dusted off just for the occasion, it granted the crown to *Boyz N the Hood*. Why? According to the business geniuses at *EW*, *Boyz* cost a mere $6,500,000 to produce and made an impressive $56,100,000. *T2*, on the other hand, cost $90,000,000 and made $200,000,000. (Here's a quick quiz for you future M.B.A.s: Which would you rather do, invest $6,000,000 and make a $50,000,000 profit, or invest $90,000,000 and make $110,000,000? Mail your answer to *Entertainment Weekly*, quickly, before they calculate again.)

EW also offers a yearly view of power in Hollywood, called the 101 Most Influential People in Entertainment. Somehow, the relatively powerless Madonna—the *Hudson Hawk* of actresses—ranked 16th, higher than the production chiefs of Paramount, Disney, Fox and Warner Bros. Could it be that *EW* needed to put the Material Failure on the cover to boost newsstand sales? *Premiere* magazine didn't do much better with its list: Through the miracle of press agentry, martial-arts fraud Steven Seagal was declared more important than Woody Allen, Penny Marshall and the heads of two major talent agencies.

As anyone who watched *JFK* can attest, Hollywood doesn't like to get bogged down in facts, and executives encourage the shoddy coverage of the business by refusing to give accurate information to journalists. If the industry is going to be scrutinized, insiders would prefer the coverage to be as wide of the mark as possible. The less you know, the more they like you.

That explains a great deal. For instance, no one in American journalism has worse taste in movies than Tina Brown, the star-struck editor of star-struck *Vanity Fair*. Last year, she singled out for greatness such films as *The Butcher's Wife* and *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*. No wonder Brown's the most popular magazine editor among Hollywood's power elite, as well as the subject of daily rumors that she's leaving *VF* to run a major studio.

Of course, that matchup would serve both Hollywood and Tina right. But it doesn't solve the bigger problem of containment: Lunch-in-L.A.-journalism continues to ooze its way into the legitimate media. *The New York Times* now has a highbrow gossip column that emphasizes the wheelings and dealings of Hollywood moguls. *Time* and *Newsweek* spend more pages pondering box-office grosses and ratings than ever before. PBS's *Nova* dedicated an entire episode to how the ratings system works—and missed the story by a mile.

Even entertainment shows have succumbed. Dennis Miller is not John Tesh on Rogaine and his new talk show isn't supposed to compete with *Entertainment Tonight*, but you might have been fooled the night Tom Hanks and Christian Slater were guests. Miller gushed to Hanks about the success of *Turner & Hooch*, an undistinguished film nearly two years old. "It did eighty million, right?" cooed Miller. "That's fantastic."

Miller then congratulated the phlegmatic Slater on his ability to open a movie. According to Miller, Slater's personal appeal was such that hordes of people were flocking at that very moment to see a film *just because of Christian Slater*. The movie? *Kuffs*. "How much is it doing?" asked the eager host.

Slater said emphatically that he didn't know and didn't care and tried to change the subject. But Miller, flop sweat diluting his hair gel, seemed to have nothing else to talk about.

"I care about this stuff," he admitted cheerfully, "because I don't have a life."

Don't worry, Dennis. You're not alone.

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STYLE

BOTTOMS UP

If you add only one item to your wardrobe this season, make it white jeans. Companies ranging from Rifle ($48) to Calvin Klein ($58) to the ever-present Wrangler ($25 to $32 for jeans, shown here) are offering white denims in a wide range of fits. Your basic blues do look best when worn relaxed and baggy, but the snugger five-pocket style is the way to go in white. Another hot option this summer is undyed jeans made from naturally colored cotton such as Levi Strauss's Naturals ($50) and XAM's denim beach-pants ($29). Higgins Natural also makes sweatpants ($30 to $40) from a similar type of fabric. Lycra bicycle shorts are another workout look turned streetwise fashion, with Andrew Fezza's Fez collection ($38 to $45) offering some of the top styles. And for something more dressy, try slim, flat-front (or pleatless) pants, a classic Ivy League look available from J. Crew as well as most top designers. Finally, if you really want to beat the heat, wear cutoffs. Rifle makes a great pair ($34), but then, so can you for less.

BUCKLE UP

Summer's the perfect time to experiment with fashion, and one new accessory to help alter your look is a wide (1½ inches) brown or black leather belt with a heavyweight, masculine buckle. A style last seen in the Sixties, wide belts—check that they fit your pants loops—work best with casual outfits such as jeans and a T-shirt. Try a black, square-buckled military garrison belt available at Army/Navy surplus stores. A biker-type belt also looks great with jeans and a T-shirt. Honest by Leegin ($27) has a variety of biker styles in black, all with chunky, silver-finished buckles. If you're *really* into the Age of Aquarius, John Henry sells original Sixties models ($40 to $55) featuring nail studs, leather stitching and hammered, engraved and molded buckles. Of course, for dressier occasions, narrow is never wrong. Belts measuring about 1¼ inches are perfect with khaki slacks—particularly braided models from Crookhorn Davis ($36), Joseph Abboud ($75) and Boston Trader ($29 to $40).

HOT SHOPPING: ATLANTA

Long a bastion of classic fashion, Atlanta now boasts an increasingly eclectic style scene: Muse's (3393 Peachtree Road): For 112 years, this shop has been the tradition for traditionalists, but it also offers adventurous lines by designers such as Lagerfeld. • Puttin' on the Ritz (3236 Roswell Road): A club-minded clothier with street fashions for heavy-metal magnolias. • Buckhead Men's Shop (3047 Peachtree Road): Just 50 years old, its mix of boardroom looks and updated prep make this "newcomer" a top choice with the country-club set. • Dagher (3210 Roswell): This Euro shop imports its own Italian label that is offered at affordable prices. • Porter's (994 Virginia Avenue Northeast): The best place to go for casual clothes and a unique selection of men's accessories.

CLOTHES TALK

When comedian **Tim Allen** pitched the sitcom *Home Improvement* to Disney brass, he insisted that his character, a TV do-it-yourselfer, be comically overdressed. That explains the tie and tool belt shown here, but what does Allen wear off-camera? During his stand-up performances, he is always nattily dressed in a suit and tie. Otherwise, "I'm a jeans and T-shirt guy," he says. To broaden Allen's fashion perspective, *Home Improvement*'s wardrobe manager bought him a red Fendi blazer. "It looked so great, I couldn't resist." Allen also couldn't resist advice from his wife: "She said women pay attention to accessories, so I wear lizard belts and Bally shoes."

HOT WHEELS, L.A. STYLE

Fast and flashy cars are a way of life in Los Angeles, so if you're visiting there, take the plunge and drive with the best of them. Budget of Beverly Hills (800-227-7117), Regency (800-545-1020) and Luxury-line Rent-a-Car (800-826-7805) all offer exotic wheels for short-term driving. Here are a few of our favorites and their approximate costs per day. *Convertibles:* BMW 325i, $150; Jaguar XJS, $225; Porsche 911 Carrera, $350. *Sports cars:* Acura NSX, $400; Ferrari 328 GTS, $600. *Luxury sedan:* Rolls-Royce Corniche, $550. Additional fees per mile vary by agency, and age and insurance restrictions apply.

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COLORS AND PATTERNS	White, groy and block; tonal stripes; postel small ploids	Glow-in-the-dark colors; all colors thot ore bright or foded
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Where & How to Buy on page 171.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THE DEEP BLUESY sadness of Toni Morrison's new novel, ***Jazz*** (Knopf), wails out of the pages of this book as expressively as a tenor saxophone. The setting is 1926 Harlem, where Joe and Violet Trace have come to escape the hardships of segregation in Virginia. They succumb immediately to the jazz rhythms of "the City" (practically a character of its own in this book) and settle on Lenox Avenue. He is a door-to-door salesman for Cleopatra beauty products; she is an unlicensed beautician who cuts and curls in the kitchen of their apartment. They have entrenched themselves in what appears to be a middle-aged domestic truce when 53-year-old Joe is swept into a doomed affair with an 18-year-old girl named Dorcas.

This entrancing novel is about the intimate lives of Harlem citizens in the Twenties and about the black migration before and after World War One. Despite the melancholy nature of the story, Morrison's richly embellished telling of it soars with energy. When she describes the City, her sentences are melodic:

> Daylight slants like a razor cutting the buildings in half. In the top half I see looking faces and it's not easy to tell which are people, which the work of stonemasons. Below is shadow where any blasé thing takes place: clarinets and lovemaking, fists and the voices of sorrowful women. A city like this one makes me dream tall and feel in on things.

Jazz is a book of moods, of emotional tonalities and shifting sensations that build like choruses of a jazz solo.

Two nonfiction books of remarkable originality and challenging intellectual rigor arrive this month: ***Voltaire's Bastards*** (The Free Press/Macmillan), by John Ralston Saul and ***The Future of the Body*** (Tarcher), by Michael Murphy. With considerable wit and erudition, Saul attacks the apparent success of capitalism and democracy in today's Western societies. He argues that we are actually in "the dotage of the Age of Reason." The bean counters, the lawyers and the technocrats—people who, in Mussolini's phrase, could make the trains run on time—have, according to Saul, bastardized Voltaire's vision of a rational world. In place of individual freedom, we have conformity, and instead of governments embodying morality or common sense, we have power structures bound to even more abstract concepts.

JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

A Jazzy new novel from Morrison.

Morrison's bluesy vision of Harlem; a thriller from Grisham; Grafton gets to "I."

Saul dissects the cynical manipulations of our power elites and rails about the disappearance of individual responsibility, moral vision and common decency.

Curiously enough, Murphy's exhaustive study of transcendent human performance also is implicitly a critique of our rational culture. With academic discipline, he examines phenomena such as biofeedback, hypnosis, religious mysticism, spiritual healing and extraordinary sports achievements for evidence of "a new kind of life on this planet." As cofounder and chairman of the Esalen Institute, Murphy has been involved with the "human potential movement" for 30 years. He cites more than 3000 sources to back up his New Age scholarship, which at a minimum presents a strong argument for us to remain open-minded about experiences outside the ordinary.

Setting aside such intellectual heavy-lifting, there is plenty of exciting reading this month for fans of crime fiction. Sue Grafton, the female reincarnation of Ross Macdonald, continues to work her way through the alphabet of crime with ***"I" Is for Innocent*** (Holt). In this one, investigator Kinsey Millhone excavates the layers of a complex and dangerous wrongful-death suit. John Grisham, who burst onto the literary scene last year with a best-selling novel, *The Firm*, is back with ***The Pelican Brief*** (Doubleday). His first book was no fluke: This is another tightly plotted thriller with lots of twists, but its premise—the assassination of two Supreme Court Justices—is harder to swallow. Diane K. Shah has just the right nostalgic touch when she takes us back to the Hollywood of 1947 in ***Dying Cheek to Cheek*** (Perfect Crime). As the *L.A. Examiner*'s Paris Chandler races around in search of a killer, we get a campy tour of postwar southern California. MCA/Universal already has shelled out $1,900,000 for the rights to Richard Price's ***Clockers*** (Houghton Mifflin), and we can see why. This tough murder mystery focuses on the cruel inner-city lives of two brothers—one a crack dealer—in the urban sprawl of New Jersey. Price propels each scene with vivid dialog that crackles with realism. With a book this good in hand, why wait to see the movie?

BOOK BAG

Indian Affairs (Atheneum), by Larry Woiwode: Seven years later, we return to Michigan with Chris and Ellen for the funny and touching sequel to *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*.

Cooler by the Lake (Farrar Straus and Giroux), by Larry Heinemann: When a small-time Chicago hustler succumbs to the honest impulse to return a missing wallet, the gods can't stop laughing. Neither will you.

Rythm Oil (Pantheon), by Stanley Booth: A wonderful collection of articles on musicmakers (mostly Southern) from Al Green to James Brown. The piece on jazz pianist Phineas Newborn, Jr., delivers the knockout punch.

Tray Gourmet: Be Your Own Chef in the College Cafeteria (Lake Isle Press), by Larry Berger and Lynn Harris: Fed up with the mystery meat served during their freshman year, these two Yale grads discovered microwaves, toaster ovens and the cafeteria salad bar. This one will impress even the finicky gourmet.

Kings of the Hill: An Irreverent Look at the Men on the Mound (HarperCollins), by Nolan Ryan and Mickey Herskowitz: One of baseball's all-time great pitchers pours on the gossip, naming the aces who introduced emery boards and Vick's VapoRub to the pitcher's arsenal.

Give Me Liberty: An American Dream (Dell), by Frank Miller and Dave Gibbons: From the author of *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns* and the illustrator of *Watchmen*, a beautifully illustrated graphic novel about America at the dawn of the 21st Century—at war with 40 nations.

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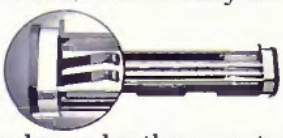

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Let us assume for the moment that you are a genuine stud muffin. You are an attractive man and you like women. Sometimes they like you. You date a lot and there are a number of notches on your dick. For you, sex is not complicated. Sex is fun and games and you would like to play forever.

But something strange is happening in your world. Mr. Happy is fine, but the society you live in is growing darker and more angry. There are new complexities to the dating game. Terms like date rape and acquaintance rape and sexual harassment and he-said–she-said incidents are cramping your style. These days, you seem to be less a stud muffin and more a stud pancake.

"I used to be worried about being rejected by women," you say. "But now I'm worried about losing my job or going to jail if I make the wrong move. I don't know what the rules are anymore."

Your worries are legitimate. As we have seen over the past few years, men are now especially vulnerable to charges of sexual misconduct. From Thomas to Smith to Tyson, a contentious area of the law is being explored, and men are confused about the rules and about what women want (and don't want) in social situations.

But confusion kills, gentlemen, and it can also be used as an excuse for much misbehavior. So I have prepared a quiz to cut through the debate and answer some of your questions.

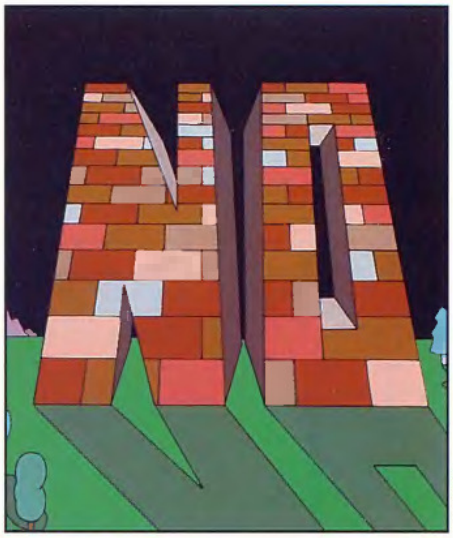
What follows is the Stud Muffin Quiz. It looks like a multiple-choice test, but watch out. There is only one correct response to each of these examples, and if you flunk this test in real life, you will not pass GO and you might go to jail:

(1) An attractive female colleague at work seems to be friendly, humorous, even bawdy. Her cubicle is near yours and you enjoy her presence. The two of you talk and joke; she is single and mentions no significant other. You eventually ask her if she would like to meet you after work for a drink. She says, "No, sorry, I can't." At which point you:

a. Grab your crotch and say "Hey, you don't know what you're missing."

b. Hang around her desk all day chanting "Please baby, please baby, please baby, please."

c. Refuse to take "no" for an answer and ask her out again every day for the next three months until she accepts.



STEPHEN TURK

THE STUD MUFFIN QUIZ

d. Smile politely, say "I understand" and never again mention meeting socially unless she brings it up.

(2) In an attempt to appear cultured, you skip a Saturday afternoon with your bowling league and go to an art exhibit. As you stand in front of a painting, a beautiful redheaded woman smiles brightly at you and says, "Doesn't that use of acrylics turn you on?" She invites you out for a drink, and as you sit there with her, she casually puts her hand on your fly and says, "Let's go back to my place." Just inside her front door, the two of you fall into a passionate embrace, but she suddenly breaks away and cries, "No, stop, I can't do this. My body may want you but my head won't allow it." You:

a. Rip off all her clothes and carry her into her bedroom.

b. Fall at her feet and whine "Please baby, please baby, please baby, please."

c. Say "I never take 'no' for an answer" and pull her down to the floor with you.

d. Stop what the two of you have been doing, say "I understand" and get the hell out of there as fast as you can.

(3) You have been dating a woman for several months and you have been a sly fox about it. You never make the first move, you always stop when she asks you to stop and your perpetual horniness has been well-disguised. The two of you have had some hot petting sessions, but you have yet to go all the way. This night by the lake seems to be the moment. She is naked, you are naked; she holds your erection in her hands as she sits astride you and seems ready to insert it. But a stricken look crosses her face, and she abruptly slides off and huddles on a far corner of the blanket. "No," she cries, "it wouldn't be right." You:

a. Drag her back on top of you.

b. Snuggle behind her and slip it in before she knows it.

c. Grunt once and ask her, "I suppose a blow job is out of the question?"

d. Take a deep breath, say "I understand" and go jump in the lake.

(4) You are doing it. She loves it, you love it; there seem to be no complications and happiness is a thing called intercourse. All the forces of the universe gather in your groin and your orgasm is near; hers have passed. Suddenly, she pushes you away. "This is wrong, this is immoral and I should never have agreed to it," she says. You:

a. Say "Tell it to the judge" and reenter her.

b. Say nothing and reenter her.

c. Whine, cry, bicker, moan, gasp and yell before you reenter her.

d. Grit your teeth, stop in mid-stroke, pull out, remember that there are no witnesses at this moment and that it will be your word against hers in a court of law and leave immediately, if not sooner.

There you have it. A tough quiz for tough times. Item "d" is the only acceptable answer in each instance. And I am telling you as bluntly as I can that, as men, we now operate without choice in this area of our lives. Once she says no, it's over. So here are some new rules:

Always take "no" for an answer.
Always stop when asked to stop.
Never assume "no" means "yes."
If her lips tell you "no" but there's "yes" in her eyes, keep in mind that her words, not her eyes, will appear in the court transcript.

It's not Kansas anymore, gentlemen. So you'd better live and date defensively. If it will help, have a chuckle and think of it like this: Even Toto might bring you up on charges one day if you're not careful.

That's just the way it is, pancake.

Lagerfeld Photo

for men

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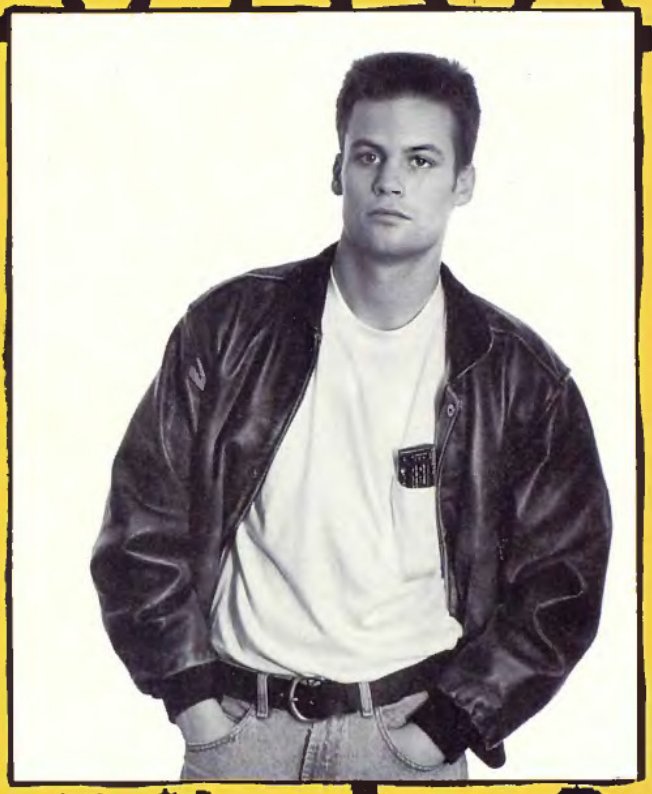

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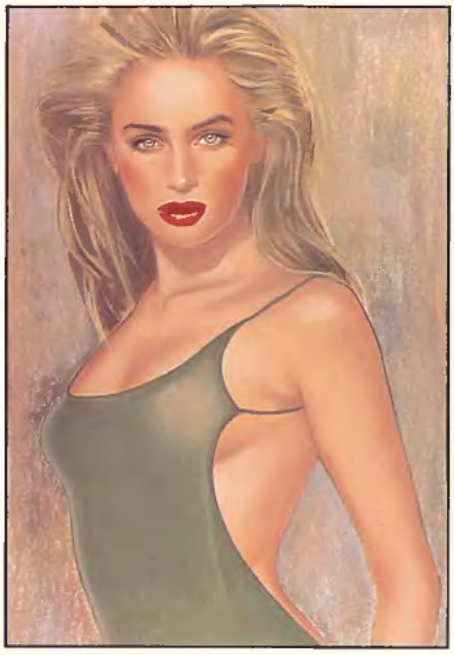
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a plug-in vibrator at home that I use when my husband is away on business. I also have a small battery-powered model that I use occasionally at work when I'm alone in the ladies room. (It's a bit noisy and I don't want the hum to give me away to my co-workers.) But I have this fantasy of finding a vibrator I might use at my desk. Recently, I heard of something called Joni's Butterfly. Apparently, it's a small, quiet, nonphallic vibrator held over the clitoris by three straps. Could this be the piece of office equipment I've been dreaming of?—R. M., Seaford, New York.

Keep dreaming, says Joani Blank, the inspiration behind Joni's Butterfly. She was intrigued by your idea, but doubted that strap-on, no-hands vibrators would work for solo sex in the office. Joani wasn't thinking about office equipment when she came up with the Butterfly. She simply wanted a device to provide women with clitoral stimulation during intercourse without the use of either lover's hands. Joni's Butterfly and similar devices—such as the more butterfly-shaped Venus Butterfly and the heart-shaped Heart to Heart—are by no means silent. They all make enough noise to have your office buzzing as loudly as your Butterfly. During operation, strap-on vibrators also have a tendency to move off the clitoris, so the "no hands" claim is a bit of an overstatement. And you could have a problem threading the wires and control wand through your underwear. But Joani says you might be able to use a Butterfly at work behind a big desk in a private office if the noise of traffic or office equipment is loud enough to mask the hum between your legs. Of course, in such a setting you might just as easily use your little portable. We suggest you try both and let us know which vibrator proves more feasible and enjoyable.

Occasionally, my job takes me to business meetings in San Francisco. I love the coast, but I can never enjoy the trip out because I wind up with a splitting headache, leg cramps and no energy. How can I build up my endurance so that I'm not so wiped out at the end of the flight?—S. B., Kansas City, Missouri.

The problem isn't your physical stamina, it's conditions inside the plane's cabin. On most flights, air and space are at a premium. The amount of fresh air coming into the cabin is often less than ten cubic feet per minute. What little fresh air there is from outside is mixed with air that's been through the cabin before, a trick that cuts fuel consumption. It also creates a carbon-dioxide level 30 times higher than the standard recommended by the ventilation industry. What that means to you is dehydration, drowsiness and leg cramps. Since a private jet probably isn't looming in your future, here are a few ways to make flying less of a



pain: Reserve an aisle seat so that you can stand and stretch periodically to avoid leg cramps. Do seat exercises (consult one of those how-to-keep-fit-at-your-desk manuals). Drink eight ounces of water or juice every hour to counteract the drying effects of cabin air. Don't be afraid to ask for liquid whenever you need it. Altitude makes alcohol more potent—drink cocktails, not straight alcohol, to avoid additional dehydration. Try to eat before you board or after you land. An inflatable pillow is better than the standard airline pillow for avoiding neck stiffness. Headaches and drowsiness can be lessened with a twist of the overhead vent nozzle to let in more fresh air. Of course, this means that while you're getting more fresh air, everyone else is getting less. But, hey, let's face it, it's dog-eat-dog in coach anyway.

Both my girlfriend and I fantasize about turning each other on in public—her stroking my crotch under the dinner table or me finger-fucking her in the corner of a dark dance club. I'd love to turn our fantasies into reality. Any suggestions?—D. K., San Jose, California.

This is the kind of stuff we love to hear about, but can never catch anybody doing. The key to making a scene like this work (erotically and legally) is discretion. Clothing is a big factor, too, and can be the most powerful stimulant in the scenario. Buy your girlfriend silk stockings held up by a seductive garter belt. There's an indescribable rush that comes from hitting the top of the silk, suddenly encountering an exposed inner thigh and wild, unencumbered pubic hair. Be prepared to cut your outing short and make sure the back seat of your car has plenty of room.

I want to get one of those all-weather camcorders, but nobody seems to know exactly how wet they can get. Maybe you have the answer?—J. C., Key West, Florida.

You can take them out in the rain, into the snow, to the beach—you can even take them in the shower. Just don't submerge them. The body of this type of camcorder is built only to resist water, not to withstand the pressure of diving beneath it. If you want to tape under water, you'll need a special waterproof camcorder case (available from companies such as Sony and Panasonic).

How can I get more time alone with my wife? We have two children and no privacy. We always have to wait until we actually go to bed to make love, let alone just talk and spend time with each other. However, by bedtime, we don't have the energy for anything but sleep.—G. W., Santa Barbara, California.

In their book "Couple Sexual Awareness," Barry and Emily McCarthy suggest two things: communication with your children and a lock. Don't be secretive about the need for you and your wife to spend time alone. Explain to your children that having time alone is just as important as the time you spend with them, and teach them to respect your needs. There will still be times when the kids will forget the meaning of a closed bedroom door, especially if they're under the age of ten. Hence, suggestion number two.

Recently, I read something about acid rain and the damage it can do to a car's finish. Is acid rain different from normal rainwater? I don't have a garage, so how can I protect my car?—L. L., Lansing, Michigan.

Acid rain results when sulfuric acid and nitric acid in the atmosphere are released as rain or snow. When acid rain hits your car, the moisture evaporates, but the acid remains and may become strong enough to eat through the finish. A number of car dealers offer special antipollution sealants, but experts doubt their long-term effectiveness. The best defense is a simple one: Wash your car after it rains.

I think my girlfriend would like to have anal sex. Every time we make love, she wants me to enter her from behind, and she's always talking about how much she loves my hands rubbing her ass. I don't want to just try it and have her think I'm some kind of pervert. How can I find out if that's what she wants?—T. M., Missoula, Montana.

Ask her.

Are the spermicides used with condoms and diaphragms poisonous? Can they be absorbed through the vagina

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

and cause harm? And what if one of us accidentally swallows some during oral sex?—D. Z., St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Not to worry. Spermicides are not poisonous. The two active ingredients used in the U.S., nonoxynol-9 and octoxynol, kill sperm by chemically disrupting their delicate cell membranes. For most users, spermicides are safe. The only problems involve occasional reports of skin irritation on the penis and in the vagina due to allergy. If this occurs, try switching to another brand. You may not be allergic to the spermicide, but to the other ingredients in the product. There's no harm in ingesting small amounts of spermicide during oral sex, but many people find the taste unpleasant. See for yourself.

The missionary position is my favorite sexual position. I love the feeling of my husband's full weight on top of me. I feel surrounded, protected and secure. Nothing compares to the feeling of running my feet up and down the backs of his legs, wrapping my legs around his waist and entrapping him inside of my thighs. Problem is, I am never able to come in this position. Can I make some adjustments so that I don't have to shift to have an orgasm?—J. J., Detroit, Michigan.

It probably is just a matter of shifting. Enjoy the sensation of your husband's full weight until you're fully aroused. When you feel yourself nearing orgasm, have your husband shift into a different position. If he props himself up on his elbows or fully extends his arms with his weight on his hands, his position inside of you will change. Experiment with variations of shifting and stroking until you hit on one that works for you. Then it's your husband's turn.

Recently, I bought a compact disc that is also supposed to contain graphics. When I tried to play it in my laser disc player, all I got was music. How do I get the graphics to show up?—F. R., Charlotte, North Carolina.

What you bought is called CD+G, with G obviously standing for graphics. In short, the producers of the recording fill the excess storage capacity of the CD with still pictures, song lyrics and other visuals. CD+G is a popular format in Japan, where it's used in karaoke machines. Here, as you've discovered, unless you have a special CD player designed to extract the images, you'll never see them. To get the right player, you'll have to spend between $800 and $1000. That's a lot to pay for a still picture of Paula Abdul in a bustier—but it lasts a lot longer than the moving version on MTV.

Someone recently served me a drink called a mistelle. What exactly is it?—B. C., Portland, Maine.

We've heard of it and enjoyed it, too. A mistelle is a light, low-proof, moderately sweet, intensely fruity specialty liqueur. It is made by pouring brandy over must (fresh grape juice), preventing the juice from fermenting. Panache, made by Domaine Chandon in California, and Pineau des Charentes from the Cognac region are typical mistelles. They're pleasant pre-prandially or almost any time. Try them chilled from the bottle or over rocks, garnished with a lemon wedge.

Can you have an allergic reaction to chlorine? I swim four times a week and have noticed my skin getting itchy, my hair getting brittle and my eyes turning red. What gives?—L. D., San Antonio, Texas.

Don't hang up your Speedo yet. An allergy to chlorine is rare, but repeated exposure to its compounds can cause a reaction that seems a lot like one. Make sure the pool is well regulated to avoid swimming in too much of the stuff. As for the drying effects on your hair and skin, put a thick conditioner on your hair under a rubber bathing cap before you swim. Wear goggles to keep eye redness to a minimum. After swimming, rinse out your eyes with distilled water. Use lots of lotion and look for a shampoo specifically designed to remove chlorine.

A friend says I'm asking for trouble by using laundry detergent to wash my car. I've always used the household stuff without any problem. What's he talking about?—W. G., Chicago, Illinois.

We've got two words for you: clear coat. According to our auto consultant, household soap contains all kinds of abrasives and harsh additives. While this may do wonders for your underwear, it wreaks havoc on that top layer of clear paint that gives your car's finish its lustrous look. Soaps formulated for car finishes contain cleaners that don't scratch or leave a dull film. So leave the Tide in the laundry room.

Lubrication during sex has never been difficult for me. In fact, I get so wet, I lose all sensation and can hardly feel my boyfriend inside of me. He won't say so, but I know sensation becomes a problem for him, too. Short of stopping to towel myself off, what can I do?—P. L., Miami Beach, Florida.

Consider yourself a member of a very exclusive club. Most women indicate too little lubrication is one of the primary reasons they don't enjoy sex (timing is another, but that's a different beef). One easy solution is to press your partner's penis gently but firmly between your thumb and forefinger as he thrusts. The benefits are twofold: It creates more friction for him and positions your hand so that you are free to masturbate. But there's nothing wrong with interrupting the action long enough for you and your partner to keep your moisture in check. Don't limit yourself to terrycloth. Think feathers, fur, velvet and silk. There's plenty of erotic potential in the interlude, and the beauty of it is that you get to start all over again.

With all the advances in cosmetic surgery, why isn't there a procedure to lengthen the penis?—T. C., Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.

There is, and has been for years. It's a last-ditch resort for men whose penises, when fully stretched, measure considerably less than five and three eighths inches—the average penile length of the American male. The most common method of augmentation phalloplasty—medical jargon for penile lengthening—involves cutting the suspensory ligament on top, allowing the penis to extend farther out. According to Florida urologist Dr. Harold M. Reed, the length of the penis can be increased from three eighths of an inch to two inches—a significant gain for a man with a three-to-five-inch penis. We've seen a tape of this procedure. It's serious.

My girlfriend got herpes from her previous boyfriend. She was straight with me, telling me about it as soon as it became clear we were sexually attracted to each other. I haven't been too worried about it because we practice safe sex and I'd read that herpes could be passed to a partner only during an outbreak. Now I'm hearing that it can be passed even if the carrier has no symptoms. Can you set me straight?—M. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

Common thought among medical experts has been that herpes is communicable during an outbreak. A recent study suggests that partners run a slight risk of contracting the virus even when there are no symptoms present. Researchers at the University of New Mexico studied a group of men and women who had recurrent outbreaks, as well as their uninfected partners, for a year (only 21 of the 144 couples used condoms routinely). Participants kept a diary in which they recorded outbreaks and acts of intercourse. At the end of the year, 14 (nearly ten percent) of the initially healthy partners developed signs of herpes. In nine of these cases, the researchers concluded infection occurred during a period when no symptoms of an outbreak were present. Only one of the condom-using couples reported infection. Another argument for condom use.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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NOT-SO-HIGH FIDELITY

the new political rules of adultery

By LENNY KLEINFELD

The interesting thing is not that Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton scored decisive primary victories. It's that he's still in the race; no issue received anything like the saturation coverage lavished on Clinton's alleged marital infidelities.

Now, with Clinton winning primaries anyway, the focus is back on such trifles as the economy. But if Clinton does become the Democratic nominee and runs well, I predict someone will do whatever's necessary to drag the Other Woman back into the spotlight.

Why are we so susceptible to the notion that promiscuity renders a candidate unfit for high American office? I blame the schools. They seem to have left the nation ignorant of its past. And that's made us vulnerable to the bizarre assumption that promiscuity automatically renders a candidate unfit for high American office. When Ben Franklin served as ambassador to France during the Revolutionary War, he spent almost as much time bedding French women as he did cajoling French officials. I guess that means the French fleet didn't show up in time to clinch a victory at Yorktown.

Few of the gents who authored the Federalist Papers, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were noted for their lack of mistresses. Thomas Jefferson, the most ubiquitous hands-on participant, kept and slept with at least one slave; my word for that is "rape." Does that mean we should take the papers that founded our nation and inspired 200 years of global political change and run them through the nearest shredder? Does it mean Jefferson didn't cut an amazing deal on the Louisiana Purchase?

But, hey, those were whole other centuries with whole other dance steps. Let's look at modern times.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt had a girlfriend while in office. I guess that means F.D.R. didn't lift spirits, reform business practices and weave a social safety net during the Depression, and then lead the country through World War Two.

Dwight Eisenhower had a mistress during that war. I guess that means we lost it. And there wasn't runaway prosperity during Ike's Administration. His warnings about the military-industrial complex must have been hogwash, too.

Camelot isn't remembered for J.F.K.'s ability to keep his pants zipped. So there must still be Soviet IRBMs in Cuba—and he deserved what he got in Dallas.

By way of contrast, assume Ronald Reagan has been faithful to Nancy. Does that increase your respect for him? Does it mean he didn't leave us with the biggest deficit in the history of money?

Nowhere in our past, or anyone else's, is there a correlation between monogamy—or the lack of it—and political ability. Whom a President has slept with means nothing compared to which campaign contributors he's whoring for.

Competence, of course, isn't the only quality we look for in Presidential timber. There's also the knotty matter of character. An affair could reveal clues to that—if only we knew the details.

Did he neglect his family or his work? Did he and his lover have blood tests and use condoms? Was he good to his wife when he got home? Is he as tolerant of his wife as he expects her to be of him? Problem is, a candidate who'd spew those kinds of details in public couldn't be trusted with any position higher than that of daytime talk-show host.

Conversely, monogamy alone is no proof of character—especially in a climate where absolute fidelity is an absolute requirement for electability—because we have no way of knowing if a candidate has been faithful to his wife or to his ambitions.

In years past, it was a moot, or more exactly, mute, point—the press simply didn't report what it knew about extramarital activities. Hypocritical, perhaps, but it negated the greater hypocrisy of having candidates eliminated by irrelevant taboos. Today, when every shred of gossip is sure to be published, we can no longer pretend that infidelity is grounds for political disqualification. Doing so makes us hostage to every cheap-shot campaign manager, editor and Bible thumper who can afford to pay an ex-girlfriend to talk.

Once every four years, it's our duty to hire someone for the most complicated, dangerous job in the world. It's no time to fuck around.

READER

AIDS

The Bush Administration's recent proposal to spend $873,000,000 on AIDS research for fiscal year 1993 represents a decrease in spending when adjusted for inflation and falls far short of the $1.3 billion originally requested by Dr. Anthony Fauci, director of AIDS research activities for the National Institutes of Health. Lack of funding would seriously damage virtually every aspect of AIDS research, including drug and vaccine development, therapy, diagnostic breakthroughs, immunology and virology. Dr. Robert T. Schooley, an AIDS researcher who heads the infectious diseases division of the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center, has said, "We have much more in the way of leads that we ought to be following than we did four or five years ago. Now is not the time to be cutting back on the effort." Please write and call your Representative and Senators to restore funds for AIDS research at this crucial juncture.

Jim Senyszyn
Naugatuck, Connecticut

James R. Petersen's fine article concerning Magic Johnson ("Magic," *The Playboy Forum*, March)—and the threat of heterosexual AIDS—hits the nail on the head concerning the reality of the slight danger of HIV infection for heterosexuals. What the article did not mention was that HIV testing is not that accurate and abounds with high rates of false positives. The Centers for Disease Control reports that the most sensitive screening test, the Western Blot, has a 99.3 percent analytic sensitivity (1345 positive tests out of 1355 HIV samples) and a 91.6 percent specificity (306 negative tests out of 334 non-HIV samples). This means that there is a high rate of false positives. It should be noted that diseases such as arthritis, lupus, liver disease and scleroderma could give a false positive HIV test.

E. J. Neiburger, D.D.S.
Center for Dental AIDS Research
Waukegan, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

"You have the opportunity to be a tourist in a very strange land. It's the most misunderstood industry in the world. The last time I was approached [by an interviewer], the man wound up analogizing us to having the same kind of death wish that bullfighters, sky divers and race-car drivers have, which is probably true, because I'm in an antisocial, highly immoral, against-the-grain, ultrarebellious form of entertainment. We're the last rebels in society. At least we're better than the stupid terrorists who go around blowing up people. No one ever died from an overdose of pornography."

—X-RATED-MOVIE MOGUL BILL MARGOLD, QUOTED IN *Porn* (YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, $30), BY ROBERT J. STOLLER

In the article on Magic Johnson, the example is given that in a stadium of 20,000 people, eight might have the AIDS virus. The current statistics (according to the Centers for Disease Control) are that 0.4 percent, or one in 250, of the people in the United States carry the AIDS virus. An incidence of one in 250 means that 80 of the 20,000 people in the stadium would be carrying the AIDS virus. Hence, the example cited underreports the incidence of AIDS by tenfold.

Jonathan Wasserberger, M.D.
Gary Ordog, M.D.
Los Angeles, California

The Centers for Disease Control has several novel means of accounting, not all of which are useful. For example, they have treated AIDS the way the Pentagon treated war dead—a single cumulative figure for a decade of contagion. (Imagine if the CDC reported all of the automobile fatalities since the first Model T rolled off the assembly line.) By the CDC's own account, the incidence of diagnosed AIDS cases in America is 17 per 100,000 persons. But for every known case, how many more carry the virus? That is the billion-dollar question. We prefer to use a reality-based figure, not one arrived at around the water cooler. Since 1986, millions of teenagers have applied for military service and millions of adults have donated blood to the Red Cross; both groups show approximately the same incidence of HIV—three or four out of 10,000. You can get dramatically higher figures if you test people in line at an STD clinic or a drug rehab program. The question becomes, Which group does the crowd at a Lakers game most closely resemble?

The article on Magic Johnson quoted him on his responsibility to notify his previous sexual partners and urge them to be tested for HIV. I suspect that if Magic were not a celebrity but an ordinary man, he would still have felt obligated. His partners were lucky. Many people who have been exposed to the virus are never notified, never tested and, consequently, are deprived of crucial counseling and medical attention.

Joyce Freeman
Phoenix, Arizona

A number of state and municipal health departments offer partner notification as a service to those who do not wish to notify sexual or needle-sharing partners of their possible exposure to the virus. Notification has been criticized mainly on the issue of privacy, and the willingness of people to be tested is highly dependent on the legal environment. When South Carolina implemented mandatory reporting, clinics experienced a 51 percent drop in attendance by gay and bisexual men and a 43 percent drop in attendance by those who previously tested positive. If confidentiality is guaranteed, notification can save lives. In San Francisco, identifying information is destroyed after contact is made, abandoning

bureaucratic control in favor of rendering assistance more effectively. Other jurisdictions should take note.

THE FEMININE MISTAKE

The fact that the misophallic feminist pictured at Bette's Ocean View Diner ("The Playboy Read-In," *The Playboy Forum*, February) does not even know how to spell the word amendment goes a long way in showing her lack of mental acuity. Ignorance and stupidity are obviously incompatible with liberty. Hatred, ignorance and the destruction of freedom go hand in hand. For those who do not believe the viciousness of these enemies of freedom, Ken Kelley's videotape shows the hatefulness of the Berkeley attacks.

Adam Farley
Springfield, Missouri

MALE BAGGING

As odious as unwanted and persistent sexual advances in the workplace are, harassment of a sexual nature is just the most blatant form of supervisors' abuse of power. The correct term, of which sexual harassment would be a subcategory, is gender discrimination. Specifically, it is the unequal treatment of an employee of one gender as measured against the treatment of employees of the opposite gender. This is more subtle than overt sexual comeons and can happen to either gender. Inequality can crop up in the assignment of work loads, promotions, raises or perks. I am a male in an office otherwise exclusively female, with a woman supervisor. For years, I put up with what I perceived to be unequal treatment on many levels. The highest-ranking official's standard response to my complaints was, "If you don't like it, leave." Anyone can suffer harassment, regardless of gender, largely because there are a great many miserable managers who should never have been put in such positions to begin with. Women are not the only ones who have difficulty getting justice done.

Alan Weston
Waco, Texas

CENSORSHIP WARNINGS

Here's another two cents on censorship and an example of how low some people will stoop in its cause. I purchased a copy of *The Guns of Navarone* from a video club and was surprised to find that some of the dialog had been censored. Curious and more than a little upset, I wrote to the club asking if they had been pressured by an outside group and how to go about getting either an uncensored copy of the movie or my money back. To date, I have received no response. It's a shame that certain records, books and movies must carry warning labels when the same rule is not applied to the truly obscene act of censorship.

Philip W. Kirby
Hyattsville, Maryland

The piece "Whose Money Is It?" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) talked about the effects of gag rules on family planning clinics. In *Rust vs. Sullivan*, the Supreme Court ruled that when the government pays the piper, it gets to call the tune. Reproductive choices get the most press, but education and the arts are equally endangered by government gags. As citizens who promote the tenets of democracy, we cannot afford selective outrage. We can, however, look forward to further government attempts to put a stranglehold on our liberty.

Susan Greene
New York, New York

The government has already embraced the "Rust vs. Sullivan" decision as a battle cry against artistic freedom. Performance artist Karen Finley lost an $8000 NEA grant because of the content of her show. (Finley's suit against the NEA for unconstitutional discrimination against her political views has yet to go to trial.) Justice Department henchmen are invoking "Rust" to cut funding for arts projects, AIDS education materials and scientific research. President Bush says doctors cannot utter the word abortion while receiving government funds. The next step could easily be universities being told to cut controversial classes. By not providing any limiting principles in the "Rust" decision, the Supreme Court paved the way for zealots like Jesse Helms to inflict further damage on freedom of expression.

TRADING PLACES

The *Playboy Forum* article on television and the death penalty ("If Death Were Televised," October) shed some light on the issue of commercializing the more heinous elements of our society. A good example of the tasteless results is the marketing by a California novelty company of trading cards featuring famous criminals. Imagine the likenesses of John Wayne Gacy, Theodore Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer alongside our athletic and comic-book heroes. Not my idea of entertainment.

Jim Downey
Forestville, California

X-RATED RAIDS

the feds came loaded for bare buns

By STEPHEN RAE

In the predawn hours of September 27, 1991, FBI agents, backed by the LAPD vice squad, broke down the front gate to X-rated film maker James Wasson's West Hollywood apartment, rousing him from bed to be shackled, hauled downtown and strip-searched. Wasson, who has directed several gay videos for Vivid Video Incorporated under the name Jim West, was joined in jail by Phil Toubus, who makes straight videos for Vivid under the name Paul Thomas. Three weeks later, the directors and Vivid's owners, Steven Hirsch and David James, found themselves in a federal district court in Oxford, Mississippi, charged with conspiring to distribute obscene materials.

They were in Oxford because the Supreme Court's 1973 *Miller* ruling on obscenity grants communities broad rights to determine if sexually oriented materials violate local standards of decency. An Oxford grand jury had found that the mainstream sex in Vivid's videos violated theirs. But it wasn't the citizens of Oxford who had risen up in outrage over the presence of *Nympho Brats* and *Salt and Pepper Boys*. The indictments were orchestrated in Washington, D.C.—if administered with the aid of a compliant local D.A.—by the National Obscenity Enforcement Unit, the Justice Department's gung-ho band of smut-busting prosecutors. The most enduring judicial legacy of disgraced Attorney General Edwin Meese, the 18-member unit is waging a much-publicized war on the adult-entertainment industry.

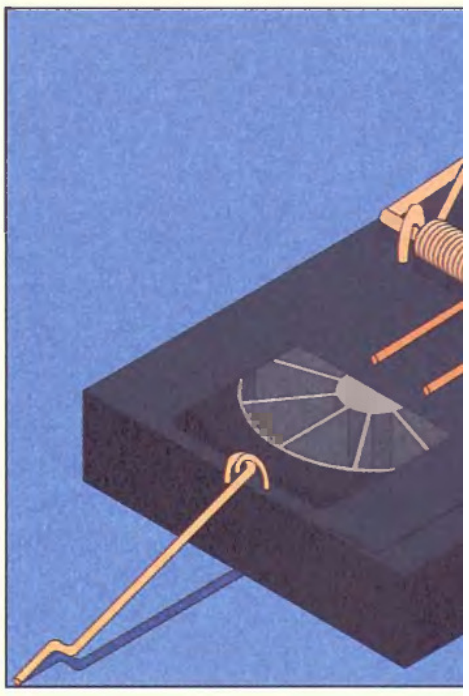
Consider that the number of U.S. obscenity prosecutions jumped nearly 400 percent from 1987 to 1990; in 1990, 120 individuals or corporations were indicted. Also in 1990, the unit broadened its Project Post Porn campaign against mail-order distributors to target video producers. In 1991, with the indictments of Wasson and Toubus, it went after directors.

The Vivid bust bore the earmarks of a classic National Obscenity Enforcement Unit operation. Standing *Miller* on its head, the unit seeks out what it thinks are the nation's least tolerant communities and, by prosecuting national companies in these locales, attempts to impose their conservative standards on the rest of us. Spending millions of dollars annually, the feds set up local video shops, order tapes from California and get the Postal Service to make the bust when they're mailed. "We need a phone book to list all the places you can and cannot ship to," says David Kastens, chairman and president of the Adult Video Association. But "it's impossible to do community-standard studies in every community in the United States. We don't have the resources." The NOEU God Squad does.

The God Squad's goons have been challenged by only two opponents. One courageous distributor, Philip Harvey ("Project Post Porn," *The Playboy Forum*, September 1990), has been fighting back and just recently the ACLU has decided to bring its considerable muscle to the fray. The unit is, according to the ACLU, a "constitutionally renegade operation" so tanked on religious zealotry that it routinely trashes the law in its self-described mission to restore America's "moral fiber." Documents from Harvey's lawsuit and a blistering ACLU report, *Above the Law: The Justice Department's War Against the First Amendment*, issued last December, contain amazing admissions of totalitarian behavior on the part of the agency. Unlike the courts, which have wrestled for decades with the definition of obscenity, these Christians pass around soft-core magazines—which they know could never be found legally obscene—and agree to rid the U.S. of them. Even a woman's bare breasts were deemed "offensive and repugnant" by H. Rob Showers, the unit's born-again first director. "Any kind of nudity," Showers said, "particularly frontal nudity, male or female, and any sex act [is] immoral and obscene." Richard Lambert, Assistant U.S. District Attorney for Utah and an architect of the unit's legal strategies, agreed. "Society would be better off," he declared in a deposition, "[if] there were no market for *Playboy*."

Even the FBI's own obscenity investigators—tough guys without bleeding hearts—were shocked by the unit's single-mindedness. Showers, FBI special agent Raymond Bernard testified, was a "fanatic, a zealot" on the subject of pornography, which passed an interest and became a preoccupation.

"They had a vision that, if they prosecuted enough people, they could eventually shut down [the] adult-pornography industry," testified Robert Marinaro, then the FBI's chief obscenity investigator, in a deposition. He was troubled by the unit's trampling on constitutionally protected speech: They "became zealots [whose] religious belief overstepped good judgment." At the Justice Department, the unit, which Showers had staffed with attorneys from the private, procensorship group Citizens for Decency Through Law, was an embarrassment, thanks in part to its sponsorship of lunatic groups that link pornography with Satanism. As Doug McCullough, Showers' boss, admitted to attorneys, "The people that are in charge of this investigation are crazy about this subject."

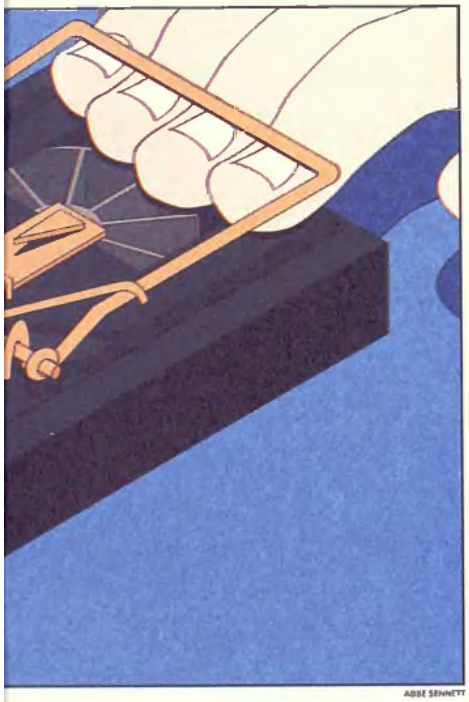


The unit did come up with an inspired legal strategy. It realized it didn't have to win convictions (in many cases it knew it would lose) to force companies out of the business of selling

sexually oriented materials; it merely had to bankrupt them and deprive them of competent counsel. Since there are "a limited number . . . of First Amendment lawyers [capable] of defending these organizations," Marinaro stated, the unit endeavored to "tie them up as much as possible" by bringing simultaneous indictments in far-flung parts of the land. The tactic worked. Companies slated to begin four trials in four districts within two months threw up their hands and agreed to go quietly.

Another tactic was to indict "deep," charging as many company employees as possible, since each defendant needed his or her own lawyer. "This strategy would test the limits of the pornographers' endurance," Brent Ward, U.S. District Attorney for Utah during the Eighties and another unit architect, wrote to Meese.

Jury acquittals need not be major setbacks, either. One defense counsel testified, "federal prosecutors made clear to us that . . . defendants would be prosecuted in another jurisdiction, and . . . this process would be repeated



ABBE SENNETT

until convictions were obtained or defendants agreed to plead guilty." If all else failed, the feds could threaten to invoke forfeiture provisions similar to the RICO Act and seize the company's assets. "The greater the risk, the less the incentive to remain in business;" Ward advised Meese. And if these tactics required nuisance searches to disrupt the company's activities, if they flouted the government's ban on multiple prosecutions as inherently unfair, if they were textbook cases of illegal "bad faith" prosecutions waged "without reasonable expectation of obtaining a valid conviction"—hey, it's the Justice Department. "I don't think anybody was really aware of the scope of this campaign and its real goals in the first few years," says Marjorie Heins, co-author of *Above the Law* and director of the ACLU's Arts Censorship Project. "When they use multiple prosecution as the weapon to bludgeon those whose speech they disfavor, for the purpose of bankrupting or putting so much pressure on an individual or company that they will have to cry uncle and enter into a plea agreement in which they essentially relinquish their First Amendment rights, that is an unlawful motivation that violates the First Amendment."

Some judges thought so, also. In 1988, a U.S. district court ruled that, because of the government's bad-faith conduct, one defendant faced "annihilation, by attrition if not by conviction," and granted an injunction. Alarmed by the reversal and the outlaw direction in which Showers was leading the agency, the unit's Special Attorney, Paul C. McCommon III, drafted a five-page memo to Showers outlining the shaky constitutional grounds on which he had placed the unit and warning of future judicial setbacks. "On several occasions I have advised you of my concerns," McCommon wrote, "but I don't feel you have taken my warnings seriously."

Showers' response, according to McCommon's sworn deposition, was classic Reagan-Bush management style. "I want you to gather up the copies, and I want you to get the diskette from the secretary who typed it," he instructed. "And I want you to shred it."

Pussygate proved too much for Showers' superiors at the Justice Department, who suspended and removed him. His replacement, Patrick Trueman, was the former general counsel to Americans United for Life. Trueman was another believer, but not in American democracy. Asked by one defense attorney whether unconvicted defendants weren't being forced to surrender their First Amendment rights, Trueman ("another individual whose religiosity clouded his judgment," according to Marinaro) replied, "That's correct. They are. The reason is, they're criminals and they can't be trusted."

Subsequent court rulings have brought the unit back to reality. In 1990, finding that a substantial likelihood existed that the unit's conduct "constitute[d] bad faith calculated to suppress constitutional rights," a Washington, D.C., federal judge enjoined the unit from its multiple-prosecution strategy. Last fall, a U.S. district court in Dallas rejected the government's attempted use of RICO-style laws to seize corporate assets as a "transparent pretext for closing down a legitimate business." It scolded the Justice Department: "The First Amendment's safeguards against prior restraint of expression do not vanish merely because a criminal statute is used to silence printing presses."

"Are we such weaklings that we need a Justice Department task force to protect our delicate sensibilities?" asked author Susan Isaccs, one of the artists who spoke at the December 1991 ACLU press conference that introduced *Above the Law*. "As a nation, we were never given to fainting spells. . . . So how come, all of a sudden, we've become a nation of weenies?"

The ACLU called for the unit's abolition and for congressional hearings into its behavior. The Adult Video Association and the Free Speech Legal Defense Fund rallied 700 people to protest in front of the Federal Building in Westwood, California. Their call for larger demonstrations may prove frustrating. Viewers of X-rated movies are often loath to admit it (just ask Clarence Thomas) and aren't likely to take to the streets. More promising are the establishment of an information bank for defending adult-entertainment companies and an anticipated legal counterattack on the Justice Department. While acknowledging that the unit's founders were "wedded to a certain ideology," Justice Department spokesmen don't seem to get what the fuss is about. "We go after pornography the way we go after narcotics or terrorism," says Doug Tillett, denying charges of criminality. But the unit recently changed its name to the Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section, obviously for PR purposes, since child pornography has never been its pressing concern. Meanwhile, people are going to prison. Michael Warner, president of Great Western Litho, was sentenced to eight months incarceration for the crime of printing video boxes.

"They're not going to stop with me," warns film director Wasson. "They're going to go after other directors, they're going to go after the actors, they're going to go after the people who watch these things."

If a piece of parchment called the Bill of Rights gets in their way, the God Squad prosecutors know how to handle that. They'll shred it.

NAKED

bad vibes and ugly food at an antiporn seminar

It was the first of February and the 200 or so people arrived eager for the festivities at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. The Knights of Columbus sported polyester suits; their wives wore terminally coiffed hair. Also present were CNN, NBC and CBS camera crews and the few representatives of the adult-entertainment industry who had managed to scam tickets. We had all shown up to eat brunch and digest the religious Right's view on pornography and its proposed film code based on Christian values.

Theodore Baehr, one of three keynote speakers at the seminar on "Pornography, First Amendment Rights and a Family Film Code," is the brains behind the code, as well as the chief executive of the Atlanta-based Christian Film and Television Commission. He's also the publisher of *Movieguide*, "a Biblical guide to movies and entertainment." Baehr is on a mission from God to save Hollywood's soul and diminishing bankroll. "We're going to set [Hollywood] free not only from the bondage of sin and corruption," Baehr offered, "but from the bondage of losing money at the box office."

The second member of the oh-so-holy-trinity was Cardinal Roger Mahony, archbishop of Los Angeles, the largest Catholic diocese in the U.S. Cardinal Mahony is an outspoken opponent of porn or anything he thinks resembles it. He had earlier announced that he was throwing his weight behind the highly restrictive film and TV code put forth by the CFTVC. Mahony's new alliance with Baehr's essentially fundamentalist group is disturbing because of the group's political agenda.

Working the seminar's church-and-state motif was the third speaker, Alan Sears, former executive director of the Meese commission. Sears left the Meese commission to become head reactionary toady of Charles Keating's Citizens for Decency Through Law, and later, his own National Family Legal Foundation in Phoenix, receiving seed money from James Dobson of Focus on the Family. Sears proved his pedigree by coming to the seminar with a briefcase full of "facts" that were concocted to elicit further support for the antiporn cause.

Paranoia is second nature to the trinity: Earlier in the week, the *Los Angeles Times* ran an article that mentioned possible "infiltrators" at the seminar, so security was unusually tight. At least one of the nonaligned attendees was pulled aside by a vigilant usher and asked if he was "planning on disrupting the meeting." Moments after that encounter, a plainclothes Los Angeles policeman who said he was with the antiterrorist squad made a point of introducing himself to an adult-entertainment-industry executive. Indeed, though it was billed as a public forum, the Free Speech Legal Defense Fund was denied its request to purchase 50 tickets, and so one member disguised himself as a van-line mover. He told the Knights he had two kids and was concerned about the direction in which this country was heading—which was the truth. Knowing how these folks feel about such dangerous periodicals as *Playboy*, I posed as a rep from a small general-release video company.

I was curious how these ultrasensitive right-wing and religious folks could discuss "the depths of human depravity" and keep down a particularly gelatinous chicken potpie. I had forgotten that conservatives—especially those of the religious variety—possess a unique ability to talk about filth and depravity without actually talking about filth and depravity. Instead, they generalize, and in doing so, paint their hellish tableaux with broad and misleading strokes. For example, the term hard-core pornography was used to describe everything from *Playboy* to kiddie snuff films—if such a thing as the latter even exists.

Politicians, of course, are pros at talking about a subject without saying anything of substance, so Sears fit right in. His keynote address offered lurid nonsense about "the autoerotic asphyxiations of the young boys and girls across this country who have been victimized by the child-molester-pedophile-pornographers" and whoppers like the "fact" that "children between the ages of twelve and seventeen are the major consumers of hard-core pornography in our society today."

Yeah, I thought, it's hell having to elbow your way through a crowd of eighth graders at Le Sex Shoppe just

STEVE BRODNER

BRUNCH

By Anthony R. Lovett

to get to the child-molester-pedophile-pornographer magazines.

At my table, where the Knights of Columbus had managed to corral assorted members of the adult-entertainment industry who had gained entry, there was a lot of sighing, grumbling and rolling of eyes. The rest of the room, however, was caught up in Sears's proselytizing to the point that their gasps and applause sounded like the amens and hallelujahs of Southern Baptists.

But it was the tag team of Mahony and Baehr who, with their code, stole the show. Mahony read from a prepared statement that stopped short of calling for Hollywood's mandatory compliance with Baehr's code. Instead, in a painful drone, he urged the industry to voluntarily adopt the new measures and standards. Here are just a few of the proposed gems:

"The technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation." (Make murder as boring as abstinence and no one will want to do it.)

"The use of liquor in American life, when not required by the plot or for proper characterization, will not be shown." (This means that a film like *Barfly* is OK, since the plot centers on alcoholics, but it's taboo for a character to come home and enjoy a beer.)

"Excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive postures and gestures are not to be shown." (Wait—is Melanie Griffith giving Harrison Ford a lustful embrace or just a very friendly hug?)

"No film or episode may throw ridicule on any religious faith." (Let's protect the code.)

Other no-nos include nudity of any sort (even in silhouette), jiggling breasts, the uttering of such words as "pansy" and "whore," as well as "God," "Lord," "Jesus" and "Christ" (if used irreverently), depictions of suicide, the killing of police and dramatizations based on criminals unless they are punished for their crimes.

The avuncular Baehr distributed at the brunch a one-page CFTVC handout called "Why, What & How." The flier opened with the tale of a 14-year-old honor student who grew so aroused by *Pretty Woman* that she got drunk and "prostituted herself with two men at the same time." Baehr also regaled the seminar with a horror story about a nine-year-old boy whose mind was warped by the movie *Total Recall*. The boy was purportedly so upset by the movie's violence that he had nightmares after viewing it. Baehr claimed his commission's code was not only written to protect such moviegoers but to help Hollywood make more money as well.

To support this second point, Baehr served up some convoluted statistics that were designed to point out that Hollywood is not spiritually equipped to understand or serve middle America's movie needs. Baehr's arithmetic claimed that since 86.5 percent of the U.S. population "call themselves Christians and another two-and-a-half percent call themselves Jewish," and only eight percent of Hollywood's population attends church or synagogue and as such doesn't understand the needs of the nation, his spiritual guidance would make Hollywood buckets of money. His logic was an energetic leap of faith even on a morning already rife with half-truths and doublespeak.

While it may seem laughable to imagine the church controlling what we see on TV and at the theater, let us not forget history. Few in Hollywood were laughing during the three-decade reign of the Hays Code, the Protestant Film Commission and the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency—all of which either directly or indirectly enforced film and TV censorship until the Hays Code was retired in 1966.

When the seminar finally closed with a rousing version of *God Bless America*, everyone at my table stood up—but none of them could bring themselves to sing.

Our hosts seemed to be celebrating another America and another God, neither of which were concerned with human freedom, much less life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THERE TO HELP

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK—A woman lost custody of her two-year-old child for nearly a year because of a misunderstanding with county social workers.

Wanting to know if breast-feeding sometimes causes sexual arousal, the mother called a social services referral group. It referred her to a rape crisis center, which called a child-abuse hot line, which notified the Onodaga County social services department, which filed criminal charges of sexual abuse and child neglect. One judge threw out the case, but, on appeal, another found the woman guilty of neglect for not having weaned her child. All that, instead of a simple yes.

AIDS VACCINE

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—Animal experiments suggest that an AIDS vaccine may yet be developed by using bits of HIV to stimulate an immune-system response. Dr. Dani Bolognesi, an AIDS researcher at Duke University, said that the successful inoculation of monkeys against the simian immunodeficiency virus, which is related to the human AIDS virus, supported that approach. Preliminary tests are now being conducted on human volunteers.

UNKINDEST CUT

PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS—A barroom argument between two men, a 46-year-old and a 51-year-old, over whose penis was longer ended badly. One contestant pulled a knife and cut his opponent down to size. Doctors reattached the organ and police charged the knife wielder with mayhem. "We have dealt with mayhem before," a policeman said, "but usually it is to the facial area."

GAY RIGHTS

NEW YORK CITY—A Surrogate Court judge has included an unmarried gay couple in New York State's legal definition of family and approved as well the adoption of a six-year-old boy by the lesbian partner of the child's natural mother. Noting that state law does not specify the gender of adoptive parents, the court said, "Today, a child who receives proper nutrition, adequate schooling and supportive shelter is among the fortunate, whatever the source."

LEGAL CHALLENGE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In an attempt to challenge the District's sodomy law, two lesbians and four gay males surrendered to police and confessed to engaging in oral and anal sex. Refusing to risk a court fight, the U.S. Attorney's office declared the case "lacked prosecutorial merit" because the acts took place in private between consenting adults—even though the law explicitly prohibits that.

BITING THE BULLET

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA—A jury has ordered a gun shop to pay $100,000 in damages to the family of a teacher killed by a student with a firearm purchased at the store. A spokesman for the Washington, D.C.–based Center to Prevent Handgun Violence said this was the first time liability has been assessed against a seller over a "straw purchase." The gun was bought for the student by his 40-year-old cousin, who has already served a 15-month prison sentence for false statements on the gun's federal purchase form.

GENDER MERCY

LONDON—A judge has decided that a 44-year-old husband should not go to jail for strangling his irascible wife. In pleading guilty to manslaughter, the defendant explained that, for the sake of his children, he had put up with constant nagging for 18 years but finally cracked after going through a two-hour session of nonstop verbal abuse. The court told him, "[You] suffered, through no fault of your own, a terrible existence for a very long time," and gave him an 18-month suspended sentence.

FIRE DOWN UNDER

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND—City fire officials are not pleased and a police spokesman said that "traffic officers are in a high state of readiness." Both groups are on the lookout for a rogue fire engine crewed by nude women. Several motorists

reported seeing the vehicle careening through traffic with its lights and siren on—and the women's clothes off. Authorities suspect a local strip club of putting on the show to drum up business.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

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FLACK ATTACK

when banks or despots need polish, they hire the spin merchants at hill and knowlton—you know, the folks that got us into iraq

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

As bits and pieces about their shenanigans leak out, I keep asking myself: Who are these people at Hill and Knowlton, the public relations firm that meddles everywhere in our political life? Operating out of 66 offices in 25 countries, this multinational company makes a mockery of national and democratic politics. They manipulate elected officials and news organizations with total impunity. They were hired to run a campaign against abortion on behalf of the Catholic church; they represented the Church of Scientology; they orchestrated the drive to get the United States into war against Iraq for their client, Kuwait. Even if you agree with their campaigns, you should have reservations about their influence and methods.

These are the people who projected a favorable picture of BCCI, told us that the Chinese Communists are fine folks despite their human rights record, that the Indonesian government, which massacred hundreds of thousands in East Timor, wasn't so bad and that the Iraqis threw babies out of incubators when they occupied Kuwait—all of it distortions, if not outright lies.

Now, after the votes have been taken in Congress, the truth seeps out. But the con worked perfectly at the time. Our government left alone the banking swindlers until it was too late, granted China most-favored-nation trade status and brought the emir back. You have to hand it to them: When it comes to public relations, no matter the client, the people at Hill and Knowlton certainly earn their bucks.

Public relations. It sounds so innocent and suggests an obviously good thing. Not like the ugly word propaganda. Or better yet, foreign propaganda. But that's what firms like Hill and Knowlton are—hired hustlers available to any government or group willing and able to pay their exorbitant fees. Forget political principle. In this country they draw their operatives from the ranks of both liberals and conservatives, Democrats and Republicans, all apparently willing to serve the same suspect class of clients. Frank Mankiewicz (who ran the McGovern campaign), Anne Wexler (a top Carter aide) and Craig L. Fuller (who was Vice President George Bush's chief of staff) have all profitably coexisted as top executives of this new type of international propaganda ministry.

Flacks never cease to amaze me with their obsequious venality in the service of any client who will pay. As a working journalist, I deal with public relations people all the time, and as long as I remember that most of the breed are a cross between pimp and bunko artist, they can be useful. They collect information, set up interviews, provide film and will even write your story for you if you let them.

Unfortunately, during the Iraq war, the flacks got the upper hand. A rare media mention of this manipulation was provided by veteran foreign correspondent Gary Lee, who wrote in *The Washington Post*:

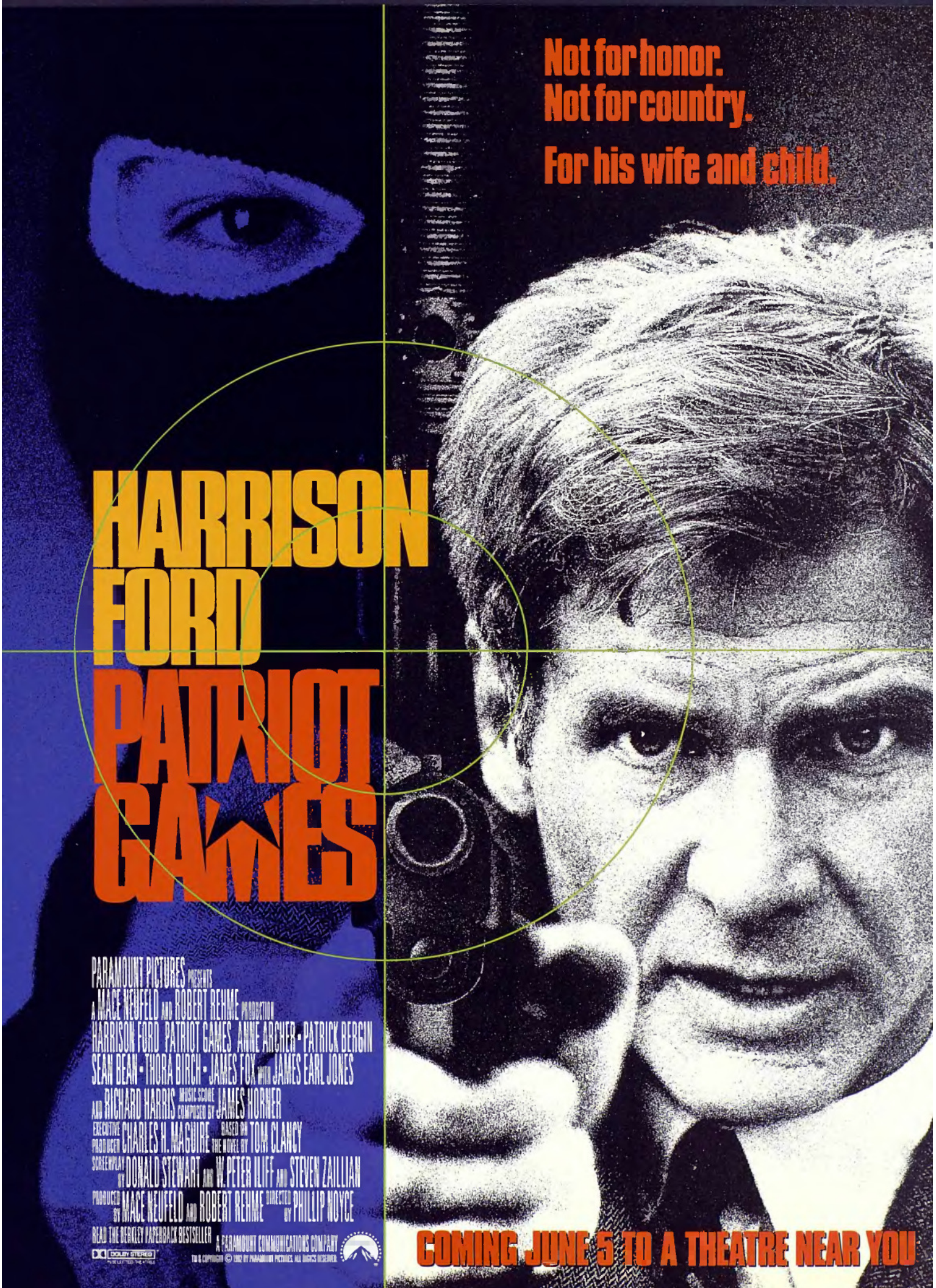
> Hill and Knowlton has conducted a hard sell of the Kuwaiti position that is designed to overcome the public's lack of knowledge about the Persian Gulf and to show that a moderate response to the conflict would not suffice. Starting with a press blitz by the Kuwaiti ambassador in Washington, Hill and Knowlton has helped organize junkets for journalists, a Congressional hearing on Iraqi atrocities and advertisements in *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times* and *USA Today*. It has also spread to an eager American press letters from hostages and sagas of tortured Kuwaitis.

Remember that dramatic testimony at a Congressional caucus offered up by a tearful Kuwaiti girl who claimed to have witnessed particularly evil Iraqi atrocities? A year after the fact, John R. MacArthur revealed in *The New York Times* that the anonymous witness was none other than the daughter of Kuwait's ambassador to the U.S. Her account of babies being tossed from incubators was cited by the President in a score of speeches. According to doctors interviewed at the various hospitals in question after the liberation of Kuwait, her story turned out to be without factual foundation. It was Kuwaiti medical personnel who abandoned the babies in their wild attempt to flee the country along with the Kuwaiti army.

Hill and Knowlton's client was an outfit called the Citizens for a Free Kuwait, which was funded by the emir of Kuwait and his cohorts. Its goal was to make the emir's return to power over his corrupt kingdom an international crusade, and that meant playing the human rights card. Emotional testimony was essential to make the case that Saddam Hussein was more than just another bad guy. The demonization of Hussein was essential to reverse a decade of support for this tyrant as the lesser evil in the war with Iran. *The Los Angeles Times* recently revealed that U.S. support for Hussein had continued until nine months before the invasion of Iraq. Bush had signed top-secret National Security Decision Directive 26 and granted Hussein a billion dollars in credit, which enabled him to put his scarce hard currency into more military equipment at a time when international banks had cut off his credit. As late as spring 1990, senior Bush aides overrode others in the Administration and permitted Hussein to continue to obtain so-called dual-use technology, assisting him in developing, among other menacing armaments, his nuclear industry.

The Congressional debate was a reasoned one until the hysterical reports stampeded the Senate into support of war. The point here is not to rehash who was right in that debate but rather to note that this exercise in democratic decision making was short-circuited in large measure by the deceptions of Hill and Knowlton.

Let me add that while Hill and Knowlton is the largest and most egregious offender, it doesn't stand alone. Kuwait had hired at least six other firms for its propaganda effort and, as Gary Lee pointed out in *The Washington Post*, "virtually every other international group seeking to influence American public opinion has employed an image maker." Perhaps that is just fine, as long as the source is clearly identified and critically evaluated by the news media and elected officials. But since we are all in a Buy American mood, might we not want to look more closely at regulating foreign purchase of our essential political debate?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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RALPH NADER

a candid conversation—our second—with the intrepid consumer rights crusader and presidential candidate about the real state of the union

When Playboy *first interviewed Ralph Nader in October 1968, he was Public Enemy Number One—to the nation's carmakers. To Detroit's customers, however, he was a hero. As a result of his one-man crusade, the milestone Traffic Safety Act of 1966 called for mandatory seat belts in American cars. Since then, an estimated 200,000 lives have been saved on the nation's highways.*

But Nader was only getting started. In the last line of his previous "Playboy Interview," he told us, "The struggle for consumer democracy is just beginning"—and it was. Within a year, more than 30,000 young people had applied to fill the 300 jobs on Nader's first task force, a citizen-action team of idealistic undergraduates and attorneys fresh from law school. Dubbed Nader's Raiders, the band of activists began making waves in Washington with a series of dramatic investigations into everything from food additives, dangerous drugs and environmental hazards to corporate greed and Congressional corruption.

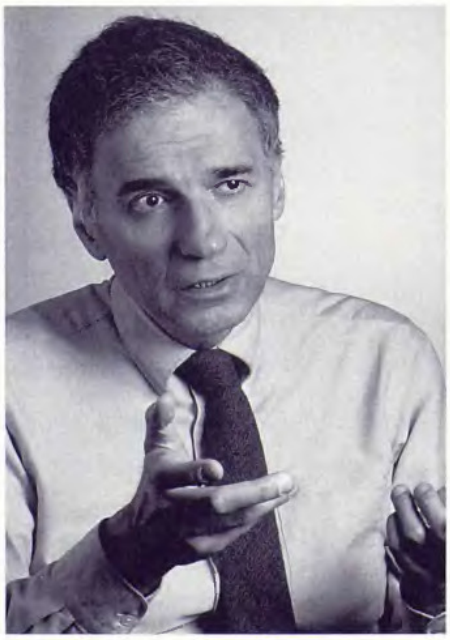
In the quarter-century since then, the Raiders have been responsible for the passage of at least 200 new laws, and Nader's core group has grown into a nationwide consumer movement of more than 50 civic-action organizations. Nader himself, at 58, remains on the ramparts, his image intact as a real-life Frank Capra hero—a latter-day "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"—with that aura of incorruptible idealism and selfless dedication. Despite the perennial assaults directed at him by his powerful opponents in government and business, he and his reputation have managed to survive a long and tumultuous career.

Although he has trumpeted the same message for almost three decades, Nader swung into the Nineties with a stepped-up plan of action. "The web of abuse has grown at an ever-accelerating rate," he warns, "along with the concentration of too much power in too few hands." So he has devised an ambitious program for reforming the system. He also made a move that, for many, was completely unexpected: After working outside the electoral system for his entire professional life, Nader decided to take his case directly to the people by placing his name on the ballot in the 1992 Presidential race. Nader scored 6311 write-in votes in the New Hampshire primary and bested Governor Robert Kerrey and Senator Tom Harkin in the Massachusetts primary.

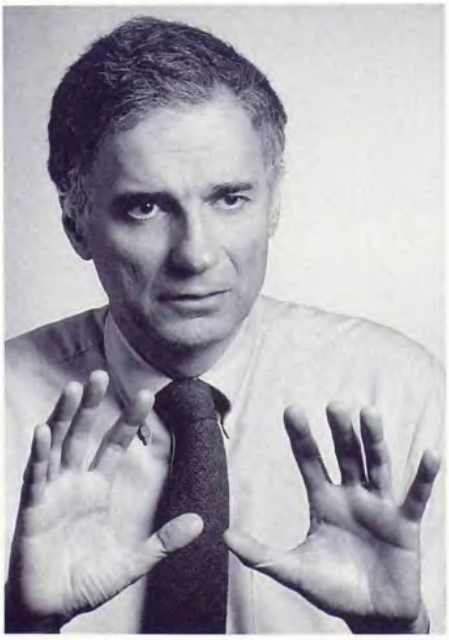
To anyone who knows him, Nader's transformation from national gadfly to political hopeful was inevitable. Born in 1934 to Nathra and Ruth Nader, a hard-working Lebanese couple who immigrated to America and settled in Winsted, Connecticut, he grew up believing in the American dream of personal freedom and the responsibilities of citizenship. "When the Naders sat around the table," a family friend recalls, "it was like the Kennedys, except that the subject they discussed wasn't power, it was justice." At the age of 12, Ralph was a fan of the New York Yankees and he played basketball with neighborhood chum David Halberstam. Off court, his recreational tastes ran mostly to reading—"The Congressional Record" was a favorite—and he recalls "shaking with excitement" as he pored over the works of early muckrakers such as Upton Sinclair and Lincoln Steffens.

Nader entered Princeton in 1951, where he raised eyebrows by agitating for a ban on the spraying of DDT after seeing dead birds on the school's lawn. He also slaked his voracious intellectual appetite by adding Chinese, Russian, Spanish and Portuguese to the Arabic and English he spoke at home. Graduating Phi Beta Kappa, Nader went on to Harvard Law School but found it "a high-priced tool factory." As he later remarked, "If you worried about issues of right and wrong, you were considered soft intellectually."

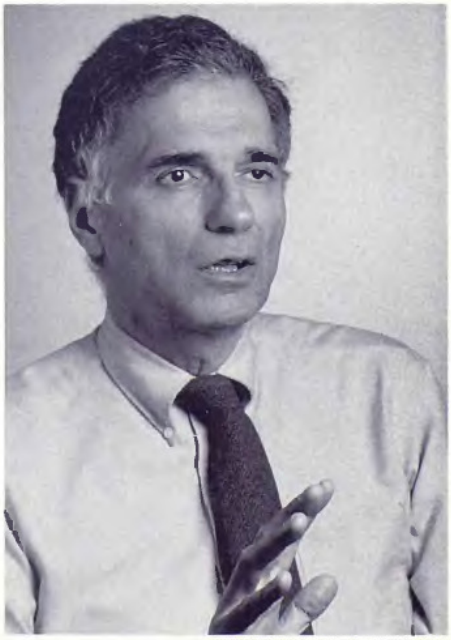
It was while at Harvard that Nader began



"We're graduating teenagers who can hardly read, write or think. They're being recruited into the seventy-billion-dollar adolescent marketplace. When they're asked who their heroes are, it's the Ninja Turtles or Madonna."



"The Republicans and Democrats are converging into a single party: the Power Party. I once said to my father when I was a boy, 'Dad, we need a third political party.' He said, 'I'll settle for a second.' He was before his time."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN WHITMAN

"There are more than four thousand PACs representing special-interest groups in America—doctors, car dealers, you name it. They all want something and pay millions to get it. It's nothing more than legalized bribery."

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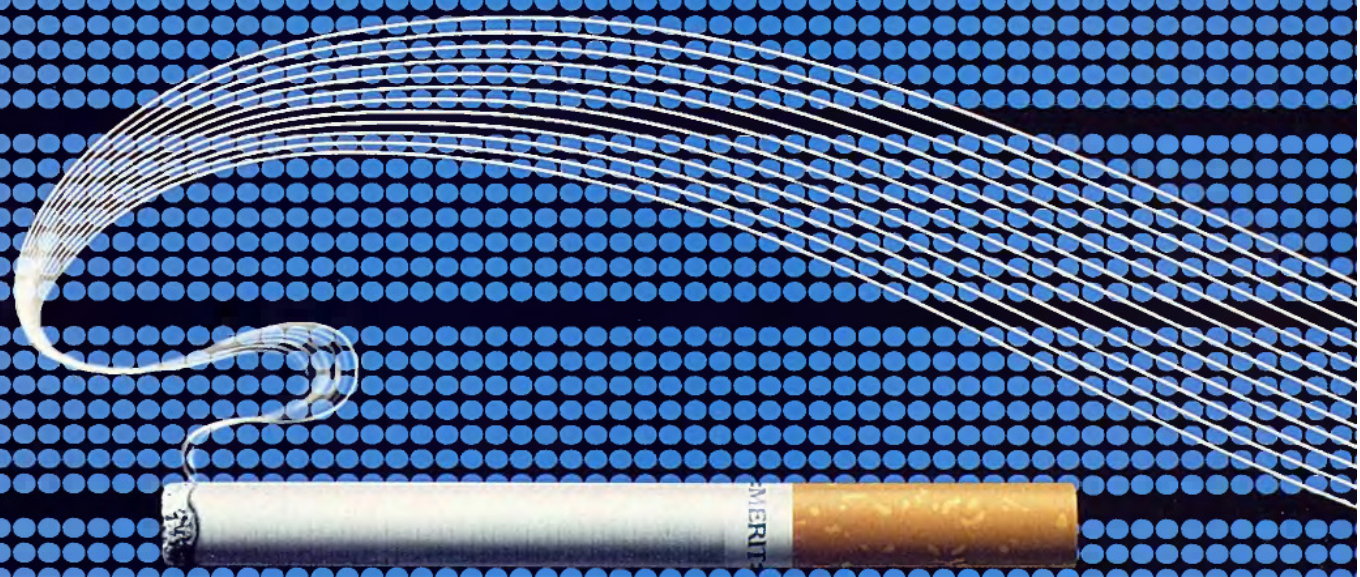

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to mine an untapped vein of investigative research: the engineering of cars by the American auto industry. Detroit, he wrote in an article for The Nation, *"is designing automobiles for style, cost, performance and calculated obsolescence, but not for safety"—despite the 1,500,000 auto-related injuries and 40,000 fatalities reported every year. The resulting article formed the basis for 1965's scathing best-seller, "Unsafe at Any Speed," which denounced the design defects of General Motors' Corvair as "one of the greatest acts of industrial irresponsibility in the present century."*

Congress passed its historic auto-safety legislation the next year, and Nader was launched as a public figure. But after a golden age of consumerism in the Seventies—climaxed by the recruitment of dozens of reform-minded Nader protégés into the Carter Administration—the national mood changed overnight with the 1980 election of Ronald Reagan. For Nader, the Eighties were a decade "of moral narcosis, rampant greed and callousness—a decade in which the consumer movement struggled in vain to stem a rising tide of abuse, all under the banner of free-market deregulation and tax subsidies for the rich." The low point came in 1986, when Nader fell ill with Bell's palsy, an affliction that partially paralyzed one side of his face for several months. While he was recovering, he stopped work for several weeks to be with his ailing older brother, who was dying from cancer. When he returned to the fray, it was with a renewed determination to make his work meaningful.

But real progress remained elusive until, as he puts it, "all those checks that were kited by all those high rollers in the Eighties finally started bouncing in the Nineties," and the country plunged into hard times. Suddenly, in 1992, consumerism is in vogue again, and after a long eclipse—in Washington and in the press—Nader has undergone something of a personal resurrection. He's been there all along, of course, working as hard as ever, appearing in such varied forums as TV's "Inside Edition," the counterculture journal Mother Jones, *even "Saturday Night Live"—and the public has begun listening to his warnings and admonitions once again.*

To learn more about the ongoing crusade of the nation's leading citizen watchdog, Playboy *called on* **Murray Fisher,** *who edited our first Nader interview 24 years ago. Fisher reports:*

"When Nader and I met in a downtown Washington hotel, just a few blocks from the scene of the 1968 interview, he reminded me that, at the time, thousands of young protesters had been chanting and marching against the Vietnam war in the streets just below us. Two decades later, he said, they should be out there again—protesting even louder about what their government is doing to America.

"He hasn't changed a bit. Lean to the point of gauntness, Nader still favors the same shapeless, charcoal-gray Ivy League suits and black clodhopper shoes he's worn since he left a private law practice and migrated to Washington in 1964 as an unpaid advisor for Senator Abraham Ribicoff's subcommittee on executive reorganization.

"Intensely private, even secretive, Nader volunteers little or nothing about his personal life. Other sources, though, confirm all the stories about him. He doesn't own a car and hitches rides with friends, he lives in a modest boarding house that even his closest associates have never visited and he likes to save money by eating in coffee shops.

"Except for infrequent trips home to visit his parents, Nader still works literally every waking hour of his life. So it's not surprising that he has never been married, or that he has never been linked romantically with anyone. (It has been reported that in the Sixties, General Motors hired detectives to tail him in an unsuccessful effort to dig up dirt, and even sent women to accost him in an apparent seduction-blackmail scheme. GM has denied the latter allegation.) To the dismay of critics and journalists in search of clay feet, Nader is exactly what he seems to be: either an avenging angel or an utterly selfless idealist, depending on how one feels about what he stands for.

"Our sessions rang with the same reformist oratory that marked Playboy*'s first interview with him, but this time Nader has gone for the jugular. His ambition is still, as it always has been, 'nothing less than the qualitative reform of the industrial revolution.' But the economic and social decline of the past four years, he insists, is symptomatic of a fundamental rot that has elevated reform to a priority of the utmost urgency.*

"By the time we met for our last session, Nader's theme had become a rallying call for a people's army of American citizens to rise up and join in a fight to save the republic—'while there's still time.' So we began our interview by discussing his political aspirations."

"If I could show you filmed highlights of every candidate who's run for President in the past twenty-five years, you'd laugh yourself silly."

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to campaign for President?

NADER: I wanted to enlarge the agenda of issues for the announced candidates. Jerry Brown talks about the corruption of a system that makes it virtually impossible for a candidate to get nominated without becoming indentured to special interests. But the rest of them—Paul Tsongas, Tom Harkin, Bob Kerrey, Bill Clinton and Pat Buchanan—make what I call end-point promises: "I promise to turn this economy around. I promise to improve the environment." But they don't say how they are going to overcome the organized lobbies and pressure groups that will block them if they try to do anything.

So it doesn't really matter if the politicians who ask for your votes are well-intentioned or if they're charlatans. Either they're so dishonest that they think they can flimflam people or they really mean what they say. Either way, they can't deliver.

Is it any surprise that we don't believe politicians when they look straight into the camera and tell us to *trust* them—that they'll clean up that mess in Washington and restore faith in government? Where have we heard all this before? If I could show you filmed highlights from the campaigns of every candidate who's run for President in the past twenty-five years, you'd laugh yourself silly because they make the same promises over and over again. And conditions keep getting worse.

The public is left with the sense that they're just passive bystanders. They're sitting in their living rooms with the ads coming at them on TV, and they have no hard information on which to base a decision. They can't tell Tweedledum from Tweedledee.

PLAYBOY: Where do you fit in?

NADER: I'm none of the above. That's why I asked people to write in my name as a no-confidence vote against politics-as-usual. I'd like legislatures in every state to pass statutes that would allow a no-confidence vote. The front-runners would have to keep looking not only at one another but at an alternate candidate, "none of the above." If enough voters checked off that box, it would send a powerful message to both sides. If "none of the above" won, it would cancel the election, send the candidates packing and force new elections.

PLAYBOY: So you're not really making a serious bid for nomination?

NADER: It's a serious campaign, but not for the nomination. It's a campaign to involve citizens in the shaping of their government. Too many people have an attitude of cynicism and resignation about the political process. When you ask them what the difference is between ignorance and apathy, they roar back, "We don't know and we don't care." But power abhors a vacuum. If you don't get involved, the special interests will move in and run your life. The politicians would like nothing better than to have couch potatoes who get up only to vote for them on election day. But it's during the primary process, in the months

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before an election, that the tone and substance of the next four years will be determined.

PLAYBOY: What kind of public response did you get on the campaign trail?

NADER: In our first appearance, six hundred people jammed the room, and we continued to get turnouts of three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, in almost every community. In total numbers, we outdrew the Democrats and the lone Republican by almost five to one. People are hungry to find out how they can kick their dependence on the corporate and governmental power structures and begin shaping their own destiny.

PLAYBOY: Did you give traditional stump speeches?

NADER: They were not so much speeches as town meetings—nothing like we're used to seeing in an election year. When candidates go on the stump during state primaries, it's like the circus coming to town: Their advance people sweep in, then their advisors, press agents, banners, fliers, their staged events. They get their photo opportunities. They have teams of writers honing the five-minute speech into a series of sound bites suitable for the six o'clock news. Their handlers handpick the audiences and insulate the candidates from any unpleasant or searching questions. And the professional reporters wouldn't know how to ask a tough question unless their jobs were on the line—which they might be if they asked a tough question.

But the people are fed up with that kind of politics. They want to ask the tough questions themselves and they want straight answers. So that's what I tried to give them.

I told them, "I want you to think very carefully about who you decide to vote for this year. I want you to ask yourself if it's wise to trust any of the guys who are running with making the kinds of decisions the next President will have to make. Given the record of Congress and the White House over the past twelve years, there's no apparent reason for optimism. Would you have approved the decision to deregulate the S&Ls in 1982 and then unleash them to loot billions from their depositors? Would you continue to do business with a company that keeps stealing from you, like many companies that sell to the Pentagon? Would you work with a company that put hazardous contaminants in your food, water and air? Would you subsidize failing companies and then, if they started turning a profit, allow them to keep the subsidies? Would you do any of that?" "Hell, no!" they shouted. "Then you will have to start taking back the reins of government," I told them.

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I started talking at seven-forty and they asked the last question at eleven P.M. They were really into it. They wanted to sign up. But it's a long way from one evening's enthusiasm to a new kind of democracy. The write-in vote for me has been small because people know I'm not really a candidate. But the important thing for me wasn't getting them to vote for me, it was getting them to connect with one another.

I kept telling the other candidates to do what I was trying to do—run *with* the people—so even if they're defeated, they'll leave behind something other than footprints in the sand. Even if they lose, they should leave a reinvigorated, much more visible pattern of citizen activity. Politics without citizen roots will turn against the people.

PLAYBOY: Is that what's happened in this country?

NADER: Definitely. We all feel an increasing loss of control over our own lives, over our government and our economic security. There's a deepening sense of desperation, an increasingly uneasy feeling that the people running things can't be trusted—that they don't know what they're doing, or worse, that they know *exactly* what they're doing but there's nothing we can do to stop them.

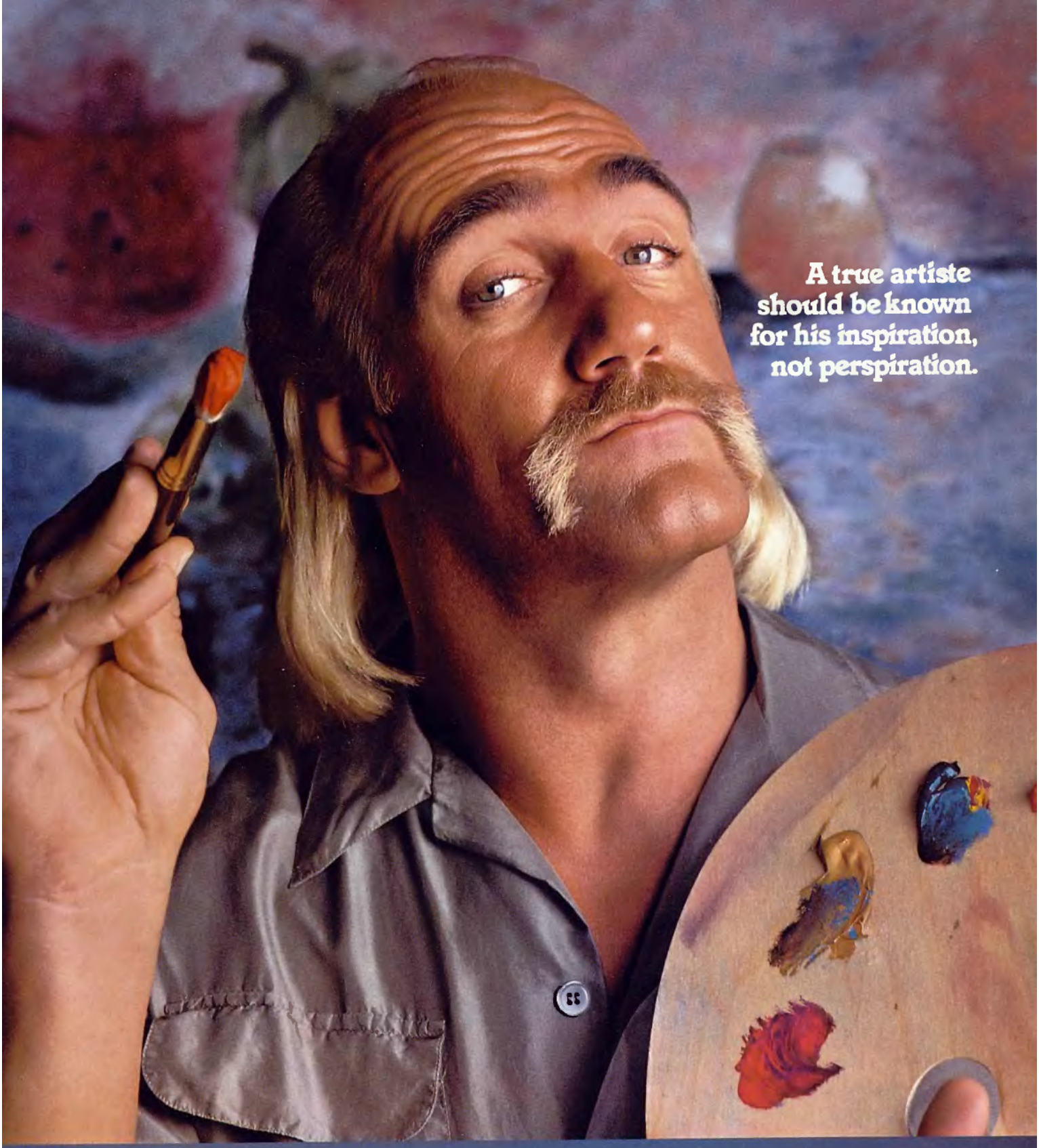
If you don't feel there's anything you can do, you won't do anything, and they can keep doing things pretty much the way they like. That's what's been going on at an accelerating rate for the past twelve years or so. The level of accountability at the top in government and in large corporations has never been lower. The unaccountable bureaucracies that govern both are slowly converging.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NADER: In every way—as a result of the symbiotic relationships among members of Congress, many state legislators and their campaign contributors in the business community. The members of Congress say to them, "We'll do what you want us to do, and in return you'll make sure we have a lifetime job in Congress." A few bright and honest members of Congress point out for us how corrupt the system is. But for most of the others, it's a way of life. All this is nothing new, of course. But in the past few years it's become more sophisticated, pervasive and outrageous—more surrounded with propaganda to camouflage it from public scrutiny.

PLAYBOY: What kind of propaganda?

NADER: The corporations have gotten smart. In the Sixties and early Seventies, when they started bribing and arm-twisting Washington in a tentative way, the consumer groups caught them red-handed and, in a few cases, put a stop to



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it. But since then, the corporations have dug in, using think tanks like the American Enterprise Institute and the Heritage Foundation to represent their interests. They've retained big public-relations firms like Hill and Knowlton to maximize their media impact and package themselves as patriots. And they've fostered an awesome proliferation of well-funded, well-connected lobbyists to work every corridor in the Capitol.

There are more than fifteen thousand registered lobbyists in Washington—and at least as many more unregistered—working for clients that pay them as much as a million dollars a year to enlist support from Congress and the regulatory agencies.

PLAYBOY: How do they get that support?

NADER: They say things like, "We're losing the race with Japan. Don't you see how MITI, Japan's industry ministry, supports Japanese companies? You have to support us the same way or we'll have to close the factory and start laying off workers or move to foreign countries with cheaper labor and weaker laws—and that might jeopardize your reelection." There's almost an endless array of the-sky-is-falling threats, of bribes and temptations that they can use to advance their cause.

The corporate influence is exerted not just through campaign contributions, but with free "fact-finding" junkets, free trips for the public servants and their families, big-time shmoozing and fraternization over fancy meals in expensive restaurants. Corporations hold forth the prospect of high-paying jobs for the public servants as consultants after they leave the government. They make sure that civil-court judges come from the business-lawyer ranks of corporate law firms. They push Congress and the Executive branch to appoint industry people as assistant secretary of this or deputy secretary of that. People from each side shuttle back and forth almost interchangeably. It's incestuous. And it goes on day after day and year after year. And the PACs are even worse.

PLAYBOY: Explain political action committees.

NADER: They're campaign contribution organizations formed for the sole purpose of paying members of Congress and government bureaucrats to promote and protect their interests at the expense of the public. The chicken-coop manufacturers, for example, formed a PAC about fourteen years ago. They wanted purchasers of chicken coops to qualify for an investment tax credit. That's all they wanted, so they put their money into the coffers of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee and, lo and behold, they got the investment tax credit as part of an amendment on another bill.

PLAYBOY: Was this money given under the table?

NADER: Not at all. It was perfectly legal. They simply wrote checks to each of the Congressmen and Senators on both committees.

PLAYBOY: As campaign contributions?

NADER: Yes. And because they're from a group, each PAC is allowed to give up to five thousand dollars—certainly a vast improvement on the paltry thousand-dollar limit on campaign contributions from individual citizens. There are more than four thousand PACs in Washington representing every conceivable special-interest group in American industry: doctors, car dealers, petroleum companies, textile manufacturers, you name it. They all want something, they pay millions to get it and they get their money's worth. It's nothing more, of course, than a legalized form of bribery, and it's turned Washington into a bustling bazaar of accounts receivable, with votes going to the highest bidder from the best politicians money can buy.

PLAYBOY: Apart from investment tax credits for chicken coops, what kinds of special considerations do corporations receive in exchange for this largess?

"People complain about all the money that goes to welfare programs, but corporate welfare costs probably three times more."

NADER: Government grants, contracts, exclusive licenses, nonenforcement of health and safety laws, quota and marketplace protections to insulate them from competition, government-paid research and development for new inventions—with the companies getting to keep the patents—and giveaways of taxpayer assets. Public lands go for five dollars an acre to mining companies that get to keep all the income from whatever gold or hard-rock mineral they dig out of the mines—mines on the American people's property. The list goes on and on. People complain about all the money that goes to public welfare programs, but corporate welfare costs probably three times more.

PLAYBOY: You have written that these trends escalated tremendously under the Reagan Administration.

NADER: What happened during the Reagan years was a fundamental transfer of wealth from the middle class to the wealthy and the corporate. This was accomplished in a variety of ways: by increasing government debt, by deregulating corporations and by passing tax reductions that favored the wealthy. When Reagan came in, he said he was going to balance the budget. He then ran up the biggest budget deficits in world history—including a huge expansion of the national debt from nine hundred fifty billion dollars to almost three trillion dollars. That took us, in eight years, from being the largest creditor nation to the largest debtor nation in the world—while our worker wages fell behind nine other countries.

Reagan also ran on a law-and-order platform and then proceeded to take the federal cop off the business beat by deregulating corporate America. One of the many tragic consequences of that act was a tremendous stagnation in the development of more fuel-efficient motor vehicles and other sources of renewable energy, safer foods, safer drugs, safer working conditions, safer nursing-home conditions, safer highways, even safer children's toys.

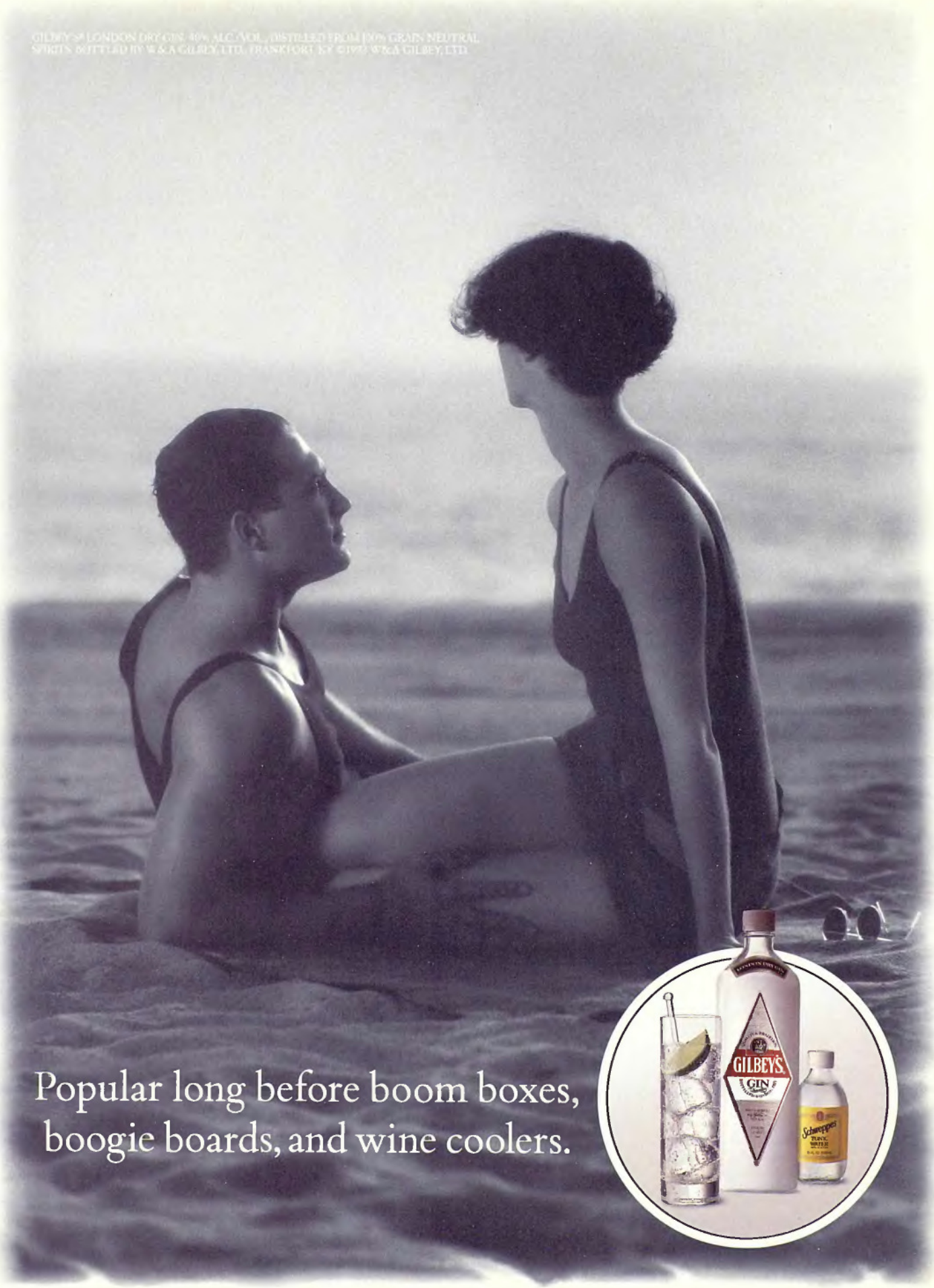
But even more costly was the fact that Reagan signed legislation that allowed the S&Ls to depart from their central purpose—which was to provide mortgage funds to encourage home ownership—and plunge into junk bonds and equity real estate. The result was the funding of extremely risky investments with billions of dollars in life savings from the banks' depositors—funds that proceeded to disappear into the pockets of bank officers, Wall Street executives and high-rolling speculators.

PLAYBOY: Once it became clear what was going on, why didn't anybody try to stop it?

NADER: It was a feeding frenzy and everybody was in on it. The accounting firms, appraisal firms and law firms all got a piece of the action precisely because everyone looked the other way. The attitude was, "Everybody's doing it, why shouldn't we?" And it was all done under the noses of the regulatory agencies that claimed not to have known what was going on. Well, it was as impossible to ignore as a solar eclipse. The agencies knew about the speculation, the self-dealing and the looting, but they did nothing about it because they were backed by a President who was owned and operated by the corporate interests of America.

PLAYBOY: Some say the final cost of the S&L scandal will be approximately half a trillion dollars.

NADER: It's probably going to climb even higher. They're talking about spreading it over the next thirty or forty years so that our grandchildren can pay it off. The accumulated interest by that time,



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including commercial bank bailouts, could run the tab to almost two and a half trillion dollars. That would work out to more than eight thousand dollars from every taxpayer in America. The bill is going to be paid, not by the perpetrators, but by their victims: the American people.

PLAYBOY: You said that new tax laws were a factor in the transfer of wealth under President Reagan.

NADER: Right. Hand in hand with his deregulation philosophy was his proposal for new corporate tax subsidies that he said would release billions for new investment, promote productivity and create jobs. But the money was used to fuel a merger-and-acquisition drive that further concentrated the corporate Goliaths, made them even less productive, drove them more deeply into debt, cost thousands of jobs and stripped many stockholders of much of their assets.

General Electric earned more than six billion dollars in profits in 1981, 1982 and 1983. If it had been paying taxes at rates that applied before Reagan was elected, it would have owed about two and a half billion dollars more in taxes. But under the provisions of Reagan's 1981 tax law, millions of American workers each paid more taxes to Uncle Sam than GE did for those three years. In fact, GE actually received a two-hundred-and-eighty-three-million-dollar refund. They used that money not to build new plants and to hire new workers, but to buy RCA.

Forty years ago, corporate taxes represented a fourth of federal revenue. Thanks to Ronald Reagan, they went down to between six and nine percent. Corporations began getting more subsidies from Washington than ever before, so they were sending proportionately fewer taxes to Washington and receiving much more in return. Consequently, the tax burden has come down increasingly on middle-class taxpayers. If you include Social Security taxes, which have escalated tremendously in the past ten years, people earning up to sixty thousand dollars a year are now paying far more in taxes than they were before Reagan was elected.

PLAYBOY: All these disasters that you blame on Reagan occurred while there was a Democratic majority in Congress. Don't the Democrats share in the responsibility for what's happened in the past twelve years?

NADER: Yes. They're feeding at the same election-money trough as the Republicans—maybe deeper. The majority of PAC money goes to the Democrats, since they are still the ones who control Congress. So there isn't any real opposition party anymore. In philosophy and in practice, the Republicans and

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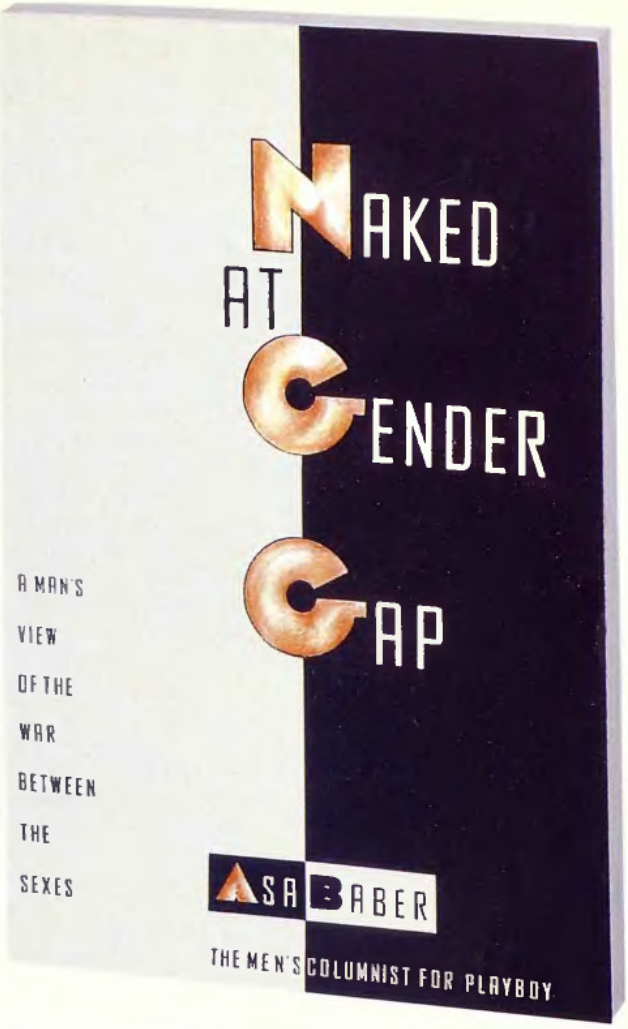

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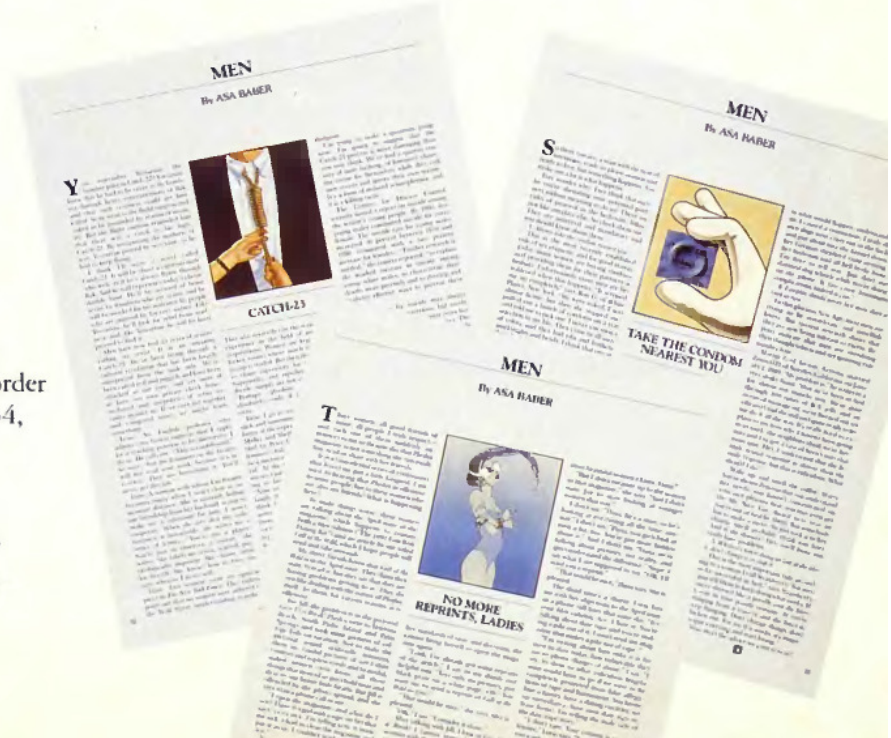

Democrats are converging into a single party: the Power Party. I once said to my father when I was a boy, "Dad, we need a third political party." He said, "I'll settle for a second." He was before his time.

There's a theory in Washington that the Democrats don't really want the White House—because then they'd be held responsible for the state of the country. This way, they get to keep all the goodies and they don't have to be held accountable. Why should they care? Republicans and Democrats alike are all going to be pension millionaires when they retire.

PLAYBOY: Yet Congress keeps proposing new pay raises for itself.

NADER: Right. It still dismays me when I hear a Senator say he can't live on ninety thousand dollars a year plus an array of fringe benefits that includes a princely pension, all-expenses-paid health insurance and medication, a three-thousand-dollar annual housing allowance, unlimited free long-distance calls from their homes, free transportation, cheap food, cheap haircuts. It would take me five minutes to recite all the other benefits. And yet they turn around and say that seven million working Americans should be able to make it on seventy-two hundred dollars a year, freezing the minimum wage at three dollars and thirty-five cents per hour from 1981 to 1989. The taxpayers are expected to send a quarter of their income to Washington and then sit still for the kind of huge increases that Congress votes for itself every year or so. Is it any wonder that the public has had it up to here with Washington? It's no secret that government by hypocrisy is not good for democracy.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the dramatic contrast between the salaries paid to top corporate executives and the wages earned by their employees?

NADER: It's a monument to arrogance and greed. In 1980, the income of the chairmen of the top Fortune 500 corporations averaged forty-five times higher than the wage earned by the lowest entry-level worker. While General Motors staggers under record losses—laying off thousands of workers and freezing wages for the rest—the chairman, Robert Stempel, is pulling down over two million a year in salary and extras. The chairman of Ford, Harold Poling, takes home a modest one million two hundred thousand dollars, presumably as an example to his employees.

But the worst offender is [Chrysler's] Lee Iacocca. His personal income last year was more than the salaries of all the presidents of the ten major Japanese carmakers combined: four and a half million dollars, plus a lifetime expense account and a super pension. Hardly the kind of leadership to inspire confidence in buying American.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of leadership, how would you grade George Bush's first term as President?

NADER: I'd give him an F. All the trends that began under Reagan have accelerated under Bush: precipitous economic decline, staggering deficits, lopsided balance of trade, growing unemployment, declining quality of life, rising personal-income taxes, failing banks, reeling real estate, unaffordable medical costs, fourth-rate schools, rampant street crime, unchecked corporate crime, an ignorant energy policy and abuses of the public trust by a government increasingly unaccountable for its actions—except to big business. Even if Bush isn't responsible for creating all these problems, he's done nothing to solve them because he's been so busy playing leader of the Free World. Surely, among all the brilliance and idealism that America has to offer, there are people better qualified to run this country than Washington's current crop of politicians. But our electoral system seems to weed out the best people and leave us with the seedier ones.

PLAYBOY: If you were President, what

CONGRESS' TEN MOST WANTED

In this year's primaries, Americans have voiced their anger and frustration with leaders in Washington. For Ralph Nader, the citizen backlash couldn't have come at a better time. "This country has been strip-mined by a ruling elite of rich and powerful interests—predatory corporations and their lackeys in Congress," he says. "That's gone on long enough. If you don't like what they're doing, don't just sit there. Vote them out." Who does Nader consider to be Congress' primary offenders? "There could have been fifty names on the list," he says, "but these are certainly the worst of a bad lot."

1. **SENATOR ORRIN HATCH** (R–Utah): The Senate's leading corporate cheerleader; opponent of antitrust laws; unabashed lobbyist for the pharmaceutical industry.
2. **REPRESENTATIVE DOUG BARNARD** (D–Ga.): Raises reelection funds from financial industry; former banker on House Banking Committee who champions bailouts and blocks industry reforms.
3. **SENATOR DENNIS DECONCINI** (D–Ariz.): Member of S&L scandal's Keating Five; passionate advocate for weakening laws against corporate crime.
4. **REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES STENHOLM** (D–Tex.): Democrats' Trojan horse for the Republicans in Congress—e.g., undermined his own party by siding with Reagan as leader of Boll Weevils.
5. **REPRESENTATIVE NEWT GINGRICH** (R–Ga.): Corporatist in conservative's clothing; helped engineer huge Congressional pay raise as Minority Whip after announcing he was against it.
6. **REPRESENTATIVE E. "KIKA" DE LA GARZA** (D–Tex.): Sides with agribusiness against the rights of farm workers; spokesperson for the chemical industry as chairman of the House Ag Committee.
7. **SENATOR MITCH MCCONNELL** (R–Ky.): A leading recipient of funds from special-interest groups; opponent of campaign finance reform; deplorable record on consumer and environmental safety.
8. **SENATOR WENDELL FORD** (D–Ky.): Majority Whip consistently opposed to consumer issues and Congressional reform.
9. **SENATOR ROBERT KASTEN** (R–Wis.): Vigorous opponent of a consumer's right to seek redress through the courts; nicknamed "Parts on Order" because he's "for sale" to corporate interests.
10. **REPRESENTATIVE RICK BOUCHER** (D–Va.): Represents coal-mining interests unfavorable to workers in his district; legislative priority is to soften laws against white-collar crime.

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would you do to fix things?

NADER: I would appoint a cabinet of intrepid activists to clean out every federal department, replacing the bureaucrats and corporate lapdogs with dedicated Americans. But we would only be the lead horses. The reins have to be held by the people.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any specific projects in mind for this citizen crusade?

NADER: Enough to keep us all busy for the rest of our lives. But before we can get anywhere with specific programs, we have to get enough people involved to make a real difference. And a highly effective way to mobilize is through television and radio.

Let's begin by developing an audience television network, owned not by commercial interests but by the American people, with public-interest programing produced by a full-time staff for broadcast on both television and radio. It would be a nonprofit organization open for membership to viewers and listeners for, say, ten dollars in dues per year. Together with other contributions, that would be enough to finance equipment and personnel in small studios across the country. The programs would monitor the activities of our public and private institutions and offer information on matters of common need. For an hour a day, the public would find out what's really going on and learn what they can do about it.

PLAYBOY: OK, so you're on the air. What's your program?

NADER: Let's start with energy. We have to develop alternate energy sources. The cheapest, simplest, cleanest and most inexhaustible source is solar energy. Solar power would come close to providing a universal solution for many of our economic and environmental problems. It deals with urban pollution, acid rain and the greenhouse effect, as well as with inflation, balance of trade and geopolitical conflicts. Solar energy has been feasible for decades, of course. But we're not even close to developing a national program for converting to solar energy.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NADER: Because Exxon doesn't own the sun. If the decision is left to the oil companies and the coal companies and the atomic-power companies, we won't have a solar-energy program until the world supply of fossil fuels is completely gone—if there's any environment left by then. So we'll have to do it ourselves. But we're not going to get very far in cleaning up the environment until we clean up politics. That means we have to begin intensifying public scrutiny of the cozy relationship between business and its pals in Washington. That means placing strict limits on campaign financing. It means pushing for legislation to outlaw gifts and junkets from fat-cat lobbyists and PACs. It means ending the sweetheart deals between industry and regulatory agencies. It means imposing term limitations to break the grip of entrenched Congressional dynasties. It means making lawmakers more accountable by enabling the electorate to cast a no-confidence vote between elections. And it means opening up the political process to foster the creation of new parties—making it easier for citizens to get on the ballot and bring their views to the public. The only way the Republicans and Democrats are going to shape up is if they're confronted with displacement. That's two programs—energy and politics. Want another?

PLAYBOY: Sure.

NADER: It's time to begin redistributing back to the middle class and the poor the wealth that was taken from them by the rich and the corporations during the Reagan years. The first way to do that is through tax reform. The special interests have to begin paying their share.

The fairest solution would be to restore the progressive income tax on a more equitable basis, with those earning the highest incomes paying more than the rest of the taxpayers. But the simplest solution might be a single tax that almost everyone would pay at the same rate—ten or fifteen percent—with no loopholes for anyone, plus a higher flat tax for the top two percent of the wealthiest. Or we might abolish the income tax and replace it with a progressive sales tax that provides exemptions for the poor. The more you can afford to spend, the more tax you would have to pay. But whatever kind of tax system we adopt, it should be easy to understand and difficult to avoid. We don't want a reformed tax system to provide jobs for lawyers, bookkeepers and accountants.

"The only way the Republicans and Democrats are going to shape up is if they're confronted with displacement."

The second way to redistribute wealth is through pension funds. We have three trillion dollars in public and private pension funds that belong to the workers. But they don't have anything to say about how it's used. Billions of this money have been invested by a few banks and insurance companies—often against the interests of the workers—in speculative funny-money deals that don't create wealth or jobs. Forty percent of the shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange are owned by the pension funds. Isn't it time we used these funds on vitally needed community investment rather than on empire-building mergers and acquisitions?

PLAYBOY: Not too many chief executives are going to welcome this kind of corporate philosophy.

NADER: Then they'd better reach for their smelling salts, because I'd like to suggest an even more fundamental change to enhance our economic security: Let's break up the big corporations.

Sears, Citicorp, General Motors, IBM—what do they all have in common? They were all number one—the biggest and the best capitalized. Under Reagan they got deregulation, tax breaks and, in some instances, import quotas. They even got concessions from their workers—all to underwrite empire-building. But despite everything, by the end of the decade, they were all sliding downhill or teetering on collapse.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NADER: When the bubble finally broke on all that euphoric expansionism, these top-heavy corporate bureaucracies were engulfed in a tidal wave of misspent money, and their rulers' uppermost priority had become the enrichment of their salaries, bonuses, stock options and pension packages. It's time for them and their companies to go. In fact, there are people at Harvard Business School who say that these corporate dinosaurs are already gone but they don't know it yet.

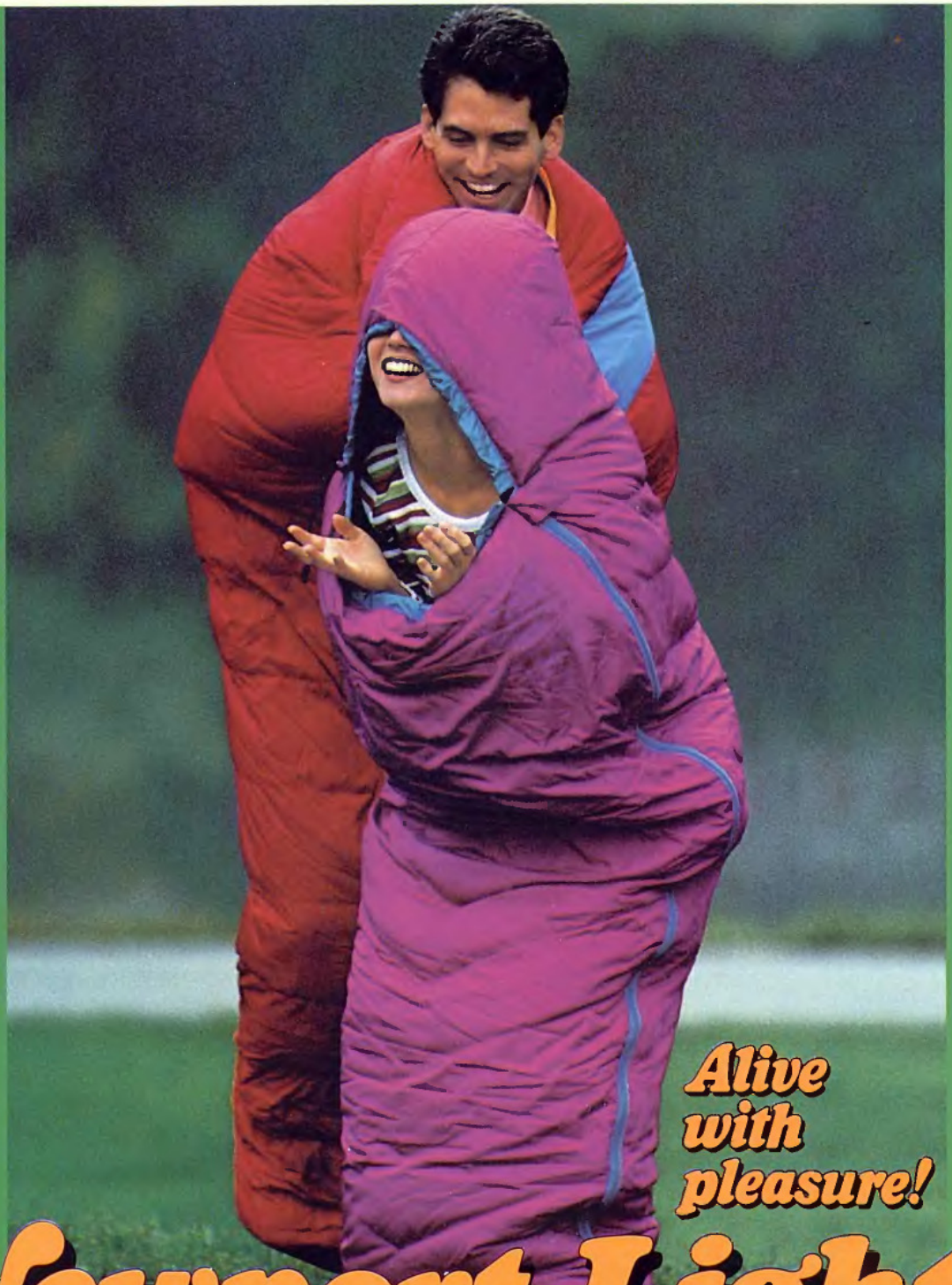
Every time a major conglomerate has been broken up, things have gotten better. When Standard Oil was broken up in the early 1900s, the shareholders made out much better because they owned stock in four or five companies instead of one. When AT&T was broken up in the early Eighties and the baby Bells were established, people's holdings doubled in value in five years because they got shares in the baby Bells in addition to their share in the old AT&T.

PLAYBOY: Would these huge corporations actually volunteer for breakup?

NADER: Of course not. We have to give shareholders more rights to make the decisions. Most of the mergers and acquisitions that created these huge corporations never went to a free and informed shareholder vote. Of course, the idea of even initiating a shareholder suit is a wild ambition in most cases. The board of directors makes sure that shareholders can not get one another's names and addresses without costly litigation. But it's only by banding together and taking control that anything will get done.

PLAYBOY: Critics of the health-care industry have accused it of behaving like a corporate monopoly in raising insurance rates, doctors' fees, hospital charges and prescription costs.

NADER: There's a great deal of truth to



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that. We have almost forty million people, including millions of children, without any health insurance at all. Another thirty million have grossly inadequate health insurance. The rest of the country, except for the poor, are frightened that their rates will continue to go up, or that the coverage provided by their new employer will subject them to certain fine-print exclusions, such as preexisting medical conditions. Millions of people who have to get their own individual policies are paying more in health insurance premiums than they are for food. We spend thirteen percent of our gross national product on health care. That's the highest in the world, even higher than in Sweden, where everybody is covered from cradle to nursing home. This is appalling, acquisitive greed.

PLAYBOY: Who's responsible?

NADER: Insurance companies, doctors, hospitals and drug companies are responsible for a great deal of mismanagement, duplication and unnecessary surgeries. There are nearly a million unnecessary hysterectomies and Caesarian sections each year. And because there are so many operations being performed, so many drugs being administered, there are many more opportunities to make mistakes. Consequently, eighty thousand people a year are dying from medical malpractice. That's more than the number of people who die on the highways.

Meanwhile, doctors' fees have never been higher. Many doctors are making four, five, six, seven hundred thousand dollars a year. Some also own the radiology centers that they send their patients to. It's just commercialism out of control.

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't anyone stopped it?

NADER: Who has power to stop it? The Health and Human Services Department should be riding herd on this sort of thing throughout the medical industry and relentlessly exposing it. But it isn't. Why isn't it telling us that it costs three times as much to have an appendectomy in one city as it does in another? Or that pharmaceutical companies sometimes get two or three times more in this country *per pill* than they do in Canada?

PLAYBOY: Why aren't the regulatory agencies telling us?

NADER: Deregulation philosophy. They don't believe in cracking down on business, and the medical industry is a business. And besides, it's other people's money. Much of their own medical coverage is paid for by the government, which we pay for, too, by the way.

PLAYBOY: Insurance companies also justify raising their rates with the claim that unscrupulous doctors, lawyers and patients often concoct phony malpractice claims. Is that valid?

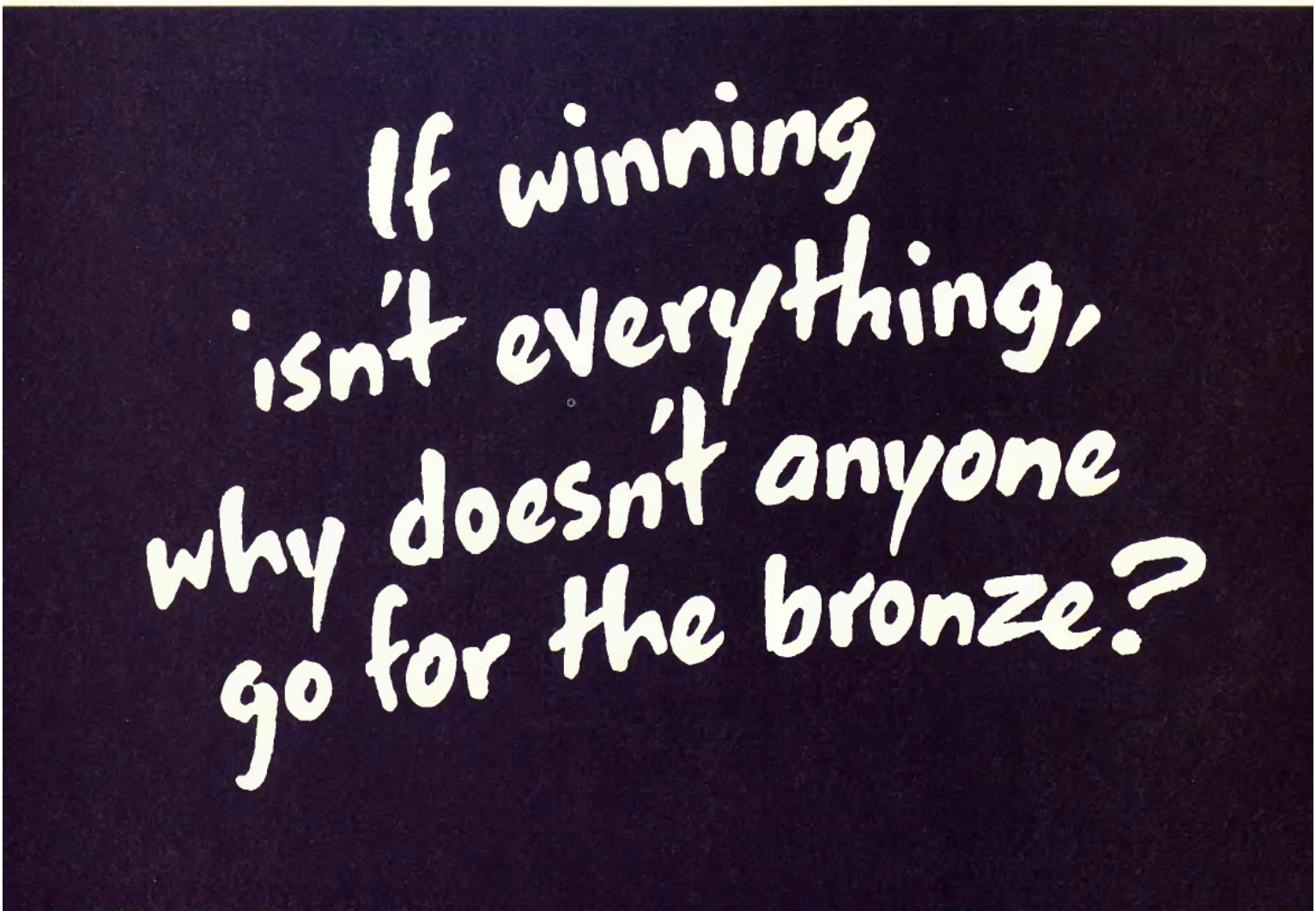
NADER: There's some of that, but nine out of ten malpractice victims recover nothing. There are a lot of people who never know they've been victims of malpractice. There are people who don't want to sue their family doctor, and over half of those who do sue lose because the doctor can get ten colleagues to testify that he's the cat's meow.

PLAYBOY: Are the insurance companies blameless in all of this?

NADER: No, because they have a strategy that maximizes revenue. One reason that both medical and insurance costs keep going up is that the insurance companies are less interested in reducing claims than in endlessly raising the ceiling on premium increases. They would rather write you a thousand-dollar policy and pay you back five hundred dollars than write a five-hundred-dollar policy and pay you back two-fifty. They have more of your money left over for investment, which is their principal source of income.

PLAYBOY: What would you do to lower costs and improve medical care?

NADER: More than Bush's laughable plan. His tax incentives would have no measurable effect on improving care or reducing costs for most people. What we need is radical surgery, not Band-Aids. Health maintenance organizations are a step in the right direction, but it's time to



embrace some sort of federally funded universal medical plan, financed through taxes, that would provide affordable comprehensive care for everyone without subjecting them to stagnant service. We're also going to have to impose vigilant regulatory control over the business practices of health care and enforce strict limits on insurance company rates, hospital costs, doctors' fees and drug company prices. But whatever system is adopted, it must pay top attention to primary health care and the prevention of injury and disease.

PLAYBOY: Let's move to our educational system. How is that doing?

NADER: It speaks volumes about our values and priorities as a society that America's schools have deteriorated from institutions of learning into adolescent day-care centers and breeding grounds for drugs and vandalism. Educators admit that the system is in trouble. They say we're not training kids for the high-tech careers of the future that will make America globally competitive. That may be true, but promoting occupational advancement at the expense of the humanities and social sciences simply encourages the corporations to complete the transformation of our high schools into trade schools, thwarting the development of critical minds.

We're graduating teenagers who can hardly read, who can hardly write, who can hardly think, who don't know or care what's going on in the world. They know nothing of history. They equate success with celebrity and wealth. They equate satisfaction with gratification. That's not surprising, since they spend twenty-five or thirty hours a week—almost as long as they spend in school and far longer than they spend with their parents—being baby-sat by the television set, watching videos, listening to their Walkmans. They're recruited into the seventy-billion-dollar adolescent marketplace. At a very young age, they're eating junk food, playing with war toys, they're even fiddling with cosmetics. When they're asked who their hero figures are, it's the Ninja Turtles or Madonna.

PLAYBOY: So where has this led us?

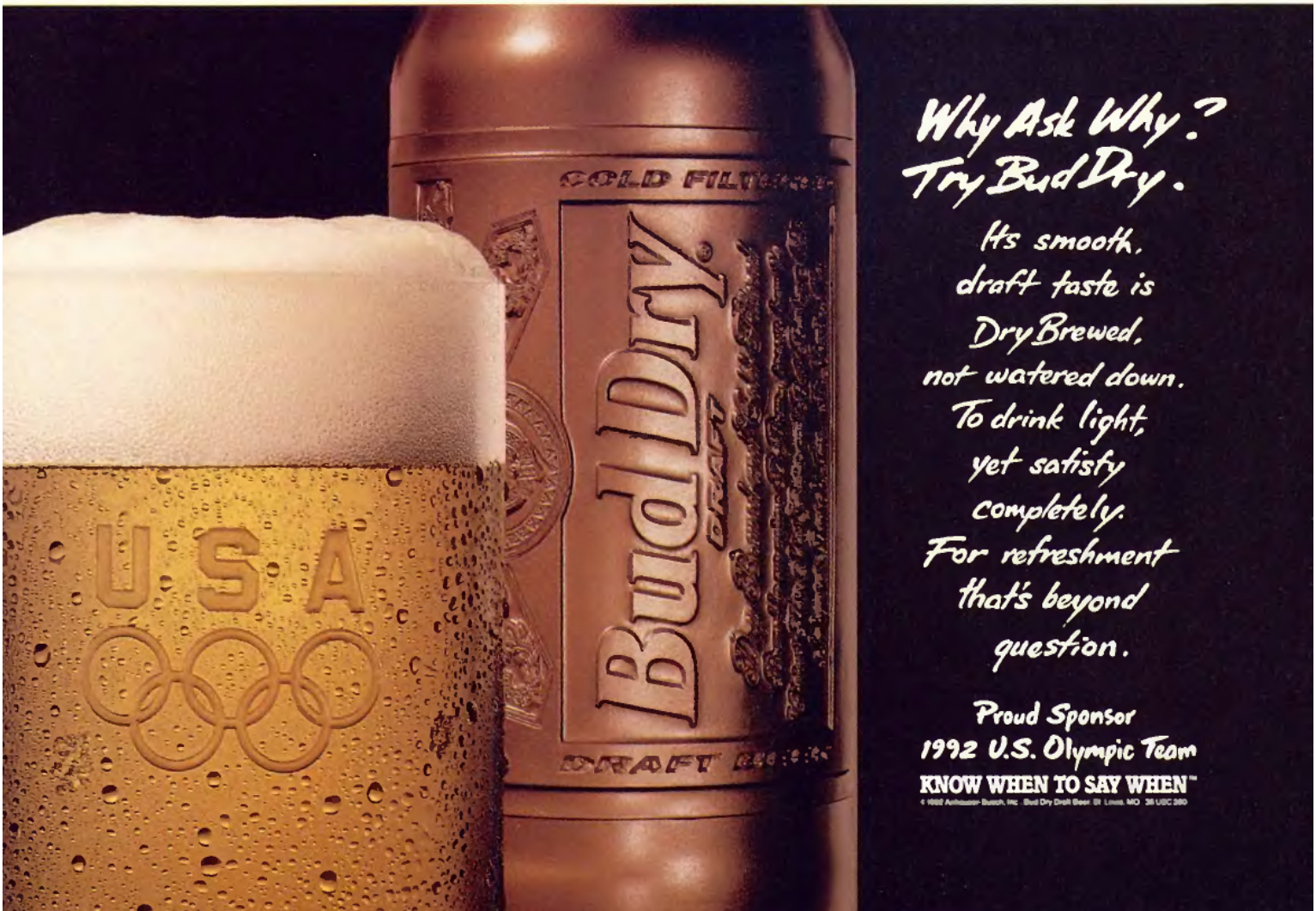
NADER: We're seeing the takeover of the family by commercial and corporate values, not only in terms of assuming custody of our children, but in defining a valid parent as someone who goes to the office and gets a paycheck. If someone asks, "Where do you work?" you're supposed to say, "I work at Smith Kline or IBM." It's not OK to say, "I work at home as a parent," or "I work in the community as a citizen." That's not considered status.

Schools don't teach citizen skills to our children. At most, they're taught job skills, memorization skills, test-taking skills. But you can't teach citizen skills just by teaching them the Bill of Rights. You have to give them facts and case studies and practical community programs to work on. They need an understanding of who has power, who doesn't, who needs it, who abuses it and what changes have to be made. Since schools are part of the community, they're not likely to focus uncomfortable attention on local institutions like banks, insurance companies or city hall. So whole generations of Americans go out of their schools without the most important skills they need: to know their rights and responsibilities, to know how to mobilize, how to build coalitions, how to dig out information, how to reach the press—how to build a democracy.

PLAYBOY: Is citizen activism likely to become a required high school course in the near future?

NADER: Not so long as all the forces we deal with in society—from school onward—militate against citizenship. We're taught to believe, not to think, to have faith in the system, not to question it. We're taught to be pragmatic, not idealistic. Even as children, we're programed by the media to become consumers, not producers. And when we finally get out of school and join the work force, we're taught how to make a buck, not how to make a difference.

But even if we *do* want to make a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difference, we have to think about the consequences, not the rewards. You don't see too many whistle-blowers getting invited to the White House. You see athletes, movie stars, foreign government rulers—many of them actually dictators. These are the people who get medals of freedom, not the unsung patriots who jeopardize their jobs, careers and family security to stop some company from endangering the public with unsafe products or defrauding them with unethical business practices. Someone who dares to challenge an abuse is more likely to be viewed as a troublemaker and risk being ostracized. So it's not surprising that most people say, "Hey, why should I be a hero? Why should I stick my neck out? I have a spouse and two kids." But that's exactly why they have to get involved, not only for themselves and their families, but for the health and welfare of the human family.

PLAYBOY: Be specific. How can someone actually get involved in citizen work?

NADER: You can call Public Citizen in Washington and they'll be glad to enlist you or give you a local referral. Better still, you can look up social-change organizations listed under Good Works or Consumer Protection Groups in the classified directory and start making calls. Start your own citizen-action group at work, or at school, or at the gym, or at your bowling league.

Or you can do it at your college class reunion, like I helped to do three years ago. I was invited to speak to a small reunion of my graduating class at Princeton, the class of 1955. There were about seventy people in the room. I was the last to speak, and as I sat there listening to the others, I asked myself what I was going to say to these people. I don't like to specialize in nostalgia. I had only gone back to two or three reunions. I couldn't stand up and tell them about unsafe cars. So when my turn came, I went up to the podium and said, "You know, there's a great spirit in this class because we've known one another since we were seventeen or eighteen years old. We took classes and played sports together thirty-four years ago. So we can be completely candid with one another. You're all leading lawyers, leading doctors, leading professors, leading CEOs. The question is: What are you going to do with this talent? Go to another reunion and talk about the good old days? You're all in your fifties. Your children are grown, you have financial security. Now what? Are you going to coast into retirement, or are you going to try to fill your remaining active years with a revitalized sense of purpose and accomplishment? I'm sure we've all done what we can to make a difference, to leave things a little better than we found them. But are things really better? I don't think so and I don't think you do, either.

"You're all part of the power structure. You get your calls returned. If we pooled our contacts—our assets, our accumulated experience, our collective knowledge—there would be no limit to what we could accomplish. So let's form our own civic group, an organization to mobilize the young students at Princeton and give them a horizon beyond going to work for a bank or an investment firm. Let's arrange internships and other kinds of job opportunities that will enable them to develop the civic skills they need to tackle the problems that can only be tackled by citizens because our public institutions have failed us."

Well, the reaction was dramatic and astonishing. It was like a revival meeting. They started standing up. One doctor said, "I've been practicing for thirty years and I want to do something to improve our health-care system, but I can't do it from my clinic." Then a lawyer friend of mine got up and spoke for all of us, saying, "You know, when I got out of Princeton, America was number one—there was no number two—and all I thought about was advancing my career. Well, here I am now, fifty-five years old, and I look around and see the country falling apart. Well, we've got to do something about it."

PLAYBOY: So what did you do about it?

NADER: The Princeton class of 1955

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organized the Center for Civic Leadership. With a full-time staff, we've raised three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand dollars to run it. This year alone we've placed sixty internships all over the country. Our goal is to provide ten percent of the graduating class at Princeton each year with full-time jobs in the civic-change arena.

We also decided to do something about energy. There's a member of our class who's trying to get thirty chief executives—with no vested interest in the energy industry—to hammer out an energy-efficiency and renewability platform supported by the Princeton University Center of Energy and Environment. The platform will then be presented to Congress, the President and the rest of the country.

Also, a law professor who's not a member of our group has developed a time-dollar program that's going to sweep the country: Neighborhood groups, like hospitals or community colleges, would open computer banks at which you can make deposits and withdrawals of civic time.

PLAYBOY: Please explain that.

NADER: Say you spend fifty hours tutoring a teenager. That's logged in as a service credit in your account at the computer bank. If you need someone to help you in other ways two years or ten years later, you can draw the fifty hours back. So it's a new form of currency for people who have more time than money. Since nobody receives any payment for services rendered, it's tax-exempt. An hour being an hour, it's inflation-proof and, because a lawyer's hour is worth the same as a teenager's hour, it's also egalitarian. But best of all, it binds the neighborhood together brilliantly, turning strangers into neighbors and neighbors into friends. The plan is already operating in ten parts of the country, and my Princeton group is adopting it in several other communities.

PLAYBOY: Why not involve other college graduating classes in the same kind of work?

NADER: That's what we're trying to do. We have already held two conferences, inviting classes from the Fifties from dozens of other universities. These alumni groups may be the most potentially powerful, dormant institutions in the country. Our class alone probably has personal and professional assets worth two and a half billion dollars.

Imagine Harvard, Yale, Michigan, California, Stanford, Spelman, Oberlin, University of Miami organizing their own groups. Imagine alumni classes from med schools and law schools and business schools pooling their resources for reform, each in their own field. Imagine groups of retired people organizing to provide day care for latch-key kids, bequeathing to young people the manual and artistic skills, the priceless oral traditions they have to share. The key is to create associations that are remote from the pursuit of acquisitive self-interest—not just to engage in the kind of therapeutic do-goodism that makes you feel all warm and fuzzy without really accomplishing anything. The purpose is to crusade not for a five-cent gas tax, but for a transformation of energy into renewable resources; not just to feed the hungry—who'll be needing another meal in six hours—or to shelter the homeless—who'll be out on the street tomorrow—but to provide opportunities for education, employment and low-cost housing that will free these people from the cycle of poverty. The key is to go for systemic change.

PLAYBOY: You've been at it for more than thirty years now, yet there hasn't been much to show for it in terms of systemic change. What keeps you from getting discouraged?

NADER: The secret of sticking with it is to develop a love of struggle against injustice. People write me and say their lives have been saved by an air bag. There's a real pleasure that comes from getting General Motors and the other car companies to install safety devices in their cars. The death and injury toll on the highways has declined to probably half what it would have been without stringent motor-vehicle and traffic-safety laws passed in 1966 as a direct result of pressure from the consumer movement. Several hundred thousand lives have been saved, along with several hundred billion dollars in damages and lost wages. But even though we're getting better and more effective at what we do, we can't keep up with the proliferation of injustice.

"There are books on the joys of cooking, the joys of sex and the joys of profit. There ought to be one on the joys of civic action."

PLAYBOY: That sounds discouraging.

NADER: Well, the alternative is surrender, and that's unacceptable. To go through life as a noncitizen would be to feel that there's nothing you can do, that nobody's listening, that you don't matter. But to be a citizen is to enjoy the deep satisfaction of seeing pain prevented, misery avoided and injustice decline. There are books on the joys of cooking, and the joys of sex and the joys of profit, but there ought to be one on the joys of civic action.

PLAYBOY: What sort of future do you foresee if we don't start banding together as citizens to create the kinds of programs you're proposing?

NADER: My father once told me that every society that's ever fallen was populated by people who said, "It can't happen here." Well, it's already happening here, and if we don't do something to stop it, what we're going to see is a more relentless decline in living standards. Citizens will be pushed harder against the wall by an increasingly arrogant, tightly dominating oligarchy. There will be inadequate health care, insurance and Social Security. There will be more workers thrown onto the heap of unemployment, more desperation as homeless people spill out into the streets. More people fighting over the same shrinking pie.

There will be more impoverished children, more neglected children, more brutalized children—all as a consequence of the absence of a civic vision for the next generation. We'll become a supplicant society. The rich and the upper-middle class will still do pretty well, but the sense of social order, the sense of community, will break down even further. There will be a deepening sense of fear such as we haven't seen since the Depression. The principal public outcry will be to crack down on street criminals and build more prisons. And all of this will be given an aspirin called mass entertainment. So the future won't be *1984*. It will be *Brave New World*, with soma to pacify the masses.

PLAYBOY: Is it too late to avert all that?

NADER: Not yet. We have, at most, a ten- or fifteen-year window of opportunity to take control of the juggernaut before we're really into a cycle of calamities. So this is a watershed moment in history, not only for this country but for the world. The old ways aren't working anymore, and we're running out of time to begin making the kind of fundamental change that can renew civilization instead of ending it.

It's not a coincidence that the Soviet Union and America's postwar dominance are coming to an end at the same time. With the red menace gone, we have to begin filling the vacuum created by these collapsing authoritarian regimes with a new spirit of genuine democracy—or new forms of authoritarianism will move in to replace them. With population pressures and environmental degradation reaching critical mass on a global scale, the message should be loud and clear: Hurry up and do something. This may well be our last chance.

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PRESUMED GUILTY

the charge of sexual abuse of children is the dirtiest, deadliest trick in divorce court

MORE THAN three years into what he describes as an "unimaginable ordeal," Tom Anson* decided to go public. Against the advice of his lawyer and almost everyone else who wished him well, he began writing letters. He wrote the heads of network news divisions, as well as producers and correspondents on individual shows. He wrote the ACLU and other organizations concerned with civil liberties. He wrote the student-body presidents of more than 100 colleges. He wrote local politicians and state officials, along with Congressmen and Senators in Washington, D.C.

In reply, there was mainly silence. The sole word of encouragement was a handwritten note from a woman who had received a copy of the open letter Anson handed out at shopping malls. She urged him to have faith, noting that her husband had gone through the same thing and had eventually been vindicated. The few other replies were perfunctory and dismissive.

Not that Anson, a soft-spoken administrator, was surprised. "I had learned by then," he says, "that not too many people want to be associated with a guy accused of sexually molesting his kids."

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Dr. Richard Gardner, clinical professor of child psychiatry at Columbia University and one of the country's leading experts in the field of child sexual abuse, has never heard of Anson or his case, but he is familiar with how people react to such charges. He is so aware, in fact, that he prefaces his own views on the subject with a careful disclaimer: "Anyone who knows me at all," he says, "knows I've verified many bona fide cases of child sex abuse. It is a heinous crime and I've always tried to make sure that those who commit it get everything that they deserve."

*Some names and places have been changed to protect people involved in this story.

article by Harry Stein

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

Dr. Gardner pauses. "I also want to make it clear—and this is apparent in the way my daughters were raised—that my sympathy for women's rights is complete and deep."

He stops again, glancing briefly about the busy restaurant where our talk is taking place. "Here's the problem: We've reached the point on this issue where an accusation is tantamount to a conviction. Thousands of lives are being ruined in this country by baseless charges. What we're seeing now is a repeat of the Salem witch trials."

The Salem analogy is not haphazardly chosen. Gardner not only uses it in the subtitle of his recent book on the subject, *Sex Abuse Hysteria*, but it turns up with surprising frequency in conversations with mental-health workers, defense lawyers and even journalists identified with the "wrong" side of this volatile issue. Indeed, many of these professionals say that, having been drawn into what they initially believed would be a neutral process aimed at discovering truth, they now view it as one where the accused is routinely denied the most basic protections of law. Those who dare point out that fact are themselves subject to vilification.

One lawyer in Kentucky, working his first sex-abuse case, remembers the repeated challenges hurled at him: "People ask me, 'How can you justify defending a guy like that?' Only usually they don't put it that politely."

"The attitude," notes Kim Hart of the Ohio-based National Child Abuse Defense and Resource Center, which works on behalf of those it believes to have been falsely accused, "is that God and right and the Star-Spangled Banner are always with those who make the accusations—they are defending children. Those who ask the hard questions are pro-molestation monsters."

There are two basic assumptions about child abuse in America: that in recent years it has taken on epidemic proportions and that, overburdened as they are, the welfare and judicial systems are society's last, best defense against such abuse. These ideas are so routinely affirmed in the popular press that most of us accept them as facts. According to the *Magazine Article Summaries* index, 317 articles on the subject appeared in the 12-month period beginning September 1990. Many bear scare headlines, but only a few deal with the rights of the accused.

For an example of typical press coverage, look at the treatment given to Roseanne Arnold when she announced to the world that she'd retrieved childhood memories of being abused by her parents. Even those publications that were once critical of the comic now saw fit to embrace her new charges, which were vehemently denied by her parents. Nevertheless, they used her accusation as a high-profile spin on what has become a familiar syndrome. *Newsweek*'s piece, headlined THE PAIN OF THE LAST TABOO, opined, "In 1986, all of the nation's child protection agencies recorded 83,000 complaints against people responsible for the child's welfare. By 1990, the number had leapt to 375,000." *Time*'s coverage, entitled INCEST COMES OUT OF THE DARK, noted that "during the past decade, the definition of incest has been broadened to include fondling, rubbing one's genitals against a child, and excessive or suggestive washing of a youngster's pubic area, among other sexual behaviors," and included a first-person sidebar by one of the magazine's reporters recounting precisely such abuse at the hands of her mother.

As I began researching this piece, my own presumption was the usual one: that, with accusations of this kind, smoke almost always means fire. It seems inconceivable, after all, that such heinous charges might be leveled without strong supporting evidence, or that those investigating and prosecuting those charged would ever be less than doggedly scrupulous.

Virtually every researcher and mental-health professional now uncomfortable with the existing system started out believing the same thing. Psychologists Karol Ross and Gordon Blush recall being confused in the mid-Eighties by the sudden increase in sex-abuse charges they were asked to evaluate by a court-connected clinic. In June 1987, they produced a scholarly paper, based on a study of 24 cases, designed to address the reasons for that increase. Entitled *Sexual Allegations in Divorce*, it presented profiles of situations where such charges are most likely to arise—and offered methods of evaluating the likelihood of their being valid. "Our approach was rigorously neutral," Ross says. "All we were saying is, Let's be rational about this, let's not get hysterical and assume every charge is automatically valid. I can't tell you how stunned we were when we'd do seminars, and people would boo and walk out."

More than anything else, the hostile reactions were prompted by Ross and Blush's conclusion that in such situations the word of children is not necessarily to be taken at face value. "People said, 'Children don't lie about these things,'" says Ross. "But in a messy divorce situation, with competing family politics and two- and three-year-olds who are being reinforced by an angry parent, we found that what the child had to say was often the least reliable thing."

Although they are quick to caution that it is hard to deal in certainties, Ross and Blush say that many of the charges they are called upon to evaluate are false.

Interestingly, their claim is supported by official figures. As Douglas J. Besharov, a former prosecutor of child-abuse cases in New York and founding director of the U.S. National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect, points out, a recent four-year period saw the number of abuse reports in New York rise by more than 22,000, but "the absolute number of substantiated reports actually fell by about 100." One reason for the dramatic rise in reports of child maltreatment is the passage of the federal Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act of 1974, which financially rewards those states that broaden their laws on the reporting of child abuse. What is seldom noted is that the number of provably unfounded reports of child abuse has also risen at essentially the same rate as bona fide reports.

Moreover, the closer one looks at these cases, the more one begins to see vital distinctions. One major group of abuse cases comes from apparently functional families. Typically, it is a case in which the father or another close relative abuses a daughter, often with the acquiescence of the mother, who acts out of some misguided sense of family preservation, or because she, too, is in the thrall of the abuser.

There is no reason to doubt that this sad scenario is played out any less frequently today than in the past. The most readily documentable cases of child sexual abuse, based on physical evidence and credible testimony, remain those involving intrafamily situations where the union is being preserved, rather than in families broken by divorce or desertion.

By contrast, according to some experts in the field, two categories of accusation should be approached with skepticism: those involving day-care centers and those that arise in the midst of angry custody battles.

The sensational day-care cases—McMartin in California, for instance, and the one involving the Little Rascals facility in Edenton, North Carolina (so vividly documented on the PBS show *Frontline*)—are cases in point. "You have to start with the matter of probability," says Gardner. "What every one of these cases has in common is that no adult observer has actually seen a molestation in progress. Supposedly, these abuses are going on continually over a period of months. Almost always, they supposedly involve a number of adults and many children, with outsiders constantly walking in and out of these

(continued on page 160)

"Today, we'll start the first lesson of chamber music."

VIDEO VAMP

meet lynn muscarella, the knockout hostess of cable tv's "voyeurvision"

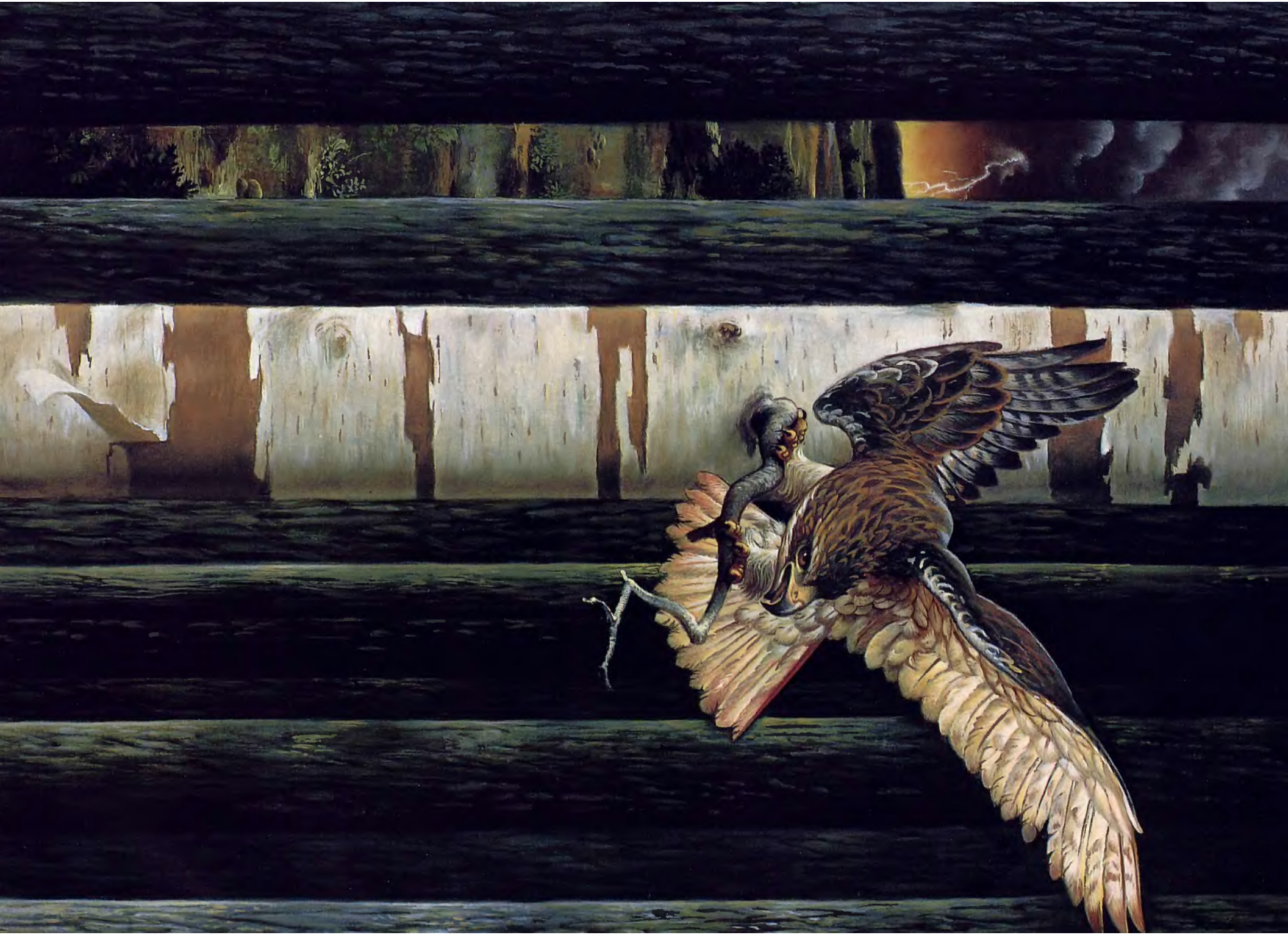
NESTLED IN THE CLUTTER of Manhattan's late-night television fare is the ultimate in safe sex for the cable-ready: *Voyeurvision*, the nation's only live call-in tele-fantasy show. Four nights a week, Lynn Muscarella, the show's campy, vampy hostess, slithers over the sheets while encouraging her phone fans to flesh out their sexiest fantasies. Most, not surprisingly, involve her—which delights the Brooklyn-bred Muscarella. She jokes, teases, pouts, writhes—even blushes. "I'm your video game," she coos to a caller. "Tell me what you want."

Open-mindedness is nothing new to the *Voyeurvision* hostess. "I was brought up believing that sexuality was healthy—something to be explored." Like the enlightened guys and girls who call her, Lynn believes in the cliché: "Sex is between the ears, not between the legs."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

VOYEURVISION LIVE TELE-FANTAS

It's been the hottest phenomenon on cable since 1990, when Lynn first draped herself in satin and began taking late-night calls. The brainchild of husband-producer Bill, the show's format consists of interactive erotic exchanges between Lynn and her loyal voyeurs, who dial in or write letters that the sultry hostess reads on the air. For five dollars a minute, Lynn is all theirs. "It's very personal—I feel as if I'm in their living rooms." Although she's been acting since the age of seven (Broadway shows, commercials and an upcoming film, *Scent of a Woman*, starring Al Pacino), Lynn says her role as midnight mistress is no act. "I'm sexiest when I just relax and respond to the audience." Without shedding a stitch, Lynn guesses that she has inspired millions of orgasms. She looks for more when the show goes national on pay-per-view, which she hears may be soon. "People say I have charisma," Lynn explains. Her husband is more direct: "She drips sex." Stay tuned.



AN ELEGY FOR SEPTEMBER

she was funny, sexy, obnoxious and articulate. she was the same age as his daughter

Dear Mister _____," her initial fan letter had begun, almost three months ago. She claimed to love him because his books were mighty special. He had written back politely, urging caution. But that didn't stop her. Letters began rolling in, often twice a week. In them, she poured her heart out. At first, he had answered sparely, in subdued tones, intrigued but wary. She was only a junior in college, the same age as his daughter. Yet she was articulate, funny, sexy, obnoxious—mercurial. Furthermore, she had applied for, and received, a three-week writing residency at the Rhinehart Center, a local arts foundation. So they were destined to meet.

"D day is September fourth!" she had announced two months ago.

"September is my vacation," he wrote back, "and I desperately need the break."

"I'll give you a break," came her immediate answer. "I'll fuck your socks off! You'll never know what hit you. We can *fly* together!"

"Fly?" he scoffed, eager to avoid the trap. "I can hardly *walk*. I'm sick, I've got no energy, my heart is a mess, I'm in the middle of a divorce, I'm broke, I live in a two-room apartment the size of an orange crate, I've been working three years on a book that refuses to cooperate and I'm terrified of women."

She replied, "Obviously, you need

fiction

By JOHN NICHOLS

ILLUSTRATION BY BRYAN LEISTER

me. I'm young and smart and sexy and funny and talented!"

Her enthusiasm made him sad, his response to it even more so. He typed, "I'm sorry, but I am about to divorce a woman who is young and smart and funny and talented. And I have no intention of jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire. I'm *tired*."

So in today's mail, finally, had arrived a picture. Nothing fancy. She wore shorts, a baggy sweater and aerobics sneakers. The pose, on a porch railing, was mockingly cheesecake.

And it triggered an erection.

•

They sat down across from each other in a quiet café. She was slightly chubby, dark-haired, wore glasses. She was nervous and spoke too quickly, and he had a hard time following. She wore a striped jersey, shorts, white socks and aerobics sneakers. So as not to seem self-conscious or hypocritical, he wore his usual attire, a faded shirt and dirty pants and sloppy sneakers. What you see is what you get. Her eyes were very dark and bright. Her upper lip trembled because she was nervous. Of all the ways to describe her, this one struck him first: *She's young*. And immediately, her youth caused an ache all out of proportion.

About him, she said in awe, "This is unbelievable, it's totally weird."

"What is?"

"Well, for months I've had a yearning for you, we've exchanged bunches of raunchy letters, and then, well, here I am and there you are. Like, *plop*."

"I'm a disappointment?"

"I don't know. Your voice sounds funny. You, you're *real*."

"That's bad?"

"No. But real is weird. I can't control you like I did in my head. Every time you open your mouth, a different clown jumps out. It's like suddenly meeting a . . . movie star!"

Her amazement was so completely without artifice that, instantly, he fell in love.

Of course, he fell right out again when she said, "You look old," and then immediately compounded her mistake by adding, "And you look like a bum, too."

He shrugged, "Fortunately, how I look is my own business."

"Are you trying to pretend that you're not rich and famous?"

"I am not rich and famous."

Her eyes flashed at the challenge. Suddenly, she was like a cat and he was the ball at the end of a swinging string. Insufferably brazen, she reached out and batted the ball.

"I despise hypocrites."

He sighed. Was all youth so black and white? He didn't have the energy anymore.

They talked about various things: her background, his background. He caught himself a couple of times beginning a sentence, "When I was your age——"

She cut that off pronto. "Don't pull rank on me."

"I am not pulling rank. I only——"

"You're a chauvinist," she said in triumph. "In your books you pretend not to be. But in reality you are. Are you racist also?"

He looked at his watch and said, "I'm sorry, but your twenty minutes of browbeating are up."

She smiled, vindictive, victorious. "Patronizing also. I knew it. What a disappointment. For your information, you don't interest me at all."

"You wrote all those letters."

"You answered them." Her eyes were positively glowing.

But soon enough, the wind changed. Obviously worried at this rocky start, she sought to make amends.

"I'm sorry, but I'm so nervous I could die. I mean, we wrote so much stuff to each other in those letters, and now it's like we're not even real people, or something. Would it be OK if I kiss you?"

Grateful for her impudence and valor, he leaned forward and brushed his lips against her mouth. Her body shivered. She poked her tongue tip against his two front teeth (which were false). He smiled; then she smiled and pulled back, her cheeks colored a bright crimson.

"Whew." She assessed him in astonishment. "I'm glad *that*'s done. Boy, have I ever been jonesing for you."

Then she placed one palm against her chest and giggled nervously.

"I think I'm gonna have a cow."

But in the next minute, she asked if they could leave. "I can't talk anymore. I think we had better make love and get it over with."

He nodded. "Come to my apartment. It isn't very far." Trying to be lighthearted, he added, "If we both lie down sideways, there'll be enough room."

She'd rather that they went to her room. "It's neutral. Nobody we know ever made love in it with either of us before."

•

It was a nice old room with a small adobe fireplace, a polished wooden floor and a high ceiling with massive vigas. A wide window looked out on cottonwoods framing a small hay field bordered by plum thickets. There was a floor lamp, a single wooden table, a single bed, a refrigerator, a sink and an antique gas stove. Her purple sleeping bag lay crumpled on the bed. Her typewriter and a ream of paper sat on the table. A music stand and a violin case occupied one corner. She had brought a few books and had arranged them along the windowsill. He inspected them, of course: Gabriel Garcia Marquez' *Love in the Time of Cholera*, Antonio Skármeta's *Burning Patience*, Pablo Neruda's *Veinte Poemas de Amor*. Also two of his own works: a brutal novel about violence in American culture and a lyrical nonfiction hosanna to life on the deserted mesa west of town. Then he stood there totally lost, with no idea how to begin.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm scared," he admitted.

"Me, too."

She cleared a Sony Walkman and some tapes off the sleeping bag. They kissed standing up. He held her tightly to stop the trembling. Then they were on the bed, fumbling, uncomfortable, pressing too hard, totally out of sync. He had no idea how to implement such sudden sex. This might qualify as the most self-conscious moment of his life.

Terrified of AIDS, he had brought a condom. But when the time came, she said, "I hate rubbers, don't you dare."

"It's crazy not to."

"Please. . . ." She kissed hungrily. "Mellow out. Stop being an old fogy."

He knew it was foolish but complied.

Then all at once, they clicked. All at once, he pushed inside and she gave a little cry and her eyes glazed, and for a moment it seemed he would never stop sinking into her and he almost cried out in surprise, pain and relief. An incredible rush weakened his body.

He asked, "What do you use for birth control?"

"Nothing."

The excitement doubled.

At the last second, he withdrew and came against her thigh. She ordered him to go down on her so she could climax. He obeyed. She gripped his hair, guiding urgently. It was a strain for her and his jaws ached, but they made it happen. She coughed and flinched into a fetal position, whimpering.

When he touched her neck, she huddled up in a ball against him so that he could envelop her in his arms. They stayed that way without moving for a long time. From where his head lay, he could look out the window at prisms of light dancing in ripples of foliage.

He was amazed that this could happen. He was astonished by her audacity. It didn't seem real. At her age, he'd been a virgin, and a simple kiss would have sent him to seventh heaven.

She whispered, "I love you. I love you with all my heart. That was incredible."

(continued on page 147)

"I'm telling you, Charley—if we don't get Rollerblades soon, we may as well forget about women!"

REAL MEN WEAR SILK

the world's sexiest fabric takes on a new masculine twist

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

THE FABRIC that sparked a boxer rebellion a few years back has come out of the underwear drawer. Silk shirts, suits, sports coats, outerwear and even jeans are some of summer's hottest looks. Yes, you can dance the night away in silk trousers or stretch in a silk jacket. Despite its delicate appearance, silk is about as fragile as a Humvee and just as versatile. As with all natural fibers, silk breathes—even in the stickiest situations. And since there's now a greater selection of weaves—fuji (light and drapey), ottoman (heavy and corded) and faille (ribbed with a light luster), to name a few—you can dress up or down in silk as you please. Remember, though, that silk generally connotes a more casual look these days. The same silk suit that gets rave reviews from the top brass of a film studio in Los Angeles might not enhance your fashion stock in a boardroom on Wall Street. Still, one man who regularly wears the fabric told us that "women just can't keep their hands off it." That sounds like recommendation enough to us.

Opposite: We like the easygoing elegance of a silk two-button single-breasted sports jacket, about $350, worn with a silk three-button banded-collar short-sleeved shirt, $190, and silk inverted-box-pleat trousers with on-seam pockets, $195, all by Men Go Silk. (Her dress is by Cerruti 1881.) Above: Our bedfellow's ensemble includes a fuji silk sports coat with silk lining and peaked lapels, $210, worn over a silk piqué knit short-sleeved shirt, $110, and silk trousers, about $160, all by Per Lui Per Lei at Kolsen Apparel.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ROSENTHAL

OPEN

Opposite: One of silk's attributes is its ability to breathe—even when the weather's stifling. Our guy takes the heat in a silk patterned long-sleeved shirt, by Men Go Silk, $225; and fuji silk double-pleated walking shorts, by Per Lui Per Lei, about $120. (Her tank tap and walking shorts are by Go Silk.) Above: Head-to-toe silk is considered a more casual look, so if you plan to follow the fashion path of this easy rider, steer clear of the boardroom. He's poired o sond-woshed silk boseboll jocket with ribbed collor, cuffs and woist, by Robert Stock, about $100; with o silk piqué knit short-sleeved polo shirt, $145, ond indigo silk stone-washed denim jeons, $205, both by Men Go Silk; plus convos lace-up sneakers, by Vons, obout $34. (Her dress is by French Connection.)

FASHION STYLING BY PAULA KOWALCZYK FOR PERFELLA MANAGEMENT, INC.

Above: Silk (literally) suits this fellow. His washed-silk ottoman single-breasted split suit jacket, $450, is shown with washed-silk double-pleated trousers with cuffs, $250, washed-silk striped broadcloth straight-point-collar dress shirt, $150, ond silk knit tie, $60, all by Donna Karan; plus nubuck belt with silver buckle, by Joseph Abboud, $70. (Her outfit by DKNY.) Don't let the slick outfit on the opposite page pass you by. It includes a silk three-quarter-length anorak with drawstring waist and button-thraugh-flap pockets, by More & More, $250; silk faille long-sleeved shirt with two flap chest pockets, by Equipment, about $200; and silk elastic-waist trousers with belt loops ond side pockets, by Men Go Silk, $215; plus (worn as a belt) a silk crepe de Chine palm-leaf-print tie, by Brian Bubb, $65.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

HONG KONG OUTLAWS

from their base in asia, the chinese triads have taken over rackets around the world. now they're coming to america

ARTICLE BY T. J. ENGLISH

NEEDLE IN HAND, the junkie named Africa searches his arm for a vein. Any vein will do.

"Tie off, motherfucker," his friend Leon reminds him.

In his haste to satisfy his need, Africa has forgotten one of the most elementary junkie rituals: wrapping a strip of rubber cord around his bicep so that his veins bulge. That task accomplished, he pierces his right arm. His soft brown eyes lift toward the ceiling. He lies back on his mattress and lets out a long, mournful sigh.

In tiny, dormitory-sized rooms in the Marion Hotel on Broadway in upper Manhattan, Africa and Leon are free to indulge their self-destructive cravings. Both men have been diagnosed as HIV-positive; they are using the nine-story dwelling as a flophouse while they wait to die. Emaciated addicts, many of whom contracted the AIDS virus from using the dirty needles that litter the floors, wander squalid hallways, openly shooting up.

On the fourth floor, in Africa's room, 40-year-old Leon rhapsodizes about the increased purity of heroin now circulating in New York. A longtime addict, he gives his full endorsement to today's product: "The shit is slammer."

Leon's enthusiasm is understandable. In recent years, the quality and quantity of the dope has indeed been on the rise, as a result of the expanding

The New Mob

Part Two in a series

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

M. ARISMAN

efforts of a major new supplier: the Hong Kong mob. In Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and other cities, evidence of its success is plain. Agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration have reported unprecedented seizures of heroin coming into the U.S. In Congress, hearings have been held to discuss smokable heroin, a choice for users who shun needles. In hospitals across the country, overdoses are on the rise.

To junkies like Africa and Leon, the identity of their ultimate supplier remains a mystery shrouded by myriad street sellers, mid-level suppliers and international brokers. For people in law enforcement who follow the drug to its source, the facts are more discernible but far from comforting.

The heroin business is part of a sprawling international empire with its heart in Southeast Asia. Although this empire has existed for centuries, surprisingly little is known about how it works. Law-enforcement officials have struggled for years to understand how the heroin business interconnects with a staggering array of rackets from prostitution, gambling and money laundering to the smuggling of illegal aliens. Impressed by the vastness of this empire, some have misleadingly dubbed it "the new Mafia." In law-enforcement circles, federal agents refer to it more pointedly as the Chinese connection.

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In the Eighties, as the influence of La Cosa Nostra waned, no criminal group in the world made more progress than that of the ethnic Chinese. Since the early Fifties, immigrants have been fleeing social and economic oppression throughout Asia, settling in South and Central America, Australia, the Caribbean, Canada and the U.S. The overwhelming majority of these immigrants have shown themselves to be among the most industrious citizens in the world. Although certainly smaller in size, the criminal element among them has proved to be equally industrious.

For decades, these Chinese criminal groups were content to operate within the confines of the world's Chinatowns, extorting small businessmen, extending usurious loans and capitalizing on the Chinese community's insatiable affection for gambling. Today, the burgeoning heroin business has changed all that.

In 1984, Southeast Asian heroin constituted only five percent of the market in New York City, home to nearly half the heroin addicts in the U.S. By 1989, that total had increased to 80 percent. The purity levels of China white, as the drug is commonly known, are so high that Mexican, Pakistani and Turkish sources have been virtually eliminated.

Back in 1968, when Popeye Doyle shattered the French connection and seized 246 pounds of heroin with a purity level far below that of China white, the supply dried up and prices soared. The most startling fact of recent years is that even with much larger seizures from coast to coast, junkies around the country hardly seemed to notice.

Says DEA special agent Richard LaMagna, who has been investigating the Chinese connection for years, "It's a whole new game. We're seeing volume and projected revenues that must make this the most profitable criminal business on the face of the earth."

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The forces behind today's dope trade form a labyrinthine underworld that begins in the Golden Triangle—the poppy-growing region that encompasses northern Laos, Thailand and Burma—and spreads to transshipment points in Bangkok, Taiwan and Hong Kong. The controlling interests are diverse, yet for such a vast criminal network to exist, many international law-enforcement agencies suspect the triads, Chinese secret societies founded in the 17th Century. Originally an underground political movement formed to overthrow the corrupt Ming dynasty, triads evolved into a criminal brotherhood with similarities to the Sicilian Mafia.

Today, triad societies are spoken of with awe throughout the Far East. They are believed to control virtually all organized criminal activity in Hong Kong. Their name derives from the equilateral triangle used as their symbol, representing heaven, earth and man. Triad membership is for life. Traitors are executed, often with a single bullet to the skull.

The societies are currently facing the biggest challenge in their 300 years of existence. In 1997, the British government's 99-year lease on Hong Kong expires and the territory comes under the control of the People's Republic of China. When the changeover comes, a considerably less tolerant regime will come with it. Enterprises that thrived under laissez-faire capitalism could well perish in the grip of a totalitarian regime. Hong Kong's criminal element is understandably nervous. Already, law-enforcement groups around the world have been warning their governments of an impending triad incursion. In the next five years, triad members may outnumber the Mafia in this country three to one.

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To understand why the triad members are running, it helps to pay a visit to Kowloon's Walled City, the territory's most notorious ghetto. Located in the shadow of noisy Kai Tak International Airport, the area—as is much of Hong Kong—is a tightly packed enclave of concrete dwellings, just 100 yards wide by 200 yards in length. Within the walls, a maze of dank four-foot-wide passageways leads underground. Overhead, exposed electrical wiring dangles precariously and pipes leak a rust-colored sludge. An occasional concrete stairwell leads into darkness.

In 1842, when China ceded Hong Kong to the British, it claimed jurisdiction over the Walled City. The British apparently felt the compound was more trouble than it was worth and refused to police or even govern its approximately 50,000 inhabitants. Predictably, the area became a triad breeding ground. Opium merchants, child-prostitution rings and gangsters on the run found refuge here. Other strange activities proliferated, from the practice of unlicensed dentistry to the selling of poisonous snakes.

The Chinese government has made it clear that when it takes over in 1997, it would prefer that the Walled City not be there. In the spirit of cooperation, Crown forces have been slowly evacuating the area. Rodents and alley cats are now the primary inhabitants.

The Walled City is scheduled for demolition, a fate that some believe may await other triad sanctuaries come 1997. Although the homes may be destroyed, the residents and their enterprises will surely move elsewhere.

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Tsim Sha Tsui, one of Hong Kong's many neon-lighted commercial centers, is a prosperous triad stronghold. The fruits of capitalism are amply displayed with glittering jewelry stores, huge shopping malls and lavish night clubs jam-packed within a few square blocks. The average citizen probably wouldn't know by looking at it, but the area is considered to be the domain of Sun Yee On, one of Hong Kong's largest triads. Many of the stores pay protection money; the night clubs, bars and restaurants are guarded by triad bouncers; and a portion of the profits from producing and marketing counterfeit brand-name merchandise goes to Hong Kong gangsters.

Beyond Tsim Sha Tsui, in a small coffee shop on the outskirts of Kowloon, a young Sun Yee On member has agreed to talk. Knowing that the betrayal of his oath of secrecy is punishable by death, the man—we'll call him Louie Leung—will answer questions only if his real name is not used and the location of the interview is not described in much detail. "I must warn you," he

(continued on page 168)

"Why do you always have to rush things?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

Sixteen-year-old Peter flips through a scrapbook with his older sister (above). Angela thrives on city life in Seattle, where she works as a hairstylist (below), shops till she drops and dances the nights away. Yes, she even likes the weather.

STYLED *in* SEATTLE

once a refugee from vietnam, hairdresser angela melini is putting down roots on this side of the pacific

I'M A PRACTICAL GIRL," says Angela Melini, and you believe her. Let others wish and wonder and hope and dream: Angela has things to do. She isn't looking around for a frog prince to kiss or waiting for a Hollywood producer to make her an offer she can't refuse. Miss June plans to go back to school, save money, invest. Someday not too soon, she'd like to marry and raise kids. Meanwhile, she works as a hairdresser in a cozy salon in Seattle, her adopted home town. You know this 22-year-old is unflappable when you see her taking care of business in the salon. Doubling as a receptionist and stylist on a recent Friday afternoon, Angela calmly minded the rattling phone, booked appointments, gossiped with co-workers, planned a ski trip and treated her clients to shampoos, haircuts and the psychic hand-holding that accompanies new dos. For one fretting male customer, she spun a long, bawdy tale about his having sex with a beautiful woman in hell. (The Devil's punch line: "Excuse me, Ron, what you don't understand is that *she*'s the one trying to get out of here.") Later, digging into a seafood dinner at her favorite waterfront restaurant, she reviewed her day. "What I love about the salon is meeting people, working with people. I love the high energy," she said. "But cutting hair is what I do, not who I am." The more you

"Growing up, I loved swimming in the creek, riding bikes, snowboll fights. But I was always real feminine, too. I would sneak my mother's perfume and paint my nails. I just couldn't wait to wear moke-up."

learn about Angela, the easier it is to understand why she doesn't want to be defined by her work—or by her remarkable beauty. "There are plenty of pretty girls," she muses. "You have to have more than that." Angela was born in Saigon, Vietnam, at the height of the war. She never knew her father, an American soldier killed on the battlefield. She has not seen or spoken with her twin brother, Dúong—she calls him Larry—since he was trapped at their grandmother's house in a village overtaken by the Viet Cong when she and her mother fled Vietnam in 1974. Angela was five years old. "The next thing I remember," she says, "I was living in a big house at the end of the road, with woods and a creek out back." That was Fayetteville, North Carolina, where she began a typically suburban American childhood of bike riding, roller-skating and hanging out at the mall. Mom married another military man. A new baby brother, Peter, joined the family. Angela forgot much of her Vietnamese. Her stepdad was transferred to Fort Lewis and the family moved to Olympia, Washington. "It's weird when so much happens to you when you're so young," she says. "One thing you learn is to just get on with your life."

"The perfect man for me?" says Angela, smiling. "He is sensitive but not a whiner. He's romantic and he has a real sexy smile. He brings me flowers. He compliments me. I love men who are athletic but not all pumped-up and disgusting-looking. Tall. Slim. Kind of shy, like me, but then I can also be really aggressive, so that can be good, too. Oh, yeah: The man I love definitely has to be a great kisser."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Angela Meline

BUST: 36 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 7-25-69 BIRTHPLACE: Saigon, Vietnam

AMBITIONS: Finish school and make money now — nice husband and healthy children later!

TURN-ONS: I'm the ultimate romantic — I love beach walks, sunsets, love songs, soft kisses.

TURN-OFFS: Guys - forget the bikini briefs - yuck!!

MY DREAM MAN: He's a little older than me, a little taller than me, has the sweetest smile and sexiest eyes. Is that you?

ON OUR DREAM DATE: Roses, dinner, dancing and a Roller coaster ride. Let's have FUN!

WHEN WE GET HOME: Put on soft music, turn the lights down low and give me a neck massage. Then, well, use your imagination....

P.S.: Im not impressed WITH money and all that flash. Just Be yourself!

Disneyland 1990.

me and my bro.

13 yrs old - I'm finally a teen!

A Thousand

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

For sweeping the grand championships at the state fair, a backwoods 4-H club won a trip to London. One day, the club members decided to take a trip on a double-decker bus. Half rode below, half rode on top. The group on the bottom was having a great time, whooping and hollering, but the topsiders weren't making a sound. Finally, one of the bottom group climbed the stairs to see what the problem was. He was amazed to see everyone sitting stiffly, holding on for dear life.

"What's wrong with you guys?" he asked. "We're having a blast down there."

"Sure, it's easy for *you* to have a blast," one topsider replied. "*You've* got a driver."

Did you hear about the new language-skills program being designed especially for Poland? It's called Hooked on Consonants.

A drunk who stuttered badly sidled up to the barmaid and said, "H-h-how 'b-b-bout a fu-fu-fu . . ." and then finally blurted out, "a f-f-few matches?"

The barmaid had turned red in the face, so the drunk added, "I b-b-bet you thought I was going to ask you for a fu-fu-full box!"

We heard that in Battle Creek, Michigan, a man was found dead in a bathtub filled with milk. His mouth was stuffed with a banana. The preliminary police report suggested that it was the work of a cereal killer.

Around the Supreme Court, there's a movement afloat to institute the Clarence Thomas 11th Commandment: Thou shalt not show thy rod to thy staff.

The psychiatrist removed his glasses, closed the manila folder and smiled at the patient seated across from him. "I'm happy to say, Mr. Blow, that you've made a complete recovery. Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased? Why should I be pleased?" the patient shot back. "A year ago, I was Jesus Christ. Now, I'm Joe Blow."

What did the blonde say when asked to be a Jehovah's Witness? "Hey, I didn't even see the accident."

An elderly gentleman awoke in the middle of the night with an urgent need to pee. He stumbled into the bathroom and stood patiently before the upraised lid, but nothing happened.

"What's the matter with you?" he said to his recalcitrant member. "All these years you performed on cue and now, all of a sudden, you're giving me trouble."

His wife, awakened by the sound of his conversation, called out, "Honey, who are you talking to?"

"Oh," he replied dejectedly, "no one you'd remember."

We understand there's a dyslexic rabbi who, when consternated, exclaims, "Yo!"

Irate over the price of meat, a shopper in the supermarket pulled a clerk aside and screamed, "You can take this damn T-bone and shove it!"

"I can't do that, ma'am," the clerk said. "I already have a dollar-fifty head of lettuce up there."

Clipping his hedges one afternoon, Roger waved to his dim-witted and luckless neighbor, who was out mowing his lawn. Just then, the mower hit a rock, swerved out of control and fell into the swimming pool. The frantic fellow dived into the pool after it.

Becoming alarmed when his neighbor didn't come up for air, Roger rushed over to investigate. He leaned over the edge of the pool and spotted his friend at the bottom, pulling at the starter cord over and over again.

"What a dope," Roger murmured. Then he cupped his hands around his mouth and hollered, "Choke it, choke it!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I don't know—what do you want to do tonight?"

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN

where to go for a culinary one-night stand in 25 cities from atlanta to san francisco

SAMUEL JOHNSON got it right when he said, "A man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner." A good meal at the end of the day—especially after a long day of travel—is as much a restorative as it is a reward for a job well done. With that in mind, *Playboy* asked top food critics in 25 American cities to choose the restaurants at which a traveler with only one night in town will find the finest food and service as well as an atmosphere that evokes the city's character. Our critics picked three alternatives, in case you find the first choice booked. Since most of the restaurants are extremely popular, reservations—sometimes days in advance and always on weekends—are advised. Lunch is an easier time to secure a table, but remember, many restaurants offer different menus than they do at dinner. Dress codes have relaxed, but you'd be wise to call and ask if a jacket and tie are required.

We've divided the critics' picks into three categories indicating the approximate cost of a dinner per person before drinks, wine, *(text continued on page 171)*

food and drink by JOHN OLDCASTLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTHONY RUSSO

CRITICS' CHOICE

looking for exceptional local dining?
this is where it's at

ATLANTA
Buckhead Diner—Slick and sassy local legend with an eclectic menu. Attracts a hot-looking crowd. Order the potato chips with blue cheese.

BALTIMORE
Milton Inn—Favorite haunt of the jodhpur set. The kitchen's the best in the state.

BOSTON
Jasper's—New England food at its finest. Renowned for cornmeal johnnycakes with osetra caviar and good old-fashioned Indian pudding.

CHICAGO
Everest—A gourmet's aerie. The drop-dead view rivals chef Joho's exceptional nouvelle cuisine.

CINCINNATI
The Precinct—A police station turned eatery. Delicious all-American meat-and-potatoes menu.

CLEVELAND
Sammy's—Imaginative restaurant that rejuvenated Cleveland's Flats. A decade later it's still hot.

DALLAS
Routh Street Café—Chic temple of Texas cooking; a denim shirt and Armani suit look right at home.

DENVER
Zenith American Grill—Sleek dining room with a varied menu. Culinary bonuses include an on-premises bakery and a stylish outdoor café.

DETROIT
The Rattlesnake Club—Riverside restaurant with exceptional Midwestern game. Also a showcase for fine modern art.

HOUSTON
Tony's—Hangout for tycoons and lovely Lone Star women. Diverse menu ranges from Italian dishes to Texas chili.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
The American Restaurant—Dramatic, two-tiered dining room with a downtown view. Menu is a canny mix of local food and Oriental zest.

LAS VEGAS
The Palace Court (Caesars Palace)—Glamourous but relatively glitz-free restaurant with imaginative food. Desserts are impressive.

LOS ANGELES
Spago—Sunset Boulevard hot spot that revitalized American cuisine. Chef-owner Wolfgang Puck is as famous as his customers.

MIAMI
Mark's Place—Short skirts, long legs and deep tans. In the open kitchen, chefs create predominantly Italian dishes.

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL
Dakota Bar and Grill—Casual place specializing in cool jazz and haute cuisine with a Midwestern twist. Great bar.

NEW ORLEANS
Galatoire's—The essence of old Creole cooking. A no-reservations policy, but the wait in line is definitely worth it.

NEW YORK
Le Cirque—Cornerstone restaurant for Manhattan glamour and clout. The menu offers a marriage of classic and modern French cooking.

PHILADELPHIA
The Fountain Restaurant—Exquisite French cuisine with an alternative vegetarian menu. The Fountain prepares the best Sunday brunch in town.

PHOENIX
Vincent on Camelback—Trendsetting French chef Vincent Guerithault brings new dimensions to cooking with mesquite; open-kitchen atmosphere.

PORTLAND, OREGON
Genoa—A friendly Italian restaurant. Probably the best culinary bargain in town.

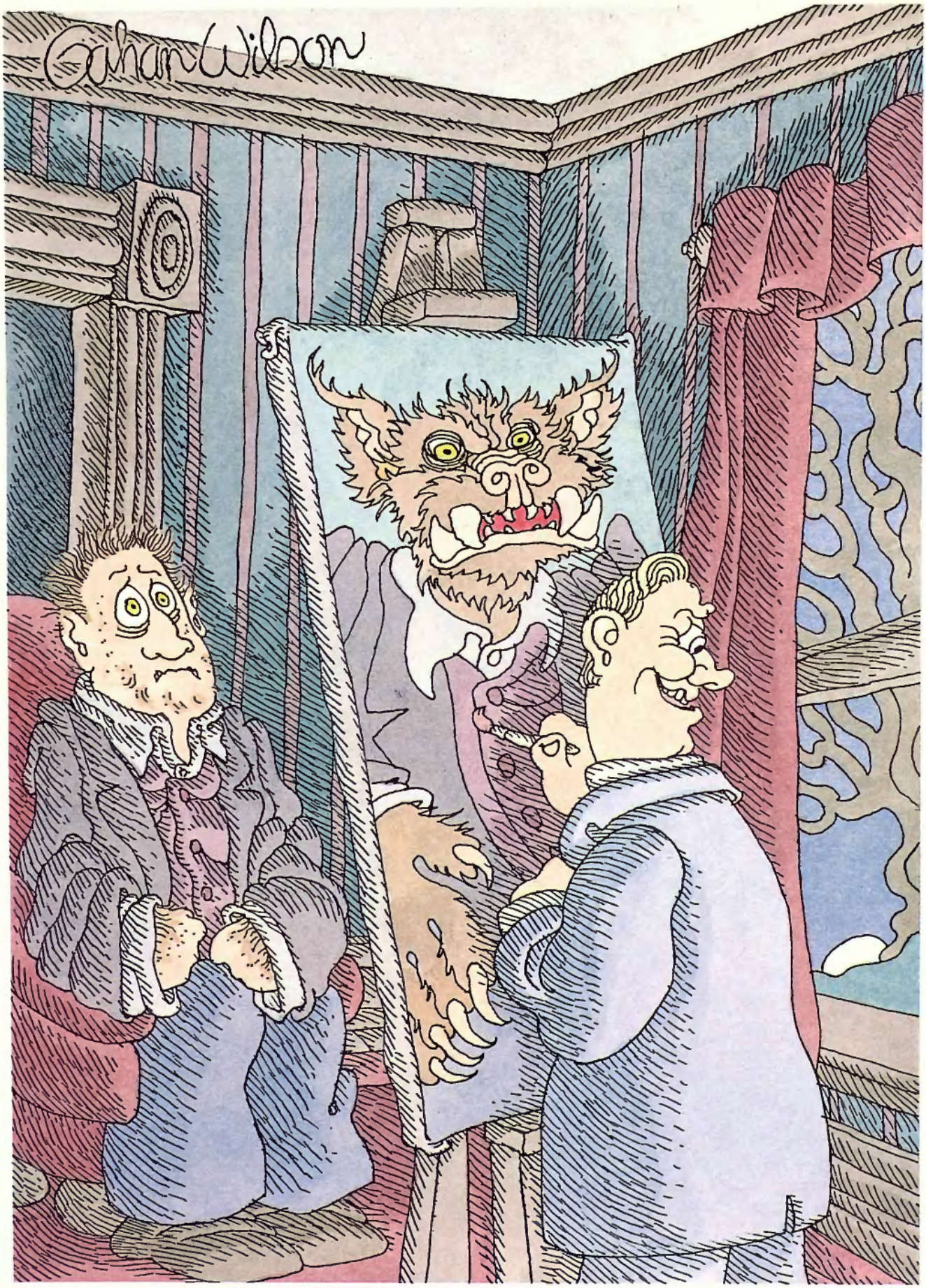
SAN FRANCISCO
Stars—Great American brasserie. Hearty beef and seafood dishes, plus lavish desserts.

SANTA FE
Santacafe—Southwestern cuisine doesn't get much better than this; neither do the miniskirts.

SEATTLE
The Dahlia Lounge—An original mix of Pacific Northwest and international cuisines; tasty appetizers and unusual vegetarian fare.

ST. LOUIS
Tony's—Generous portions of continental and Italian foods. Owner Vincent J. Bommarito treats everyone like a regular.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Jean-Louis at the Watergate—Extravagant nouvelle cuisine. The place to watch Washington's wheels turn.



"Here it comes!"

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Would-be rock-ond-rollers are stepping into the spotlight with Pioneer's top-of-the-line CLK-V920 Laser Karaoke, a combinotion laser disc player and cossette deck that lets you remove the lead vocals from most CDs and laser music videos and then take it from the top yourself, $1900.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Toshiba's new executive tools will look great in today's offices. Shown here are a battery-powered letter opener, eraser, desk cleaner and pencil sharpener, $40 to $60 each.

Small enough to stash in a gym bag, Sansui's three-inch-thick Audio Note A-4 stereo features an AM/FM receiver, a cassette deck, a compact disc player and speakers that fold, $500.

You'll have the right time with Michel Perrenoud's Swiss-crafted three-time-zone desk clock in lapis-colored leather. Each pivoting face is surrounded by polished brass, $575.

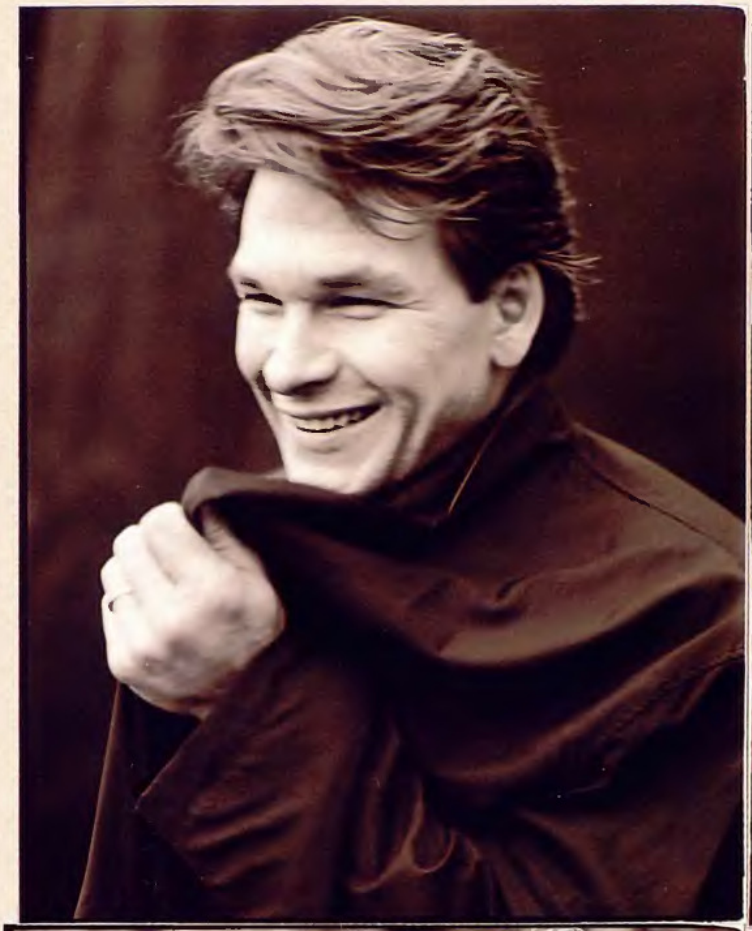
Want to know the Babe's lifetime batting average? Try Franklin's Big League Baseball Encyclopedia for access to 620,000 batting and 270,000 pitching stats, plus more, $130.

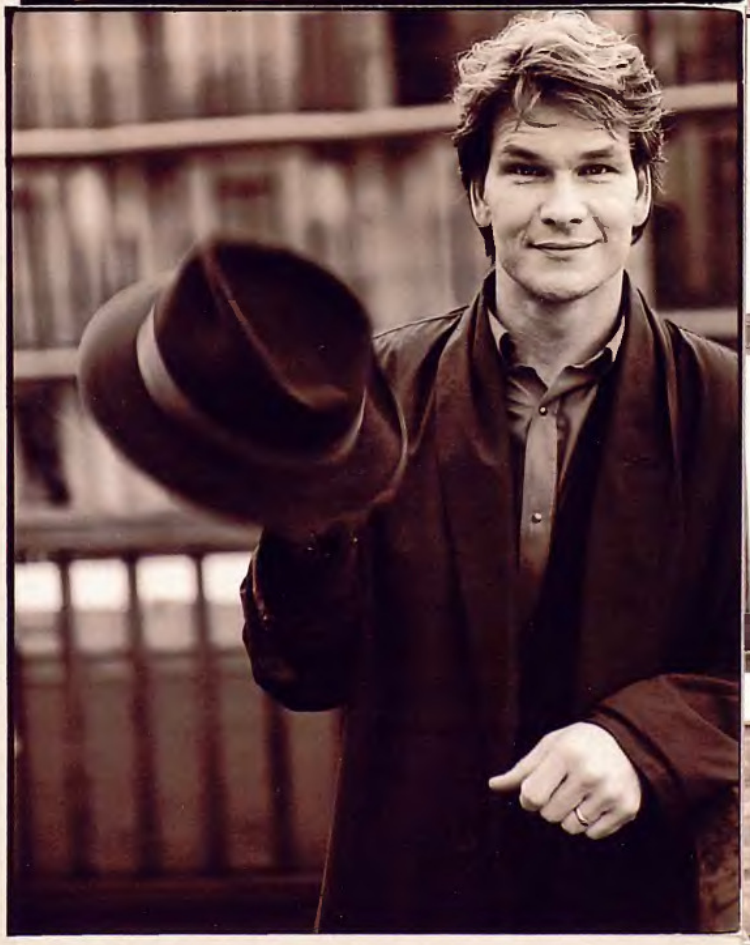
For the lord of the manor's library, Boston Brass Works hand-makes a solid brass lamp that clamps to a shelf and swivels, about $175, with a choice of a green or amber shade.

The Traveler is a leather and Ballistic nylon PC carry-on case that's padded for protection and features compartments for diskettes, etc., from Computer Products Plus, $250.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

For conscientious commuters, the electric Environmental Moto-Cross (EMX) charges in three hours and travels up to 18 mph for nearly as long, by Badsey Design, $1995.





PATRICK SWAYZE

As the Rolling Stones warned us years ago, you can't always get what you want: Patrick Swayze doesn't fancy being a Hollywood heartthrob, but the women of America have spoken. After leaving the girls breathless in "Dirty Dancing" and heartbroken in "Ghost," Swayze finds himself in a corner. Although he doesn't look it, the baby-faced actor is almost 40 and has really had it, thank you, with playing hunks with hearts of gold. To make that crystal clear, Swayze tackled the role of an alcoholic, disillusioned doctor in his latest film, "City of Joy." Swayze knows he's gambling with his career, and all his chips are on the table. Lawrence Linderman interviewed Swayze at the five-acre ranch Swayze and his wife, dancer Lisa Niemi, own just north of Los Angeles. Linderman reports: "This won't come as a surprise: Patrick Swayze is almost overwhelmingly emotional. He laughs, he shouts and, yes, he cries. What surprised me most, however, was the realization that the guy is a classic overachiever. Swayze has a compulsion to win—and win big—at everything he attempts. So maybe he will, indeed, show he belongs in the same league with the actors he admires. If he doesn't, it won't be for lack of trying."

1.

PLAYBOY: Last summer, *People* magazine proclaimed you the sexiest man alive, a title previously bestowed on you by *Us* magazine. How comfortable is it for you to be hunk of the year?

SWAYZE: It's good for the career, but it's not good for the head, because if you believe it for one second, you're a dead man. I want to make a mark as an actor. I'd like to think that my career isn't about things like swinging my ass in *Dirty Dancing*. I'm looking for the spiritual. How far can it take me? How far can I go? What are our emotional limits? The further along I've come, the more I've discovered that we have no emotional limits. The biggest thing I've learned is that I have to keep studying, because there are always greater levels of trust to find within the character, within the scene and within myself as an actor.

the man who shook his buns in *dirty dancing* shows us his more sensitive side

Hollywood is the most self-indulgent place on earth, and if you allow yourself to get sucked into that life, you start doing self-indulgent movies—and then, all of a sudden, those movies don't work. Unless the film maker has some kind of generous quality that brings people in, it's always going to be intellectual masturbation.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've steered clear of self-indulgent movies?

SWAYZE: Well, in the beginning, you take what you can get. If a character allows you to shine, you do it. My first movie was *Skatetown, U.S.A.* and I saw it as an opportunity to get my foot in the door. The movie was destroyed by critics—no surprise there—but Kevin Thomas of the *Los Angeles Times* went crazy about me in his review. He started it off by writing—and I've never forgotten it—"Not since Valentino did his tango in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* has there been such a confident display of male sexuality. Patrick Swayze sizzles."

3.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Houston. What advantages and burdens come with being a Texan?

SWAYZE: I spent so many years being competitive that I hate it now. I don't watch gladiator sports like football anymore and I'm no longer into "kill the other guy." I got out of that part of the Texas mentality.

In my youth, I was filled with a self-deprecating rage. From kindergarten until after I started high school, I was always teased by other kids about being different. My father was a gentle cowboy from a small town in the panhandle who fell in love with an intensely talented big-city girl from Houston. My mother was a choreographer—still is—who had her own ballet company. Patsy Swayze was the majordomo of dance and theater in Houston. She was the lady you called if you wanted to put on a show. Mom was a major, major force in the city's artistic life.

4.

PLAYBOY: Were you teased because of what your mother did?

SWAYZE: No, it was about what I did, which was dancing and playing the violin. There were always groups of kids whispering about me in a way that ate my insides alive. The peer pressure was strange and that's largely where the early rage came from, trying to figure out who I was. When I got to junior high, some of the older guys started calling me out: "Whaddya got in your bag, Swayze? You got your ballet shoes in there? Is that a tiny guitar you're carrying or is that a violin? Girls play the violin." I probably averaged a fight a week.

They didn't understand how much anger was running through my system, and they definitely didn't know that I had been training in the martial arts. My mother's performing-arts school was in a building that also housed a martial-arts academy and Mom worked out a deal: In return for all the martial-arts students studying ballet with her for flexibility and control, her students could study martial arts. I started there with judo, and after that I studied many different disciplines—aikido, tae kwon do, shotokan, isshin-ryu, kenpo and kung fu. The purpose wasn't to learn how to kick people's faces in, though I got very good at it. Many times I would hit that beautiful, blissful place of connecting with my *ki*—my center—at the expense of someone else's well-being. Everything seemed to be in slow motion when I was fighting, and it became effortless to tear a guy apart and watch his face distort as I split his lip open and broke his nose. Eventually, that took the chip off my shoulder because I hated doing that to another human being. Mind you, it's a lesson I had to learn quite a few times before I said, "Enough. I will never mess up another guy's face unless my survival is at stake and I have no other choice. It's wrong."

5.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever send anyone to the hospital?

SWAYZE: Yes, but I don't want to talk about it. If people think I'm tough, it could create problems in my life again, and I have enjoyed getting away from that.

6.

PLAYBOY: You seem to enjoy that rare commodity: a successful Hollywood marriage. *(continued on page 166)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATANZARO AND MAHDESSIAN

WELL, MY LAST
MY BUDDIES SAY
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T

The Thinking Man's Guide To Talking With Women

LIFE IN the land of women can be confusing. You meet a girl and think everything's fine. Then one day you realize you are talking with a creature from another world, somebody who makes noises similar to English but who doesn't really speak your language at all—except when she wants to be absolutely, fully understood. Like when she says "Come to bed," "What's your salary?" or "Go to hell."

And so it passes with every man. Eventually, after lots of hard experience, we all come to see that the life span of modern love is calibrated in three-word sound bites that mark, with complete clarity, the beginning, middle and end of any entangling alliance between a man and a woman:

- Whatcha doin' Friday?
- Have another drink.
- I love you.
- Slower, harder, faster.
- Here's the key.
- Please marry me.
- Let's go shopping!
- Honey, I'm pregnant.
- Gimme a beer.
- We never talk.
- I need space.
- Gotta work overtime.
- We're just friends.
- I want alimony.

Strange, isn't it, how the really important things in a romance can all be hitched to little word troikas? Why is this? Because any conversation between lovers that is longer than three words is subject to wildly different interpretations, conflicts, arguments and meanings.

A knowledge of how women use the language can be terribly handy if you find yourself in one of those modern relationships where you actually have to talk with each other.

So let's start with the basics.

We must speak with them—women, that is—because they are here, among us, and they can't stand it when

all you need to know about coed conversation

article by DENIS BOYLES

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE OEEN

we ignore them. But, as we have stated, words are the tools of misunderstanding. To be able to speak with women, we must know their language.

THE HISTORY OF WOMEN AND LANGUAGE

There are two distinct linguistic families from which all modern Western tongues are descended. One is Indo-European. The other is girl talk. Indo-European gave us Greek, Latin and Esperanto. Girl talk gave us gossip, Joan Rivers and a bunch of 900 numbers.

Girl talk is a difficult tongue to master. Women, philologically, are the Magyars of our species, speaking a language so obscure that not even other women can always be sure of what they're talking about. Hence, "What do you mean by that?" is the reply given by most women to almost anything said to them by almost anyone.

Contrary to propaganda, women are not more sensitive to the feelings of others than men are. Rather, women are more sensitive to their own feelings than men—or other women—are. So every woman will be extremely sensitive about all the things that you say to her.

In almost every instance, no matter which words—if any—she actually speaks in response, the meaning of her language is always the same: "What do you mean by that?"

The exception: "Oh, grow up," which is what women say to men when men don't behave as women wish them to behave.

HOW TO SAY HELLO TO A WOMAN

Don't: Howdy; hiya, hiya; *enchanté*; woo-woo.

Do: Hello.

Most women prefer men to make conversation that is brief and to the point, unless it is about them. Accordingly, women like a straight-ahead approach when meeting a man, since their objective is to find out as many salient facts about you as possible—straight or gay, single or married, employed or broke—and half-baked, clichéd wisecracks delivered with a nervous tremor just get in the way. Men, anxious to unroll the story of their lives, seem to lose their ability to articulate when meeting a woman. Consequently, women talk to themselves while men mince around with banalities. They ask: How do I feel about this guy? Does he make me feel good about myself? Is he the best for me he can possibly be? No matter what a woman is saying to you while she is being introduced, there's a simultaneous conversation going on between her and her feelings.

Men don't do this. Men move their thoughts to their shorts when they meet a woman. Alas, often by the time a man has finally said hello, a woman has already said goodbye.

And while we're dealing with basics, how about:

THE TRUTH

In romantic pursuits, as in war, truth is the first casualty. Boy meets girl, boy lies to girl about job, car, money, other girls. Girl lies to boy about job, money, caps and implants.

When the steam runs out of the mad passion that provides locomotive power for the early stages of all romances, it's typically because the truth has reared its ugly head. Once life is seen in terms of mutual problems, you transcend infatuation and enter the orbit of love, where there are only two truths: The truth she tells you and the truth you tell her.

Let's start with you.

You are required to tell the truth—the whole truth and nothing but the truth—in the following circumstances:

- When the answer to her question will influence her ability to believe your other answers. Example: "Before you hide that salami, do you love me?"
- When the answer to her question will influence her in making a critical and life-altering decision. Example: "If we have the baby, will you support all of us?"
- When the answer to her question is necessary to help her avoid being a liar herself. Example: "Can you pick my mother up after her neurosurgery because I promised Billy I'd take him to Little League and I'm afraid to let Mom drive the Chevy with her head in an Ace bandage?"

It may be obvious here that truthful answers piled on top of one another have a way of eventually complicating your life, and soon, half-truths may be just the size of truth you need. Ultimately, this will cause you to re-evaluate your concept of what the truth really is. Thus is born a personal philosophy packed with paradox, for the ugly truth about the whole truth is that the whole truth is sometimes a lie. Examples:

- "Were you looking at her?" Partial truth: No, just her shoes. Whole truth: Yes. But it was because of factors that have little or nothing to do with her enormous reach of leg or that gauzy strip of flax she was wearing as a top. Maybe it was the fact that she was wearing an eye patch and carrying a parrot on her shoulder.
- "Am I prettier than your old girlfriend?" Partial truth: Are you kidding? She was nuts. Whole truth: Most of the time. But now that you bring her up, there was something extraordinary about the way she looked naked and draped over the back of a sofa, just before the surfeit of pleasure turned her into a raving lunatic who lunged about the apartment with a butcher knife in her hand.
- "Were you flirting with that waitress?" Partial truth: No, no. She was just giving me a hard time. Whole truth: Yes. But only because she impaled the back of my shoulder with her silicone scuds.

The lesson here is that you have to be careful with the truth. Among the spices of life, truth is red cayenne. A little bit goes a long, long way.

WOMEN AND TRUTH, WITH EXTRA CHEESE

Women see truth as a pizza and are careful to dish it out a slice at a time.

Normally, a taste of the truth is enough to give you the big picture. Example: You say, "Who called?"

She says, "Jim called and asked if we were still dating. I wish he'd leave me alone." There's more truth behind that, of course, but you don't need to know what it is, for the slice you've been given is the one with all the good stuff.

Sometimes you need to eat half the pie before you know what the truth really is. Example: "Who called?"

She shrugs and says, "A friend."

You say, "May I have another slice, please?"

When she really hates you, she'll throw you into an emotional hammerlock, toss you onto the floor and cram truth, cheese and pepperoni down your throat. Example: "Who called?"

She says, "Jim. He asked if I was still in love, and I said I was bored out of my mind, so he asked if I'd meet him in the parking lot down at Bowl-a-While and I said, 'Sure, if you'll bring the Colt .45.'" And then, a rotten anchovy: "I'll be late. See ya."

Rule: If you aren't hungry for reality, don't ask for a taste of the truth.

WOMEN, LIES AND KINDNESS

Men blindly pursue love through the black forest of rejection. Sometimes it seems as though every path leads to the painful realization that women find your personality loathsome and look at you as though your face were a bloody, running sore.

Some women don't care that men spend much of their time reeling from one rejection to another. You say, "Gee, how about dinner?" and she says, "With your dog, maybe."

For the most part, women try to upholster rejection in the deep-pile velour of falsehood. This creates another problem, of course. How do you know what she means when she says what she says?

(continued on page 156)

"Gimme the special, but hold the oat bran and the salad, and make it Scotch instead of white wine."

CORINNA HARNEY, A WINNER FROM LAS VEGAS, BREAKS THE BANK

PLAYMATE of the YEAR

CORINNA NEVER WISHED to be Playmate of the Year. Corinna used to sit in her car in Nevada's Amargosa Desert, making wishes on shooting stars, wishing to be *Playboy*'s Playmate of the Month. But Playmate of the Year? Forget it. Being the woman who aces out 11 beauties and gets a life of silk and limousines for a year, plus a hot new car and $100,000? "That was too *beyond*," says Corinna, 20. "I mean, I loved getting to keep the boots I wore in my pictorial, the ones with the aces," she says. "I just never pictured this."

Animal lover Corinna Harney, our 1992 Playmate of the Year, increases her horsepower this manth. She had bought a used car after becoming Miss August 1991; it naw rusts beside her P.M.O.Y. prize, a lipstick-red 1992 Lexus SC 300 with a $100,000 check in the glove box (right). Her plans? "Enjoying what's happening to me," says Vegas' favarite daughter.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Just back from Jamaica, where she spent two weeks shooting this pictorial and doing some serious celebrating with her new entourage, Corinna is still breathless. "How do I feel? Surprised. Happy. Excited," she says. "I feel lucky!"

Proof that nice things can happen to nice people: A little more than a year ago, Corinna Harney was bouncing around her native Las Vegas, killing time with such schoolgirl stuff as squirt-gunning tourists' cars, waiting to turn 21 so she could land a good casino job. Now she is her fave magazine's star of the year, one of the decade's top-ten women. "Corinna is a sweet, fresh, natural girl," says *Playboy*'s Photography Director Gary Cole. Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley, her studio buddy, concurs, adding that she's "funny, too." Almost everyone who meets her responds to Corinna's guileless charm. But leave it to a fan to put it best. "She's just so attractive," says Bob Ryterski, 22, of Franksville, Wisconsin. He won a date with Miss August 1991 in a radio contest. "A limo drove up to my yard. She got out and I was, like . . . blinded." Our Playmate of the Year 1992 laughs off such talk. Sweet, fresh, natural, funny and blindingly beautiful? It's all true, but Corinna would be the last to believe it.

Corinna is a poet. Last year, to mark her *Playboy* debut, she penned the line, "If you can't tell, the fairy tale is true." By now you can tell: Las Vegas' new star has more than luck going for her. There are many beautiful women in the world, but the Playmate of the Year's glass slipper fits only the sweetest, freshest, fairest of all.

BOB COSTAS
GOES FOR THE GOLD

PLAYBOY PROFILE

HOW THE SHORTEST SPORTSCASTER ON TV EARNED THE TALLEST JOB IN SPORTS

By LEE GREEN

WHEN HE WAS eight, he said he wanted to be President of the United States—"or at least a lawyer." By the time he was 11, he had decided that announcing sports might be a better way to spend his time. He amused himself by practicing play-by-play in his bedroom. His grandmother visited one day and overheard him.

"Who's he talking to?" she asked.

"Himself," his mother replied.

Bob Costas is still talking to himself; now he does it only as self-flagellation, muttering under his breath about how he could have done this or that better. He studies videotapes of his broadcasts the way ballplayers analyze their technique on game tapes, forever looking for the slightest hitch in his swing, any flaw in his delivery.

His obsessiveness has paid off. Three Emmys and four Sportscaster of the Year awards attest to that. In a profession dominated by clownish ex-jocks and theatrical egomaniacs, Costas stands apart—bright, articulate, witty and insightful.

Ironically, some of Costas' keenest skills are most apparent not in his TV sports work but in two relatively obscure interview shows he hosts. *Costas Coast-to-Coast*, which airs Sunday evenings, is the smartest sports conversation on radio. On TV, *Later with Bob Costas* features 30 minutes of one-on-one with guests ranging from Walter Cronkite to Marilu Henner to Richard Lewis to Barry Goldwater. As anyone constitutionally able to stay up after *Late Night with David Letterman* knows, Costas gets great guests, asks good questions and turns what could be a deadly half hour into one of the most informative, entertaining, best-kept secrets on television. Costas' mother, Jayne Costas, can muster only a modest interest in her son's sports broadcasts, but she wouldn't think of missing an edition of *Later*. The host himself admits that of all his current projects, he derives the most pleasure from *Later*.

But if Costas' skills are underexposed because of the show's inconvenient time slot, his next big assignment has no such drawback. He has been chosen to host NBC's prime-time Olympics coverage from Barcelona—a grueling task involving months of study and preparation and 14-hour workdays during the games. On opening day, he'll be on the air a marathon 11 hours.

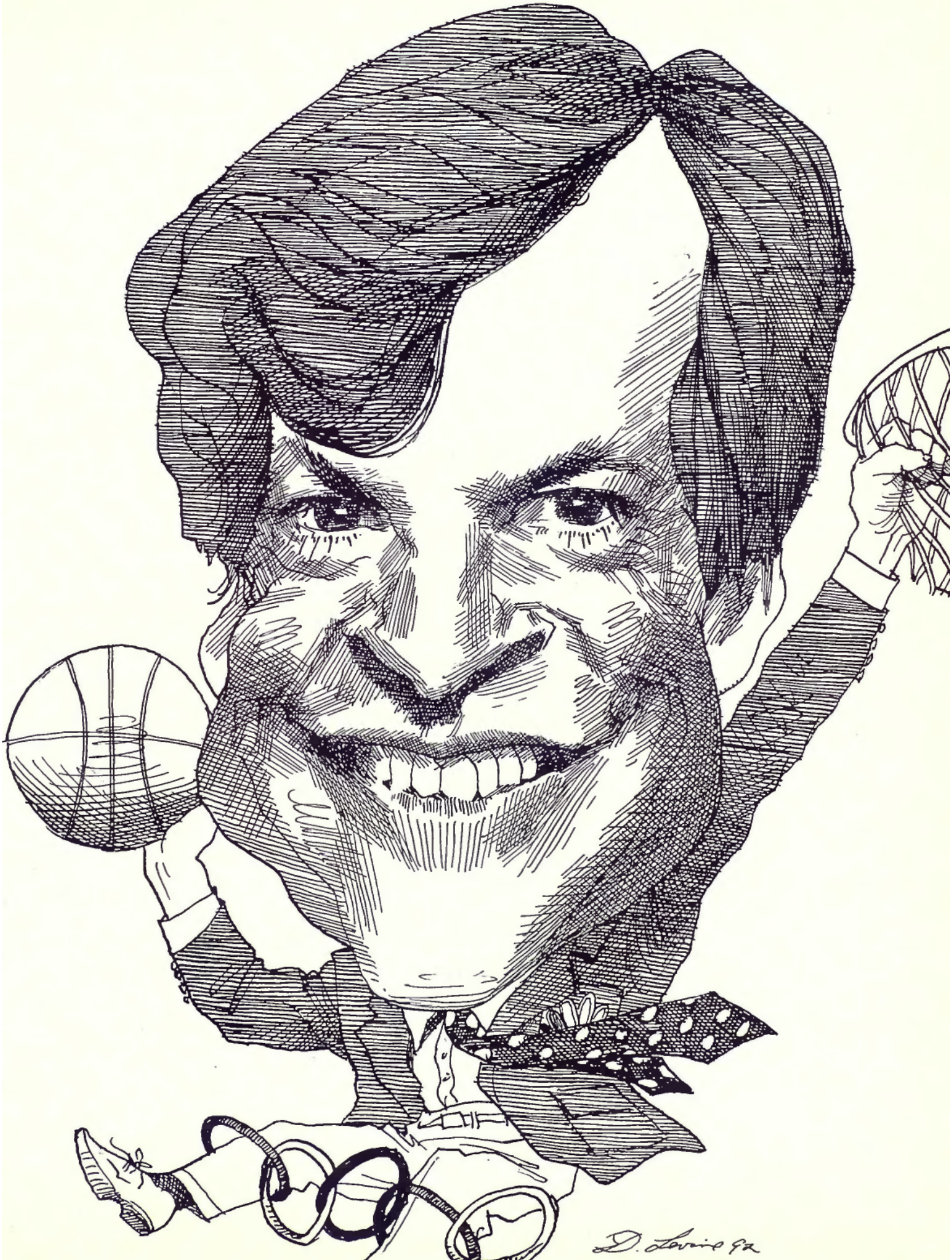
"The thing that I want to make sure about," he says of the single biggest challenge of his career, "is that I can be myself, that my attitude and my sensibility can come across. I'm not interested in dominating the proceedings, but I want to strike a chord that's truthful for me. I just want my voice to truly be my voice."

•

Springtime in Las Vegas. Bob Costas is at the Aladdin Hotel, standing before a banquet-room dinner audience of former professional baseball stars and their wives. Garvey, Cey, Nettles, Bonds, DeCinces, Madlock, Jenkins, Fingers, Carlton—it's an impressive assemblage. Tomorrow they will meet at Cashman Field in a not-so-old-timers game billed as the Masters Baseball Classic. NBC will televise it. Costas will handle the announcing chores.

Asked to deliver a few remarks, he opts for a story about an incident he witnessed *(text continued on page 140)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



THE BOYS IN

a comparative guide to the

by KEVIN COOK

		LOOK	HAIR	TRADE-MARK	JOCK FEAT	BIG BREAK
Frank Gifford age: 61 web: ABC salary: $$$*		Slacks, sweaters, semivacant expression	Unnaturally golden brown, immobile	Associating with real personalities	Member of college and pro football halls of fame; NFL MVP in 1956	Born handsome
Pat O'Brien age: 44 web: CBS salary: $$		Dapper, distracted, early Eighties	Balding Buster Brown	Groaner jokes everyone loves because they show his boundless enthusiasm	Overcame squeamishness, offering "I'll be here to help with anything" to extremely pregnant Mrs. Howard Johnson	Landed newswriting job at Chicago's WMAQ-TV when only 24, in 1973, after a stint as David Brinkley's researcher
Chris Berman age: 37 web: ESPN salary: $$		Side-o-beef chic: The towering, massive Berman makes his blazer look like Ken-doll clothes.	Incipient Rogaine comb-over	"Bermanisms"—the nicknames he has given jocks since 1980	Intimidates smaller co-workers through power looming	Joined fledgling ESPN in 1979, a month after its founding
John Madden age: 56 web: CBS salary: $$$		Blimpie casual	Unkempt	Using Telestrator as video chalkboard	Was 112–39–7 as Raiders coach, won 100 NFL games faster than any coach since George Halas and Curly Lambeau	Broke through wall in Miller Lite ad, became top bull in TV's china shop
Bob Costas age: 40 web: NBC salary: $$$		Boys' department at Sears	Mop top	Boyish zeal	Defeated Pat Riley in season-long free-throw shootout	Launched *Later with Bob Costas*, post-Letterman chat show for insomniacs, 1988
Greg Gumbel age: 46 web: CBS salary: $$		Khakis, blazers, loud ties	Springy	Absence of trademark qualities	Hit .378 for Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa	Replaced Musburger on *The NFL Today* after Brent screwed up contract talks
Dick Vitale age: 52 web: ABC/ESPN salary: $		Disheveled	Bald City	Screamin'-Jay-Hawkins-Darryl-Dawkins-sideline-squawkin' hoops talk	Went 78–30 as University of Detroit coach; coached Pistons in 1978	Hooked up with ESPN when Pistons dropped him; joined ABC in 1987
Tim McCarver age: 50 web: CBS salary: $$$		Chunky chic: turtlenecks and tapered jackets	Stiff	Semicasual, semiboyish style, as though he were Costas' uncle	A .271 career hitter who caught from 1959 to 1980 and hit .311 in three great World Series	Sterling Mets commentary led to network job and 1992 winter Olympics
Brent Musburger age: 53 web: ABC salary: $$$		Overexcited	Puffy	Breathless intro: "You are looking live . . . !"	One year as a minor-league umpire	Fired by CBS on April Fools' Day 1990, preempting viewer revolt over his overexposure

* $ means a reported salary of less than $500,000; $$: up to $1,000,000; $$$: from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000.

THE BOOTH

talking heads of sports

FIRST ON-AIR JOB	RAVE REVIEW	GUILTY SECRET	CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY	BAD HABIT	FACTOID
CBS commentator, NFL pregame shows, 1959	"Frank Gifford can read."—*USA Today*	Sensitivity. In high school, "I was suddenly made first-string quarterback when our quarterback was killed in a car accident. I was thrilled to play."	Impregnated wife Kathie Lee on yacht off coast of Italy—yacht courtesy of Carnival Cruise Lines, for which she flacks—in July 1989	Interrupts Dan Dierdorf on *Monday Night Football*	Kathie Lee told *People* that pregnancy tenderized her nipples. Frank, who used to sleep nude, now wears a sweat suit to bed.
News reporter, WMAQ-TV, 1977	"Oleaginous."—*Sports Illustrated*	Tracked down exact bed used by "outfield lovers" at Toronto's SkyDome Hotel	Echoed Babe Ruth by telling George Bush, "I hope you're having a better year than Hoover."	Sort of funny, but contrafactual, hyperbole	Coached Ronald Reagan in 1940 film *Knute Rockne—All-American*, nine years before birth
Disc jockey, WERI Radio, Westerly, R.I., 1977	"Has changed the face of television forever"—*College and Pro Newsweekly*	As host of ESPN's now-forgotten *Super Bowl of Sports Trivia*, he was Trebek of the Nerds.	His 600-plus Bermanisms, including the great Bert "Be Home" Blyleven	Occasionally forgetting to call the game as he plans his next bon mots	In 1989 he turned down the networks, taking less money to stay at ESPN. It is the only recorded instance of loyalty in TV sports history.
CBS analyst, NFL football, 1979	MADDEN STOPS TO USE THE PHONE—headline in Omaha *World-Herald* coverage of a bus trip, cited in *Sports Illustrated*	Sells ont with TV ads in which he plays dumb, needs hardware clerks to show him which end of a rake to use	Coached Raiders to victory in Super Bowl XI	Reducing all human experience to the word Boom	Contrary to popular belief, it is not acrophobia that keeps Madden off airplanes, but claustrophobia.
Reporter, WSYR TV-Radio, Syracuse, N.Y., 1973	"Shorter in real life than he appears on the tube"—*Sport*	Once swore to name his firstborn Kirby in honor of the Twins' Kirby Puckett. Wussed out and used "Keith Michael Kirby"	Carries a Mickey Mantle baseball card in his wallet	May overuse Clearasil	Hired Chubby Checker to perform at his 1983 wedding
Sports reporter, WMAQ-TV, Chicago, 1973	"Amiable"—*Sports Illustrated*	Is actually two years older than Bryant; sweats like Niagara Falls when nervous	His newfound celebrity threatens limitless ego of obnoxious kid brother	Has no habits	As South Side Chicago altar boy, he vied with Bryant to help serve Eucharist to Minnie Minoso.
ESPN analyst, NCAA basketball, 1979	"Dick Vitale has become the voice of college basketball. No one calls a jam like Vitale."—*Sports Illustrated*	In one 1990 game, *Sports Illustrated* caught him delivering 2346 more words than the play-by-play man.	Popularized the terms "tickles the twine," "diaper dandy" and "shake and bake" while bringing new ubiquity to "baby"	Reaching emotive climax too early in a game	Last year Vitale and Syracuse coach Jim Boeheim played a one-on-one showdown for charity. Boeheim won 15–3.
Commentator, Philadelphia Phillies baseball, 1980	"Calls a ballgame as well from the booth as he did behind the plate"—*Playboy*	Kind of liked corporal punishment at Catholic high school: "They gave me exactly what I needed. You know, 'Bend over and hold your ankles.'"	Proved how great Jim McKay used to be as an Olympic host	Lame Olympic patter: "Wow, if we had to ski and shoot at the same time, we wouldn't have a job."	Legged ont 13 triples in 1966—the only stat in which he ever led the National League—the only catcher in recent memory to lead a league in triples
Sports reporter and director, WBBM Radio, Chicago, 1968	"Unimposing, more nebbish than notable, more nasal than forceful"—*Entertainment Weekly*	During graceful CBS farewell on NCAA final four telecast, really wanted to say, "Greg Gumbel can't carry my jock."	Fight with Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder in Manbattan bistro, 1980	Hyping Super Bowls and World League of American Football games with equal zeal	He told a reporter: "There are many times when I get tired of the sound of my own voice."

during a 1977 Cubs-Cardinals baseball game in St. Louis. It was National Dairy Day, he explains, and befitting the occasion, Cardinals' announcers Jack Buck, Bob Starr and Mike Shannon were visited in the broadcast booth by the reigning Miss Cheesecake, who placed a serving of cheesecake in front of each announcer. This stunning woman, Costas recounts, was attired in a white one-piece bathing suit, with white high heels and a "Miss Cheesecake" sash draped across her chest. Despite so considerable a distraction, Buck unflinchingly continued his call of the game.

Costas' rendition of the story is seamless. He punches it up with a simulation of Buck's play-by-play, choosing names—Don Kessinger, Hector Cruz—true to time and place.

Finally, he says, zeroing in on the payoff, Buck says to Starr, "'Hey, Bob, what do you think of Miss Cheesecake?' And Starr, who wasn't paying much attention, thought Buck said, 'What do you think of *this* cheesecake?' And he says, 'I'll tell you, Jack, I'd like to eat that right now.'"

That, he declares with mock solemnity as the laughter subsides, was "better than Russ Hodges' call of Bobby Thomson's homer, better than Vin Scully's call of Koufax' perfect game. It was the single greatest moment in the history of baseball broadcasting."

•

Having delivered his cheesecake story, he takes an elevator up to his room and resumes his preparation for the next day's broadcast. While poring over statistics and player histories with an NBC researcher, he keeps an eye on a Reds-Cards game on television, occasionally scanning with the remote for other games or sports news. This is an old habit. "He'll flip through the channels, and while he's flipping, he's reading three newspapers," says a colleague. "That's where you see that faculty for taking in massive amounts of facts, just sucking them up and keeping them."

If there were a Trivial Pursuit pro circuit, he'd be the undisputed champ. The complete lyrics to the theme from *Zorro* are lodged in his brain. So is the Yankees' futile rally at the end of the 1964 World Series—every hitter. Ask him about *The Honeymooners* and he will cite story lines, dialog, the names of minor characters—even props.

Once, on *Later*, he impressed Dick Cavett with his detailed knowledge of Cavett's long-dead talk show.

"You're an idiot savant on the subject of that show," Cavett marveled.

"Or at least half of that," Costas replied.

Even in his early days, everything he heard, he absorbed. "He spoke beautifully," his mother recalls, "and he memorized everything I read to him. And repeated it."

On his third Christmas, his parents gave him a kiddie grocery store, a cardboard edifice big enough for him to walk inside, where there was a toy telephone.

"Can you talk on the phone just like your daddy?" his grandmother prompted. Obligingly, little Bobby clutched the instrument in his small hands and said, "Yeah, yeah, Abe, don't give me any of that shit."

A couple years ago, Costas attended a game at Busch Stadium in St. Louis and saw the Dodgers score nine runs against the Cardinals in the first inning, 14 in the game. Afterward, he stopped by the Cardinals' clubhouse to pay his respects to then-manager Whitey Herzog, whom he found standing buck naked, his great belly protruding like a sumo wrestler's. "I've never seen anything like that before," the manager said sullenly. "I don't think that's ever happened before, the first four hitters all getting two hits in an inning like that."

"Gene Stephens had three hits in an inning once," Costas offered matter-of-factly.

Apparently finding this arcane piece of baseball minutia neither useful nor amusing, Herzog fixed the broadcaster with a mirthless stare.

"The Red Sox scored seventeen runs in that inning," Costas added.

The faintest glimmer of a smile flitted across Herzog's ruddy face. Even a skipper whose foundering team had just been thrashed couldn't resist a man who knows baseball lore so thoroughly.

•

Costas' presence in Las Vegas is incongruous. This is a man who doesn't smoke, prefers iced tea or milk to a beer (he claims he has never been drunk), is careful about his diet and will walk through a casino without so much as a glance at the gaming tables. "Never gamble, Robert," his father counseled. Such a caveat from the lips of John Costas was no less contradictory than Babe Ruth inveighing against gluttony. By trade, the elder Costas was an electrical engineer; by temperament, he was a gambler who wagered year-round on whatever sport was in season.

The son of Greek parents, John Costas was an engaging, emotional man with a keen sense of humor, a volatile temper and an imposing physical presence—"a freaking horse of a guy," as Bob remembers him. The son inherited the father's humor and passion but not his temper or size (Bob is 5'7"). Father and son shared sports, the occasional game of chess, *The Honeymooners* and *The Untouchables* on TV, but they were not close. "I think my mother was more indulgent of my whimsical nature and of my daydreaming," Bob says. "My father was less tolerant of it. He felt that it had no practical benefit."

Some days, John bet as many as five games at $500 each. Bob can remember a tough-looking guy occasionally coming around the house to collect, but frequently his father won. Certainly, the Costas family never went without. During one stretch in 1966, John won an astonishing 18 consecutive baseball bets. Bob, 14 at the time, remembers accompanying his father to a doughnut shop in Brooklyn to collect the winnings from a bookie who looked like a thug from Central Casting.

Afterward, in the car, his father gleefully counted out $14,000 in $100 bills, equal to nearly half his yearly salary. The son had seen this routine before. "We've got Harmon Killebrew to thank for this handful, Robert," his dad would say. "And we can thank Mickey Lolich for this one."

Bob was 18 when his father suffered a heart attack at J.F.K. Airport and died on the spot. John Costas was 42. Bob's grandfather, his father's father, died of a heart attack at 39. The implications aren't lost on Bob, who turned 40 in March. Not all gambles are as easily ignored as those in Vegas casinos.

•

"There he is!" former Orioles center fielder Paul Blair greets Costas. "There's our slugger!" The Cashman Field clubhouse is bustling with semiclad All-Stars of a bygone era and one nattily attired sportscaster in his prime—all here for the Masters Baseball Classic. Costas worked out with them the day before, and now, knowing he's in for some harassment, he turns to Blair and takes the offensive.

"Hey, after you left, I hit a second round against him"—he points at a grinning Sparky Lyle—"and I made some good contact. I hit a three-hopper off the wall."

"Ahhh," Blair scoffs with a smile. "No witnesses. No witnesses." Lyle offers Costas no help.

Unless he is covering a horse race, Costas is generally the smallest man in any clubhouse. This bothers him not in the least. He has never been self-conscious about his size.

"With a week in the cage and a week of grounders," he tells Steve Garvey jokingly, "I think I could be ready for the Senior League."

"What a pay cut," Garvey says with a toothy grin.

As a youth on Long Island, Costas played baseball through high school. Scrappy infielder, good with the leather, but curveballs mystified him. So did fastballs, change-ups, sliders—any white spherical projectile.

The Masters Baseball Classic doesn't hold the creative tension he is accustomed to because it isn't being televised live. It is, however, as close as NBC will come to televising major-league baseball until at least 1994. When NBC was outbid by CBS in 1989 and lost the broadcast rights for the next four baseball seasons, Costas was distraught. "A sad day,

THE GIRL WITH THE RED HAIR SEEMED VERY FAR AWAY.

She never shared my sense of adventure. Or my taste for Myers's Original Dark Rum.

◆

She preferred rum you could see through, poor thing.

◆

So I cabled her about these curious but delicious daiquiris. The waiter with the bamboo cane. And the seaplane that comes over every Tuesday.

◆

You never know. It just might work.

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both for me and for the republic," he lamented. Privately, he chided himself for signing a new five-year deal with NBC just a year earlier without giving a moment's thought to the possibility that the network might lose baseball. "That was the dumbest thing I've ever done professionally," he says. "I just assumed that baseball was like a birthright to NBC. They'd had it all my life and virtually the life of television." He has since made it clear, not threateningly but as a simple fact, that if NBC doesn't reacquire baseball in 1994, he will leave the network.

As excited as he is to be hosting NBC's Olympics coverage, he says, "Personally, the biggest thing for me would be doing the World Series. My heroes were Red Barber and Vin Scully and Mel Allen and people like that, and I don't think they did the Olympics."

At the going rate—CBS paid nearly $1.1 billion for four years and is probably going to lose big on the deal—NBC doesn't consider baseball to be a sound investment. "It's a business decision that stands apart from Bob Costas," insists NBC Sports' executive producer Terry O'Neil. "But it would be a devastating thing to lose him."

Ultimately, Costas might have to make a choice. Does he want to be a wealthy, all-purpose network sportscaster or does he want to cover baseball, even if it means dropping out of the national spotlight? Costas has long coveted Jack Buck's job as the voice of the St. Louis Cardinals. The word in St. Louis is that Costas is the only broadcaster who could succeed the revered Buck and be accepted immediately by the fans.

"It's tough as hell to stand up here and try to be funny," Buck once quipped at a banquet, "when the guy sitting next to me is waiting for me to die."

Costas eventually finds his way up to Cashman's cozy broadcast booth. Just as 1971 Cy Young Award winner Vida Blue is about to hurl the opening pitch, the NBC truck goes down. A public-address voice informs the fans there will be a short delay because of "technical difficulties." The announcement is not well received.

"Technical difficulties," Costas muses. "The average fan is thinking, This is a day game, the players appear to be here. What technical difficulties could we be experiencing?"

Ten minutes later, he removes his headset. "Let me know if they start playing," he says nonchalantly and walks off.

The problem is solved before he returns. A hurried search is launched, but before concern escalates to panic, Costas reenters the broadcast booth carrying a huge plate of salad and a dinner roll. "If they're going to have a delay," he says, "they should make it long enough for a decent meal."

A decent game would have been nice, too, but this one turns out to be a yawn—a one-sided affair played at three-quarter tempo. NBC's production is salvaged only by Costas' deft interviews with players who shuffle in and out of the booth all afternoon.

•

Costas was a 21-year-old upperclassman studying communications at Syracuse University when he landed his first professional broadcasting job in 1973. A year later, he was the boy wonder at KMOX in St. Louis, the sports monolith of radio airwaves in the Midwest. Within two years, he was calling regional football and basketball games on CBS. NBC lured him away four years later. In 1986, at 34, he became the youngest person ever named Sportscaster of the Year by the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association. "He's probably the quickest success story in the history of sports broadcasting," says Buck.

"I would have been more than willing to pay my dues," Costas once remarked, "but nobody ever made me."

That first job back in his Syracuse days was doing play-by-play for the local minor-league hockey team. He applied without ever having called a hockey game. He didn't know hockey from haiku, in fact. He sent the station basketball tapes, explaining, "I don't happen to have any of my hockey tapes available right now."

He had worked only ten or 12 college basketball games when he was hired in St. Louis by KMOX to call American Basketball Association games. To win the job, he submitted a doctored tape of his call of a Syracuse-Rutgers game. Only the best sequences survived his inspired editing. He then rerecorded the new version with the treble down and the bass up so he would sound older.

That choirboy face was never an asset on the way up. On one of Costas' first NBC assignments, a producer, mistaking him for an errand boy, pulled him aside and said, "Do me a favor. Move my car." Some executives at NBC considered Costas' cherubic appearance a credibility problem. "How much older do you think you'd look," someone asked him, "if you wore a beard?"

"About five years older," Costas estimated, "because that's how long it would take me to grow one."

When NBC gave him a shot at baseball in 1982, his bosses had no idea that the sum of his baseball play-by-play experience amounted to four games. "I didn't lie," he shrugs. "I just didn't tell them."

NBC brought him into the studio to host *NFL '84*, one of television's most difficult assignments owing to the madness of doing live halftime and postgame shows for as many as seven overlapping games being aired in different markets. "It wasn't till we made the big announcement [that Costas was the new host]," recalls Mike Weisman, then–executive producer of NBC Sports, "that Bob sheepishly came in and said, 'Mike, I just want you to know one thing. I've never worked in a studio in my life.'"

•

For a fellow who relies on candor and glib wit, Costas has shown keen judgment. Well, OK, there was that time in Syracuse when he hosted *Bowling for Dollars* for a week. Just 21 and obviously lacking in proper reverence, he couldn't resist wisecracking every frame. Bowling loyalists were outraged.

Even the tamest remark, he has learned, can roil the waters. Before the fourth game of the Dodgers-Athletics World Series in 1988, he averred on the air, quite accurately, that the injury-plagued Dodgers were fielding "one of the weakest lineups in World Series history." Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda heard the remark on a clubhouse television and used it on his team like a cattle prod.

The Dodgers won the game, Lasorda claimed Costas should be named MVP, and suddenly, the sportscaster was part of every newspaper's game story. Oakland fans griped and TV critics faulted him for becoming "part of the story."

To this day, Costas is flabbergasted by the whole thing. "What was I doing except my job?" he says, his voice an octave or two higher than normal. "Did I court this whirlwind?"

He is still utterly mystified by the response to another comment he made during game one of the 1989 American League Championship Series between Oakland and the Toronto Blue Jays. Down 7–3 in the ninth, the Jays would be facing Oakland's virtually unbeatable reliever Dennis Eckersley. Given the circumstances, Costas noted wryly, "You'd have to think Elvis has a better chance of coming back."

Three days later, when the series shifted to Toronto for game three, local bars displayed BOB COSTAS BANNED FOR LIFE HERE signs. He received threatening phone calls at his hotel and eventually resorted to changing his registration to an alias. When his name appeared on the SkyDome scoreboard, 50,000 fans booed. Amused, he stood in the press box and waved. A colleague, concerned for the broadcaster's safety, yanked him back down to his seat. "These people believed not that I was biased against the Blue Jays so much as that I was anti-Canadian," Costas says. "Of course, neither one is true, but how in the world are you going to refute that?"

Still, over the years, most of what has been said or written about Bob Costas has been kind. A good thing, too, because many who know him say he is overly sensitive to criticism. "He's bothered more than the next guy, no question," says NBC producer Ricky Diamond, who has worked with Costas for nine years. "But he cares about his work

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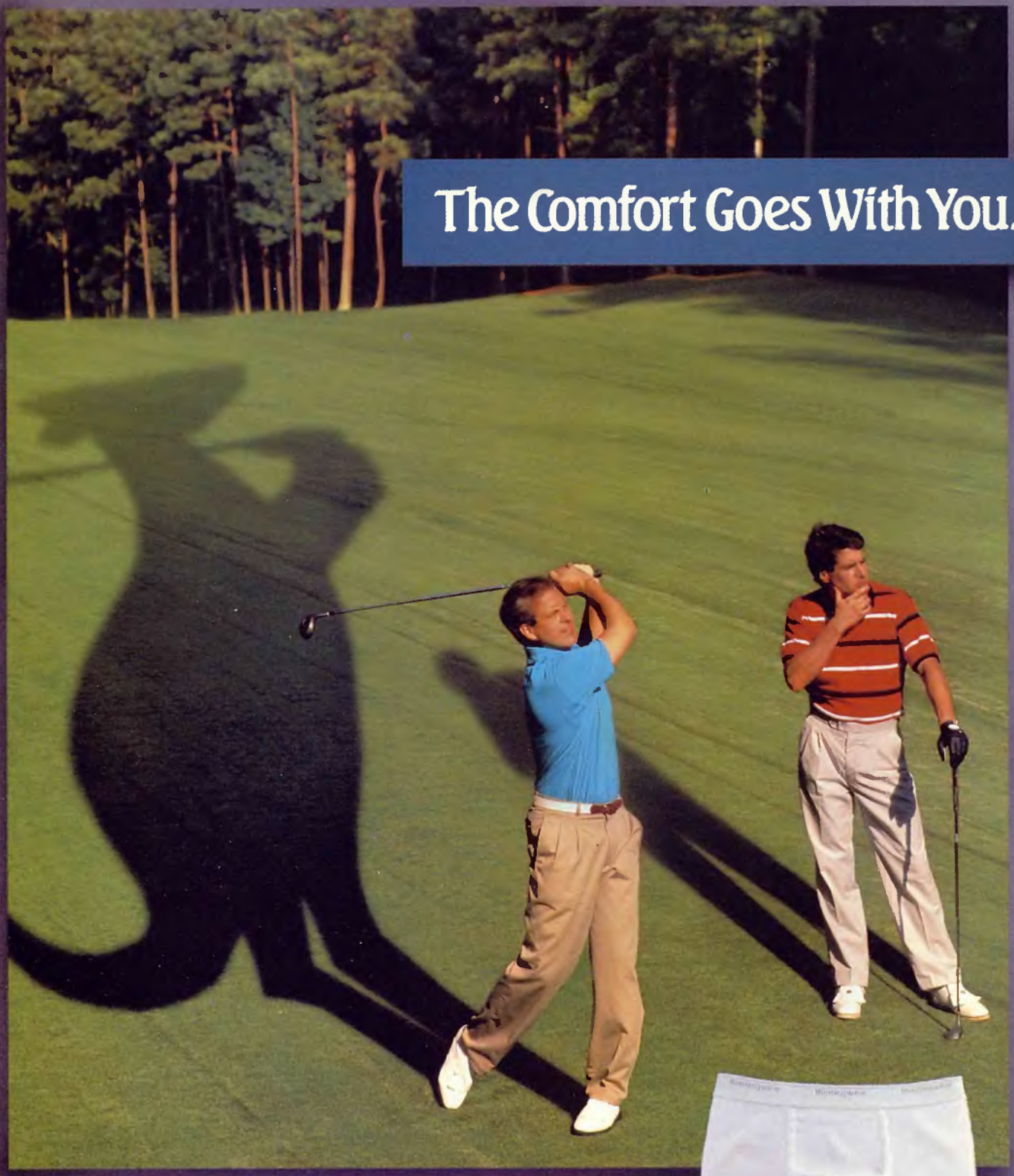

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more than the next guy."

"I think he really agonizes over the message that people get about him," says longtime friend Roy Firestone, a sportscaster on ESPN. "It's one of his obsessions. He'll deny it, but it's a fact."

Costas denies it. He respects well-informed constructive criticism, he says, but objects to mindless cheap shots. "You could go on forever about what's wrong with TV sports: the shallowness, the inanities, the hype, TV's part in the corruption and crassness of modern sports. But sometimes writers take their understandable resentment and misgivings about television and project them indiscriminately onto anybody who's in front of the camera. There are people in TV sports whose work, for the most part, separates them from the general tone of things. Those people deserve the respect implicit in well-reasoned, specific praise and criticism and shouldn't be sneered at or unfairly characterized just because it fits somebody's stereotypical notion about what people who work in television must be like."

A 1989 *Sports Illustrated* commentary by Franz Lidz railed against network sportscasters who "never say anything" meaningful and, worse, "don't stand for anything." Lidz mentioned Al Michaels and Marv Albert but cited Costas as the prime offender, claiming he is "so used to slinging flutterball wisecracks that he won't throw the hard stuff."

Costas was outraged. "This was a dishonest, irresponsible piece," he said. "Here's a guy presuming to lecture about journalism. In the process, he violates every precept not only of journalism but, more importantly, of basic fair dealing, one human being to another.

"Since when," Costas wants to know, "does objecting to falsehoods and wildly out-of-context quotes equal being too sensitive to criticism?"

Frank Deford, who left *Sports Illustrated* to start *The National* and who now writes for *Newsweek*, thinks Lidz's evaluation of Costas was "one hundred eighty degrees wrong." The article, he says, should never have been published: "I'm amazed that it got through." Even so, Deford believes that Costas has a blind spot. "For some reason," he says, "Bob just doesn't rationally, logically understand that anybody who sits there and makes the money that he does and gets the attention that he does is going to have a certain amount of envy directed at him, and you just have to roll with those punches. It is his Achilles heel. If anything will drive him out, it's that."

•

Costas' success in so many different venues—all at the same time—baffles the brass at NBC. They know they have a likable, talented broadcaster on their hands. But how best to use him?

Sure, he has *Later* and *NFL Live* and hosts NBC's pro-basketball coverage. But that hardly seems enough, so NBC has considered showcasing him in other ways. Prime-time specials, perhaps. Maybe an occasional sports piece on Tom Brokaw's newscast. He has filled in for Bryant Gumbel on *Today* several times. (For a while, rumor had Costas heading for a full-time chair on the show, a position for which he insists he is ill-suited, claiming he would rather have his hair set aflame than have to rise at four in the morning.)

Former NBC producer John Filippelli says, "I don't know anybody else in this business who could host *Nightline* and then loosen the tie, open the jacket, go to another studio and sit in for David Letterman."

"The business," says O'Neil, "has such an appetite for programing on all fronts—entertainment, sports, news, you name it—that people in my position, seeing someone as capable as Bob is, are naturally going to load him down like a packhorse until his knees buckle. But that hasn't happened yet."

Buckle, no. Quiver, yes. During 1989, with pregnant wife Randy and three-year-old son Keith at home in St. Louis, Costas was toiling in New York or on the road at least two thirds of the time. That summer, Randy delivered a baby girl, Taylor. A few months later, she told her husband he wasn't spending enough time at home. Costas agreed and informed NBC his schedule had to be streamlined. He spends more time at home now, especially since his family temporarily moved to New Canaan, Connecticut, last September so he could be closer to NBC's New York headquarters during the preparation for the Olympics. The Costases plan to return to St. Louis soon after the games end.

•

On a blustery spring day, Costas is anchoring NBC's sports coverage from the network's studios in New York. "Did I get the Dodgers-Phils game backward?" he asks after sending the telecast back to

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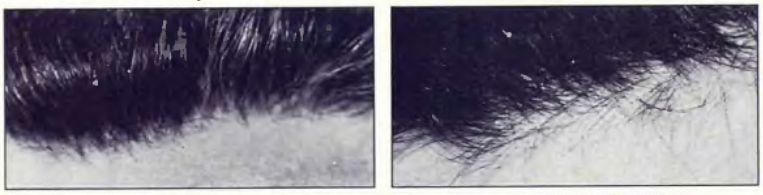

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Marv Albert in Reno for more boxing. Thumbing through index cards inscribed with results, he'd had three minutes to familiarize himself with 12 baseball games before reporting them on the air. The score in question is a late result from the previous night. He reported that the Dodgers won at Philadelphia, when in fact the Phils won in L.A. The index card was wrong. He mutters under his breath, grabs a newspaper and angrily turns pages. "Where's the game story?" he fumes. The game ended too late to make the paper. Somebody hands him a copy of another newspaper. Same problem. He throws it down in disgust. "I need a game story on last night's Dodgers-Phillies," he shouts. "We will correct that when we go on again." He takes a deep breath and walks out.

For the rest of the afternoon, Costas weaves in and out of NBC's sports programing, bringing viewers current with other developments. He ad-libs almost all of it, marshaling the right words in precisely the right order, never a hem or a haw, a stutter or a botched pronunciation. As he leaves the studio shortly after six P.M., however, it is not the things he did to perfection that occupy him, it is the mistake on the Dodgers-Phils score.

Fortunately, there is little time to brood. By the next day, when he will spend the afternoon at NBC taping interviews for *Later*, he must be conversant with the career particulars and current projects of Timothy Busfield, Ted Koppel, Roy Blount Jr. and Jerry Seinfeld. With baseball and old movies on the tube for company, he sequesters himself in a hotel room and plows through research until the wee hours.

Another day, same week, Costas initiates the morning with a 60-minute limousine ride out of Manhattan to the Connecticut Golf Club for a charity tournament. He agreed to play in the event months earlier, but today he is in no mood to play golf. He got only four hours' sleep the night before, he has a cold and the weather is miserable.

Mercifully, the tournament is canceled because of wet grounds, but lunch is still on. He joins a table that includes CBS sportscaster Jim Nantz, New York sportswriter Mike Lupica and a surgeon who has paid $400 for the 18 holes of golf he is not going to play with these celebrities. Costas and Lupica dominate a discussion about the worth of broadcasters to their employers. Hypothetical salaries are thrown around. The figures have seven digits. The surgeon, who has been sitting quietly, suddenly pipes up, "I'm in the wrong field. Surgeons can't make anything like that."

"But you're dealing only with people's vital organs," Costas explains earnestly. "I'm trying to get their earned-run averages correct."

 (continued from page 86)

"'No way,' she sang, performing impromptu dance steps, 'I'm too young to be saddled and tamed.'"

He was so grateful that he almost said "I love you" back, but then caught himself just in the nick of time.

•

Next day, she was feeling cocky and obnoxious. "Teach me to hunt. I want to kill harmless little animals."

"Please, I hunt alone."

"I want to fuck you and then kill things and then fuck you again."

"Don't be so melodramatic."

She folded her arms, slumped forward and clammed up.

He relented. "Why do you really want to hunt?"

"Oh, for God's sake, don't be so dense. I'm being sarcastic."

He observed her while she stewed, perhaps the most erotic woman he'd ever met. Correction: The situation and the age difference made her so. A criminal liaison. Her sloppy blouse drifted off one shoulder and he was mesmerized by the soft line of her collarbone. She had full, pouty lips, always atremble from the intensity of her anger, nerves, insecurity—feelings.

"Hunting is sort of . . ." he said, hesitating, but couldn't think of a better word, "sacred to me."

"Oh, cut the bullshit, man," she said, laughing, mocking him. "Sacred, no less. You're so totally bogus."

But even while speaking, she reached out to tweak his nose in a cheerfully seductive gesture.

That afternoon, as she came out toting her gear and approached the truck, he blurted, "What the hell is *that*?"

"What the hell does it look like?"

"It looks like your violin case."

She licked the top of her finger and poked it against his forehead. "Congratulations, you get a gold star."

He said, "You don't take a violin grouse hunting."

"I am not grouse hunting. You are."

After a perplexed beat, he said, "You're crazy."

She gave him a sly, challenging look. Then she reached for his right wrist and lifted his hand. She fitted his index finger in her mouth and formed an O around it with her lips. Her taunting eyes directly engaged him while she sucked lightly. Then she pushed back the wrist, freeing his finger. Her little smile gave him a surprisingly erotic start.

"No, I'm not," she said.

And he believed her.

•

To get there, they had to climb. At first, it was steep and moderately difficult. Young aspens and alders, head-high corn lilies and huge dying cow parsnips made the trail seem almost tropical. She held his hand for a minute while singing a Grateful Dead tune. Her voice, though young, had a faint and alluring rasp:

Driving that train
High on cocaine,
Casey Jones you'd better
Watch your speed.

Then she broke away, gamboling ahead, so ripe in tantalizing energy that he almost cried out in delight.

Later, they zigzagged between baby spruce trees no higher than their shoulders. He stopped once to point out blue gentians; again to expose the fruit on a thimbleberry; and a third time to ponder a flurry of baby bugs on the underside of an *oshá* leaf. When they paused, she hugged him like an affectionate puppy and nibbled on one ear or the other. Then she plucked the leaf or the flower and slipped it carefully between the pages of her yellow notebook after writing down its name.

It was hard on his heart, however. Despite the medicines, he could barely breathe and had to proceed slowly to avoid fibrillations. Soon she began to forge ahead 30 or 40 yards, then wait impatiently for him to arrive. He grinned wistfully when he caught up. Sometimes she gave him a little peck on the cheek, other times she asked him, "How's the old ticker?"

Invariably, he replied, "Oh, I can't complain."

Teasing, she rubbed close against him and cupped his genitals. She breathed into his ear and licked the lobe—instantly, he went hard.

She laughed, "Uh, oh, trouble in River City," and pranced off, swinging around the aspens and hopping over dead logs.

"Wait up," he cried in mock agony. "Don't leave me."

"No way," she sang, performing impromptu dance steps that were fetchingly self-conscious, "I'm too young to be saddled and tamed."

Suddenly, she whirled around, hanging onto a sapling and balanced on tiptoes, laughing. A butterfly flip-flapped between them. She stuck out her tongue and gave a tantalizing wiggle of her hips. When he reached her, they kissed, but only for an instant: *ping*—then gone.

"I'm tired," he said. "And I need a little break."

So they sat in the grass eating apples. A red squirrel chattered. A tall tree was creaking like a mast under the weight of old-fashioned rigging.

"I didn't believe you would ever write me back," she said. "I figured it wasn't even a one-in-a-billion chance. And then, when the letter arrived and I saw the return address—wow! I almost fainted, I really did. What a coup! I must've read that letter a hundred times. I was walking around on air, in a daze, really. You know what I kept doing? Every night, I made up scenarios of us together and I masturbated. It wasn't what you might think, though—my fantasies. We never made love. We would be walking some place hand in hand, wearing old sweaters and kicking up autumn leaves. I had this, like, *totally* psycho happiness I can't explain. We never took our clothes off, but Jesus, my feeling for you was tremendous. I was levitating above the bed, it was so powerful."

"That's pretty hard to live up to," he said with a rueful smile. "Reality must be a letdown."

"When you walked into the café, I almost died. I don't know how the words came out of my mouth. Inside, I was paralyzed."

"You didn't seem that way."

"I've never been that shaken in my life."

He admitted, "Me, too."

She revealed, "When I'm scared, I act pretty obnoxious. I'm sorry."

"It's OK."

They squeezed each other. It popped into his head: *I could have a child with this woman*.

Then it popped out of his head at the speed of light.

•

"Jesus!"

A grouse flushed out of the spruce tree with a shocking clatter of wings. It headed downhill past them through aspens at what seemed like a hundred miles an hour. His first shot kicked loose tail feathers; the second shot disemboweled the bird and it crumpled, bouncing off the white tree trunks on its way to the ground.

She had dropped to all fours and was now squatting, hands over her ears, astonished and mortified. She did not move while he went over and picked up the bloody bundle. The bird was ruined because he had shot it at such close range.

"God, that happened so fast," she said.

"It always does."

"It scared the living daylights out of me."

"Me, too. Never fails."

"That was an incredible shot. I'm impressed. I don't believe your quick reactions."

"Usually, I miss. I'm not very good."

Her eyes changed in a wink, going frosty. "If there's one thing I hate, it's

false humility. Phony modesty."

He laughed and told her, "You'll see."

"Of course. Now, just to prove that you're always right, you'll deliberately miss on purpose."

He faced away from her and bit his tongue. Her abrupt swings in mood were disconcerting. Given half a chance, most of his life, he walked a mile out of his way to avoid any confrontations.

A confused deer wandered into the clearing, stopped, pricked its enormous ears, took their measure, then skipped sideways and vanished.

"Have you ever killed a deer?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Too big, maybe."

"You kill fish and doves and grouse—why not deer?"

"Not deer, not bear, not bobcats, not mountain lion, not elk."

"Do you get off on being so righteous about that moral position? Choosing what to kill, what not to? I bet you don't screw married women, either. What makes a grouse less sacred than a deer? Do you get off on playing God?"

"Not at all."

"A fish is no different from a mountain lion," she said. "It's a living thing."

In a gesture of truce, he placed his hand across her breasts. With a toss of her head, she shook him off. Then she finally realized, "Yuk, what did you *do* to that bird?"

"It was too close. The pattern hadn't begun to spread."

She lifted her shirt and ordered him to paint her tits with his bloody fingers. Afterward, when he washed his hands in a nearby spring, the water was so cold it made his wrists hurt. They tingled for almost 15 minutes.

•

She nuzzled under his chin and slipped her hand into his trousers. "Actually, that was pretty groovy, dude. It happened so fast and noisy. You killed it without thinking, death was so *quick*. I hate to admit this, but it's kind of a turn-on. You're a coldhearted bastard, aren't you?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, damn you." She pulled away. "Don't you have even one honest response in your body? Tell me the truth."

He cast his eyes to the ground, frustrated, sad and fatigued. The truth? Which truth?

The truth was that he did not think of himself as cold-blooded. The truth was that he felt compassion toward almost everybody and everything. The truth was that he hunted carefully and had spent most of his life working on behalf of the environment, wildlife habitat, the wretched of the earth. He had contradictions, certainly, but never thought of himself as cruel. Of course, anyone can make a case for anything against anybody. Defending yourself is usually taken as an admission of guilt. So he let her comments ride.

•

Toward evening, he rested on a log and had a sip of water, then bit into an apple. She clicked open the violin case and removed her instrument and a bow. She twisted the adjusting nut to tighten the horsehair, then rubbed a piece of rosin against the filaments.

Walking off a ways, she said, "At least one of us should apologize to the forest gods for killing that poor critter." Then she began to play. The blues tune caught him completely by surprise. It had never occurred to him that she might be *good*. The violin had never been mentioned in any of her letters. And yet the notes she produced were absolutely clean and controlled and they bent off the strings with a heartrending emotional clairvoyance.

She dipped and weaved a little, but nothing flamboyant, nothing to call attention. The moment her bow had started to shape that first note, she became a professional.

She played a melody not of this world. It was haunting, imbued with a melancholy ache, a bit slurred, like the voice of Billie Holiday. He shook his head, unable to comprehend how this girl in glasses, a sloppy sweat shirt, nondescript shorts and fancy aerobics sneakers could produce such an incongruous yet wonderful moment.

When she stopped, he asked, "What was that?"

She came over, squatted in front of him, gave a daffy and self-conscious smile, then leaned forward and licked the tip of his nose.

"I just call it *Blues for a Decent Guy*."

He said, "Oh."

Almost plaintively, she wondered, "Do you think I'll be able to love the real you as much as I love the paper person?"

•

Halfway down the mountain, they stopped, puzzled by an angrily chattering red squirrel on a branch beside the road. Its complaint was aimed toward a spot deeper into the forest.

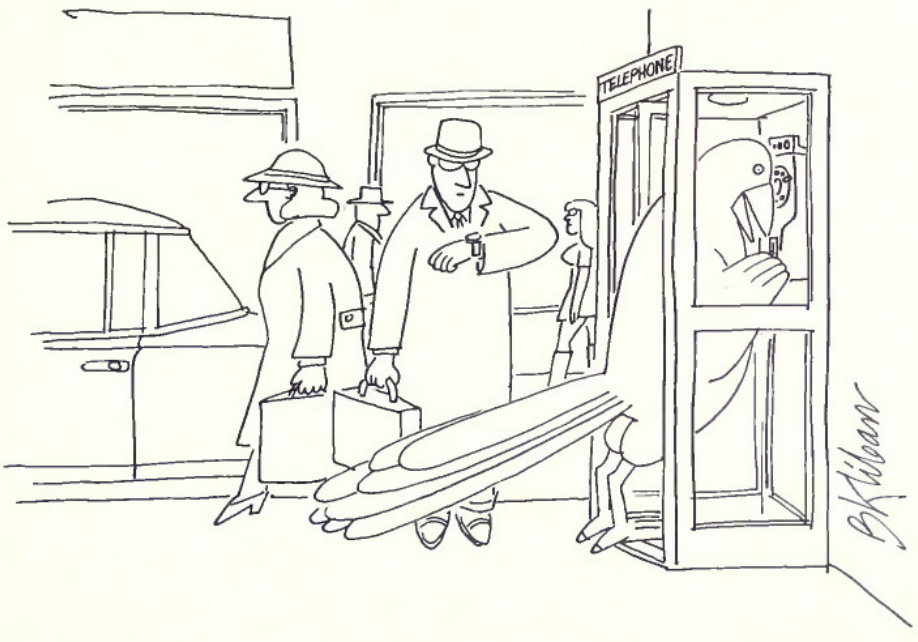
"Oh, look——" She caught her breath.

A large hunchbacked bird hopped onto a dead log, giving an awkward flap of its wings to maintain balance. The head stared at them, flared like a cobra. The red squirrel scolded at a shrill pitch, but the bird seemed oblivious. Both humans confronted its eyes and the hawk returned their attention, unblinking. A goshawk, he realized, only the third one he'd ever seen.

When it shifted higher onto the log, they spotted a clump of red in its talons. Three minutes passed in a standstill, until the raptor lifted its wings, flapped once and was airborne, headed directly at them. It flew out of the trees and crossed the road about ten feet away, clutching a dead squirrel whose tail whisked against grasses in passing. In silence, the hawk reentered the closely bunched aspen saplings and alders near the creek. It threaded between all those impediments despite a wingspan that must have been four feet. Gliding as if inessential—a ghost—it disappeared into thicker timber . . . gone.

•

A few days later, they went fishing. She was in a chipper mood, forging ahead on the path, sashaying back to him, giving little shoulder punches, sticking her tongue into his ear, whispering naughty propositions. It was about two miles from the rim of the gorge down to the river. Large pinecones littered the trail;



"Operator, I'd like to make another bird call."

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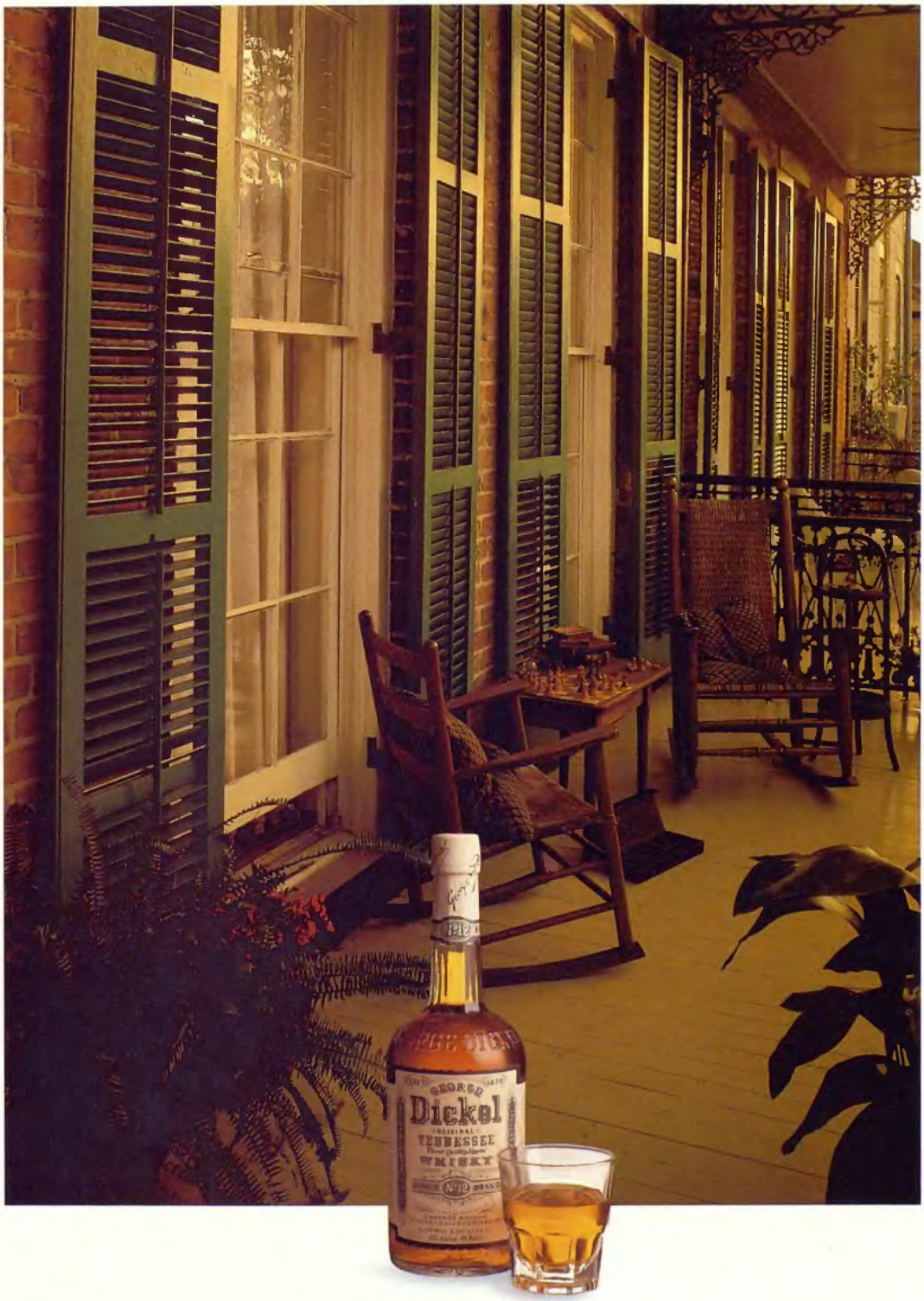

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GEORGE DICKEL Nº 12

juniper trees were heavy with blue berries. They stopped at his favorite giant ponderosa and got a whiff of the bark. It smelled strong, like vanilla.

The air was warm and languid after the rains. She rubbed against him. He fondled her in all the appropriate places. She laughed and danced away. "Let's build it up to a fever pitch, and then go crazy."

A moment later, he pointed: "There's a buzzard." Then he told her that the birds singing in piñon trees below them were Townsend's solitaires.

She hooked her hand through his arm and laid her head against his shoulder. "Do you love me?" she asked.

"Yes . . . I love you," he answered.

She squeezed him a little, gently.

For almost 20 years he had fished the river and knew it well. He used only a few simple flies, tied by a friend, and moved quickly among the boulders heading upstream. Casting only to trout in eddies or to holding spots behind rocks in midstream, he passed up most of the water that was either too deep or too fast for his style. He used a tail fly and one dropper, fished almost on the surface, sometimes with a natural drift, or else skittered across the water. He danced easily across the massive basalt boulders, which were often more than ten feet high and shiny slick from the pummelings of previous springtime runoffs. She was more uncertain of her balance and fell behind. "Hey," she cried, "you're supposed to be sick and dizzy! Wait up!" But on the river, he was in a familiar element and the rhythm and momentum were important to his joy.

"What happens if you fall?" she asked, catching up, breathless and a trifle shaken.

"I never think of that," he said. "I'm not afraid of anything down here."

The water was tinged a faintly green hue. It moved fast, splashing against the numerous boulders, roaring loudly, so they had to shout to hear each other. But once into it, he became all concentration and quit talking. He always checked out pockets on the near shore first, flicking his small badger flies across the eddies and onto any quiet and shallow water behind a rock, or into crevices where foam had gathered. He missed the first two hits, but hooked a brown trout on the third. It went into the air once and then swooped downriver in fast, splashing water. He doubled back downstream past the girl and worked the fish quickly into a quieter pool, then guided it to his net. She came over as he removed the hook, then held the foot-long trout beneath the surface, moving it forward and back, running water through the gills. When he let go, the fish slipped sideways, caught by the current, and was sucked into turbulent darkness.

She said, "You're good at this, aren't you?"

"If the conditions are right for my style, yes, I'm good at it. If conditions are bad, I'm a total flop. I hate to add weight for nymphing."

In the next 45 minutes, he landed and released over a dozen fish: The largest was about 15 inches. His rhythm was fast and precise and fanatical. In almost the same motion that he released a fish, he would straighten up and be casting again. He laughed each time he failed and moved on to the next position.

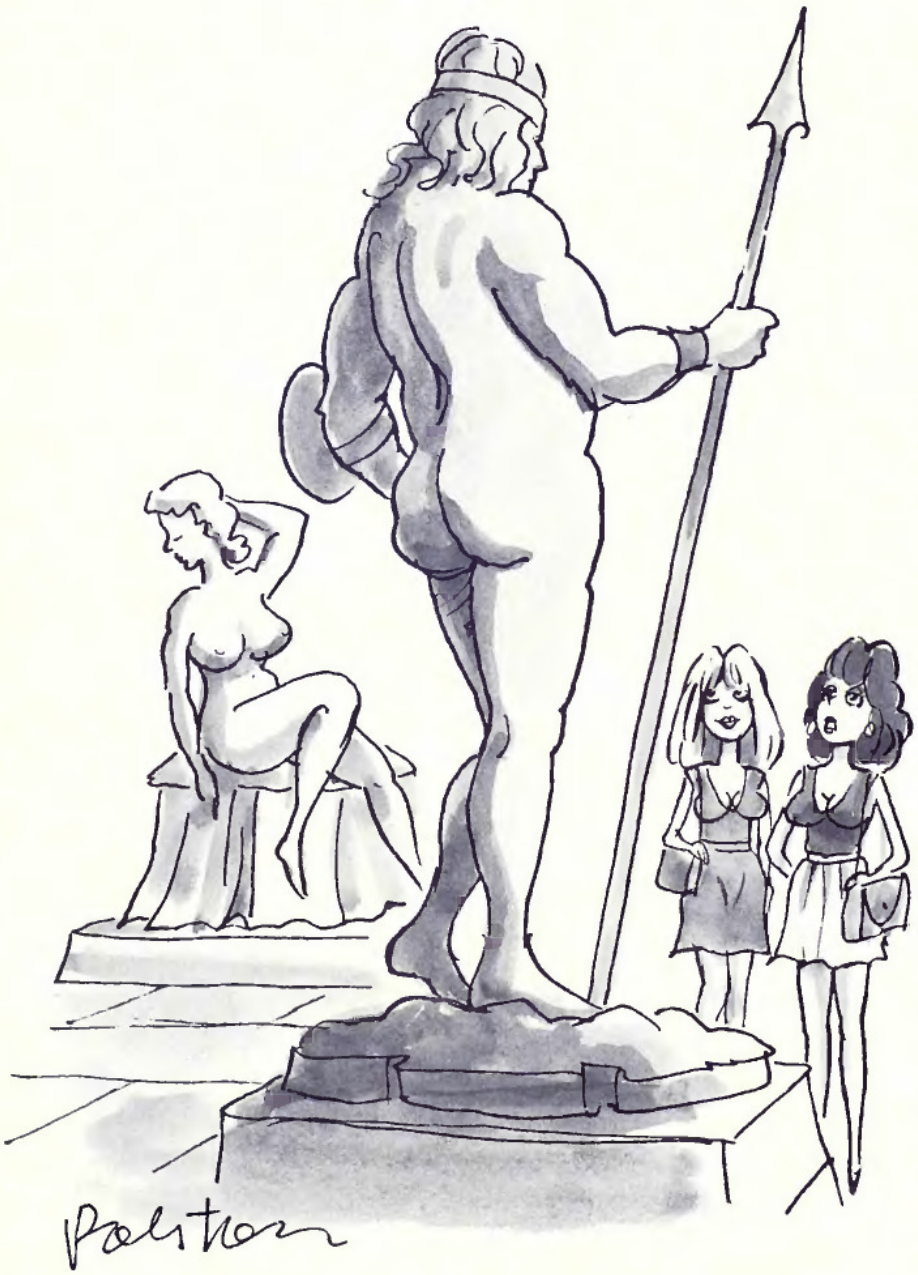
He felt absolutely comfortable, happy, on top of the world. And he had no idea if the girl was still behind him.

•

With darkness, sagebrushes became hulking shapes. He took down his rod and slipped the reel into his knapsack. They reached a path above the river and started hiking out of the gorge on a carpet of pine needles. At the arsenic spring, they drank fresh water and shared a chocolate bar. She kissed him lightly and said, "Thank you."

It was a long way to the top and he climbed slowly. She reined in her energy and stayed beside him. A bright half moon blotted out most of the individual stars except those in the Big Dipper. And they could faintly discern a gauze of twinkles running north and south above the gorge—the Milky Way. In the west, a bank of popcorn-shaped clouds had an eerie fluorescent sheen.

Now that the adrenaline had subsided, he was exhausted; they halted often.



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Several times she asked, "Are you OK?"

"Fit as a fiddle."

But even taking small steps and resting at regular intervals, he had trouble. The heart was bouncing around. His fatigued legs trembled, his calves came near to cramping. At each *descanso*, he leaned on his rod case and either gazed down at the river or up at the sky.

She said, "Let's sit down here and take a long breather."

"No, no, I can make it fine. We're almost there."

At the top, they sat on the Dodge tailgate eating cucumber, Swiss cheese and turkey sandwiches on dark German rye bread. They washed down the food with ice-cold beer. His hands were frozen, probably because of the blood-thinner pills, but he said nothing. His legs ached, but the food and beer tasted so good that he would have sat there as long as the flavor lasted.

She said, "Do you think you could live with a person like me? Could you move to a college town? Would you follow me if I went to graduate school at Chapel Hill or Iowa?"

He knew how, but did not know how, to answer the question.

•

That night, they made love like this:

He entered her and then hardly moved. They were kissing almost without touching lips. Her fingers puttered against his shoulders as if reading braille, as if a faint electricity that only she could detect was wriggling off his skin. He pressed his mouth against her neck just below an ear and licked, tasting a fragrance not quite there. They were careful to be unsudden and thoughtful. When they shifted, the sheet rippled, cool and passive, stroking with clean white folds. After a while, his tongue traced narrow paths across her body, in no hurry, avoiding all the obvious places. Still, wherever he went hurt like blessed needles. Her fingers rested in his hair, not guiding, merely touching. She felt frail as a mouse pressed down upon by weightless boulders, blissfully violated by an instrument of loving torture. The time to gloat was later. Quietly, he wrapped her hair around his fists, taking his own sweet time. Then slowly he bent her head backward, almost underneath her body, straining to snap the neck. She arched her torso to the breaking point without a murmur or complaint. In her heart, and in her cunt, a singing reached crescendo. . . .

"God, I love you," she gasped.

"I love you, too," she thought she heard him answer.

•

Later, she was on top of him.

"What is this all about?" he asked.

"Risk."

"I think it might be evil."

"Evil is exciting, you'll have to admit."

She poked her sharp fingernail into the exact center of his left nipple and pressed down until it hurt, but of course, he did not flinch. Then she placed her finger parallel between his teeth and said, "Bite me."

He bit down along the length of her finger but not very hard.

"Harder."

He increased the pressure a little.

She said, "Mephistopheles was the most intelligent angel. That's why he was banished. Any brilliant person over the centuries would rather have lived in hell. Heaven is boring. The moral universe is a dull universe. Who wants to be good? Harder."

"I said, I don't want to hurt you."

"And *I* said harder."

He obliged. She put her left hand around his throat and squeezed, not too tightly, but enough to cause some discomfort. His right hand grasped her wrist but made no effort yet to remove the hand at his throat.

"I'm going to have an exciting life. I like everything full tilt. I don't care if I burn out early. You and me are two of a kind. Harder."

"No."

"Obey me, you fuck."

As his teeth clamped down more tightly, the fingers of her left hand dug into his throat, almost making him choke. He grasped her wrist more securely. Her eyes glittered.

She said, "I saw this Japanese film once, called *In the Realm of the Senses*."

"I saw it, too."

"What did you think of it?"

"I liked it."

"Why?"

"I guess I felt that, in a way, I understood."

"I envied them. I envied the dude when she strangled him. I envied her when she was sawing off his cock. I envied their obsession and their passion and their willingness to follow it right straight down into hell."

"Yes."

"You're not hurting me enough, you wimp."

Her fingers tightened, he gagged a little and said, "If I break the skin, you'll get an infection. Also, I could fracture the bone."

"I hope so. Something to remember you by. Our time is flying."

"No." His voice rasped out against the pressure of her thumb on his windpipe. Tears squeezed from her eyes.

She said, "You're a coward, a wuss, I despise you. Everything you do is playacting, nothing is real, you have courage only in your books. You pretend to be bad, but you're just a little boy in short pants. Your passion isn't real, it's make-believe. You're hopelessly old-fashioned. You always play it safe. You ditch women before the going gets tough. You're afraid to be evil. You're like a devil in Triple-A ball who will never make it

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid that all our investment programs involve your giving us some money."

to the majors."

He yanked her hand from his throat and spit out her finger. She held the crippled hand against her chest, whimpering, grinning maliciously through her tears.

He said, "That was stupid. It had nothing to do with love."

"Wanna bet?"

•

Toward the end of her stay, they drove up north to hunt doves on flatlands near the Colorado border.

They followed a line along the old cottonwoods, she on the eastern edge in shadow, he on the west with a gun. Small birds darted among the willow thickets—juncos, sparrows, some migrating warblers. They flushed a Cooper's hawk, nothing else. The hawk circled and landed in the same place behind them, unafraid.

The cottonwoods met a stand of willows in a V at the point of a triangle. Within the triangle were several acres of chest-high flowering rabbit brush. They turned, heading southwest toward the sun. The sky was magnificent. A complete rainbow arced over the nearby mountains. Enormous gray and white clouds were bursting in vibrant explosions of vapor behind the sierra. Between clouds, the sky was a periwinkle blue.

He'd never seen a rainbow like this one, which held its colors even against patches of blue. Not a single break flawed the arc, even where no moisture was visible. Lightning flickered over the mountains. The bright wet-sulfur-yellow of rabbit-brush flowers was gaudy and sensational in the sunset light. High above, against the rainbow, several dozen nighthawks were soaring. Closer by, first a red-tailed hawk passed overhead, then a Cooper's, then a sharp-shinned, eyeing them lazily, unafraid.

He said, "Jesus, this is gorgeous."

"I think gaudy is a more appropriate adjective."

Eagerly, he said, "Let's go over to that grass and make love."

She snorted. "Surely you jest."

He opened his side-by-side, removed the shells, set down the gun and raised both hands in a gesture that encompassed the universe.

"You *never* saw a sky like this!"

"In every cornball National Geographic special, I see a sky like this."

"I feel sorry for your generation," he said, not unkindly. "I grew up in an age where it was a thrill to be awed."

"There you go again: Mr. Superior."

"But doesn't this"—and he waved his hand at everything—"touch you in any way at all?"

"Like a Walt Disney movie, sure. We ought to play a little Barry Manilow in the background."

Putting an arm around her shoulders, he bent his head and nuzzled at the nape of her neck. She smelled fuzzy, of dust and of sunshine. Also slightly medicinal—sage. He licked, tasting salt. She squirmed. "That tickles."

On the other side of the cottonwoods, a hawk shrieked. Sparrows in nearby branches froze for about five seconds, then recommenced their twittering.

•

When the rainbow evaporated, dark clouds massed together and lightning flashed even more emphatically. Out in the open, he was terrified of electrical storms, and here they were totally exposed.

"Let's take a powder." He shuffled forward at a quicker pace. The truck was parked near an arroyo about half a mile away.

"What's the hurry?" she called gaily, deliberately lagging behind.

"I don't want to be fried alive."

"I love lightning." She reached up to touch it with eager fingers.

"Hey, come on. Don't be stupid."

He knew that from the rear, his gait must look farcical, but it was as fast as he could travel. He could not push the heart any harder. Hunched over to make himself less of a target, he heard her peals of laughter.

"You look like a lobster!" she called.

"Move it or lose it," he cried, humiliated by the growing distance between them. He knew it was OK to be afraid but that didn't help. The truck was still a good hundred yards distant. The lolly-gagger was strolling with her head held high, a perfect target. As he glanced back, jagged streaks of electricity danced behind her and his neck hair frizzed in terror. The explosions seemed to ignite her, but she never twitched. He could love her so much it broke his heart. No, not love, he corrected, scrambling as fast as he dared toward safety. Excitement. That's all it was, excitement.

"Now I want to fuck!" she yelled. "Right here, right now. If you refuse, we'll never screw again."

By the time he reached the truck, the landscape was black, brooding, ominous. A few raindrops spattered. He shed the pack, dropped his gun behind the seat, then grabbed it again and removed the shells. He placed the gunnysack with eight doves in it into the bed and hopped behind the wheel—safe!

She came along walking deliberately, apparently out for a stroll, obnoxiously unafraid. More lightning cavorted jaggedly behind her. *Oh, Jesus*, he prayed, *don't let her die*. Another part of him wished for her fiery doom. He wondered, How long can she keep it up before her spirit is broken?

He remembered being 20 and dancing through blizzards wearing only a T-shirt.

At the truck, while she took her own sweet time climbing inside the cab, he couldn't help himself: "Thank God you

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made it. I hate lightning. It terrifies me."

"So I noticed."

"On the other hand," he said, hoping to sound jocular, "only a pretty dumb cunt would expose herself like you just did."

He expected her to lash back. But, as always, she outfoxed him, impossible to predict. "Actually, I was terrified," she admitted. "I just wanted to see if I could do it. I wanted to make you feel small. But look, I peed in my pants."

•

He twisted the cap off a beer. Yes, he was taking verapamil and Quinaglute and Coumadin to control the heart arrhythmia and keep his blood thin, and the doctors had forbidden alcohol. But he loved to drink, especially an ice-cold beer after the hunt, and a long time ago had decided to hell with it. Sometimes, reacting to the Quinaglute, alcohol gave him a terrible headache. But for a while beforehand, the treat would be exquisite.

She put ice, vodka and diet cola into a Styrofoam cup. They touched cups.

"To September."

She grinned broadly. "To your corny rainbow."

A gusting wind rocked the truck in its blustery gales. Rain, quickening into a noisy deluge, clattered against the metal roof. It all happened so quickly and contained the violence of a nasty blow. Lightning lit up everything, slashing to earth in many places at once. The truck shivered. Thunder ruptured heaven directly overhead, then all hell broke loose, hailstones slamming down.

"Christ almighty!" he yelled, but he couldn't even hear himself. Lightning flashed almost continually on every side, white hot and electric, flung earthward by the booming. Visibility ceased entirely except for those electric shocks quivering inside the massive pounding of hail. The noise was unbearable. His heart thundered, terrified. Ice balls big as his thumb pummeled the front hood, bouncing in all directions. All he could think to wonder was, Do rubber tires protect you in a car? He made sure not to touch the door or the steering wheel, which might conduct electricity. He was so afraid he wanted to burst out crying.

When she grabbed the cooler that sat between them and banged open her door to tumble it out, dozens of icy white bullets ricocheted inside, stinging his thighs. She hauled shut the door, then pulled off her T-shirt and wriggled out of her shorts and panties. Deliriously happy, yelling at him who was deaf from the battering noise, she pointed at her crotch, then reached out, leaning back, and pulled him between her thighs.

"You're crazy!" he bellowed, still unable to hear himself.

Her lips moved as she screamed back inaudibly. The truck was shaking frantically as if the next mighty gust would tumble it over. They were reflected against each other in cascades of brilliantly sizzling light.

She was so wet he almost fell inside. God, he was scared! She screamed at full decibels, unhearable, and the thunderstruck world rocked as they made love.

•

It stopped on a dime. The wind quit, the clatter abated, the lightning receded. Thunder rumbled from a distance, saying goodbye. As if in mockery, streaks of sunshine lighted up a different planet: All around them lay the white of winter—at least two inches of hail. And a silence that seemed devoid of noise. The temperature had dropped remarkably.

He said, "I don't believe it."

Naked, she opened the door and got out, standing beside the truck for a moment. Then she leaned inside, reaching behind the seat and lifted out his gun case. She unzipped it, removed the L.C. Smith and laid the case on the seat. She broke open the gun and inserted two shells, then stood a while longer beside the truck, scanning the countryside now so radically altered. Several doves flew quickly down the arroyo. The sky boasted a thousand cloud formations. In spots, sunshine glittered blindingly off white ice.

She meandered about 30 yards in front of the truck and hesitated. Her young body was firm, slightly chunky, powerful. *The world exists only for 20-year-olds*, he thought. He realized he would never forget this naked girl holding a gun in all that empty space, silhouetted against the sky. He had a camera, but dared not risk a photograph.

She raised the gun and pointed skyward, sighting. He followed her line: A large hawk was circling. He was thinking *Of course she won't pull the trigger* when she fired. Feathers puffed around the raptor and it flapped its enormous wings heavily, holding in place until her second blast took its life. The wings went lax and the redtail fell to earth like a rock trailing feathers against the radiant sky. White beads of hail splashed in all directions when it smashed to earth.

His heart had dived with the hawk.

She sauntered over and took an arrogant stance above it, looking down. Then she broke open the gun and settled it in the crook of her arm as she stooped, lifting her prize. She faced him, spreading the wings, displaying the enormous sagging hawk in an irreverent posing attitude: *Look at my macho trophy.*

He was too stunned to react. She grinned and held the painful grin for a long time. A huge black rain cloud was forming behind her. Finally, he heard her voice:

"Hey, look at me. I *got* it!"

As slowly, mischievously, she walked back under his dazed eye, he could think only that he hated her. And had a question to ask: Why? She dumped the corpse into the pickup bed, then leaned into the cab to retrieve her clothes and dressed slowly, pausing often to regard the ever-changing weather conditions. Her skin was blue and goose-pimply, but she refused to acknowledge the discomfort. She was enjoying his confusion. At least a half dozen other hawks circled above the fields of stubble, seeking prey.

After she had entered the truck, shut the door and started mixing another vodka, he said quietly, "Get rid of it."

"No."

"You don't know how against the law it is to kill one of those. We'd be fined a million dollars."

"You're not telling me anything I don't know."

"It would be awful. Front-page news in all the papers."

"So what?"

"For starters, they'd crucify me."

"Do you ever think of anyone except yourself?"

"Why did you do it?" he finally managed to ask. "To ridicule me?"

"I like the risk."

"It's a protected species."

"Precisely. I wanted to see if you'd hate me."

"It worked. I hate you."

"Good. Now you know how I feel. I was getting tired of your goody-two-shoes act. A hawk is no better or worse, or deserving of life, than a dove or a grouse or a trout."

It wasn't hatred, actually; it was more like a profound despair. He had a strong urge to cry. He also had an erection.

"You really can't take it home with us."

"Says who?"

He stepped outside, retrieved the hawk and carried it over to a cluster of willow saplings. The bird weighed less than he would have expected. All its bones were hollow, most of its bulk was feathers. Sick at heart, he tossed it unceremoniously into the thicket. A smaller hawk, circling overhead, screeched. A few teal flew by quickly, heading north toward the reservoir. He hoped never to kill anything again.

•

As they headed away on a dirt road, she said, "Nothing really affects you, does it? You're dead inside. You're a complacent old fart. You're like a zombie. You're afraid to stand up for what you believe in. You're afraid to hit me. You're so fucking polite you make me puke."

Then she leaned over and opened his fly and began to suck him. Moments later, he pulled over and they made love. It was rough and spectacular. He was lost and helpless in a place he'd always wanted to visit but never had the guts to try. He raped her in hatred and she clawed him back.

Fear made the orgasms wonderful.

But as soon as it was over, she began to cry. Tears poured out of her, and though

she put on a sweat shirt and a down jacket, she couldn't keep from shivering, and her teeth chattered. When they returned to the road, he put the heater on full blast, but it did no good. Finally, he glided onto the shoulder and braked.

"Are you OK?"

"Do I look OK?"

He reached for her, but she pushed his hand away. "Leave me alone. I don't want to touch you ever again."

He said, "I'm sorry."

"Yeah, I bet you are."

•

On September 23rd, the genie returned to her bottle, and the bottle disappeared on a shuttle headed south to the airport. All she left behind was a short piece of writing faintly scented by her perfume. At first, he could not read it. Then he *would* not read it. He thought of tearing it up but resisted that temptation. Forget his personal emotions, he still possessed a professional curiosity. But he delayed the reading for a while, trying to sort through what had happened. Finally, after dark, he opened the envelope and read her story.

"X loves a man older than her father. The problem is, he's dying. He used to be young and an athlete, but of course that's all over now. None of this matters to her, however. But with him it's a great weight he cannot slide off his shoulders. He is ashamed of his own weaknesses and intimidated by her youth. Even at this late date, he still thinks it's his obligation to be immortal. She could care less and would gladly have put school, career, even her sexuality, on a back burner in order to be with him if only he had the guts to untether his passion, whatever the cost. But he fears the price will be his life and cannot muster. Almost from the start, she sees in him this reticence and realizes her heart will soon be broken. No matter, she decides to take a risk and then live with the pain forever. True love is rare enough in this day and age, and for whatever odd reasons, she feels true love for his crippled being. He fights her every step of the way, yet shares with her some of the beauty that moves him. Nevertheless, his fluttering heart is in a cage and she cannot reach it. To his credit he does not ask for pity and she has none to give. In the end, he is an empty promise and she never opens the gift of herself for him to savor. All the same, when it's over, she feels a terrible pain inside, a stab of fire and ice at the center of her being, which may never go away. Yes, X is still young and foolish, but in spite of that, she has the wisdom to realize that only rarely in her life will her own heart be touched as vividly by another person. Too bad, however—the moment is over. They made a choice, life goes on, why be bitter?"

He read the piece over several times. It made him angry—she didn't understand. Then it flustered him and made him sad. "No," he said aloud. And then, "Yes." Then he didn't know what to think about it or how to reply. He was ashamed. If only he could explain.

That night, he lay in bed unable to sleep, writing her a long letter in his mind. He apologized, then retracted the apology. Well, she was just too young, that's all. Around three A.M., he finally took a pill and fell asleep.

Next day, he wrote a long letter to the girl. He typed for almost an hour, speaking of small daily tribulations, an odd comment overheard at a café, a flock of geese that had passed high overhead while he was on his bike near the bank. He wanted to say other things but was oddly off-balance, reluctant. Of course, he asked about her health; he worried. It seemed tacky to end with great protestations of love, and so, though that was how he felt, he never mentioned it. Then he typed her address on an envelope, inserted the letter and sealed it, and pedaled over to the post office.

After the letter was gone, he wanted it back. Well, he could write another. No, it was better just to let sleeping dogs lie.

In the distance, thunder rumbled. Confused, he wondered if it might snow.

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TALKING WITH WOMEN *(continued from page 124)*

"When your girl says, 'We never talk,' it's the red flare off the sinking ship of true love."

Rule One: If your proposal has more intrinsic merit than her reason for refusing, it's a rejection.

Explanation: Every girl learns the I-have-to-baby-sit line early in puberty. It's a nice way of just saying no. If you ask a girl to go to Michael Jackson's house to spin some platters and she says she'd like to but she really has to straighten up her apartment, you can figure she's busting more than dustballs.

Rule Two: Allow for her to have a complicated life.

Explanation: When girls go to college, they learn to color their excuses in various shades of complexity, and each shade suggests a different level of rejection. Two extremes: "I have to study" is a more complete rejection than "I have an appointment with a faith healer who works miracles with problem skin." If you propose a movie and she says she has to study, it's easy to simply ask, "If I ask you to a movie again next Thursday, will you still be studying?" If she says yes, then you're out of there. The faith-healer story is what we call a nonrecurring excuse, so you can assume she really is out to have God do her zits and might like to see a movie with you when her blackheads are exorcised.

Rule Three: The more mature a woman is, the less the likelihood she's telling you a kind lie.

Explanation: Maturity can be measured in terms of self-assurance. If you ask a 21-year-old out for a drink, you might hear anything in response, and it'll take you a while to figure out what her response means. If you ask a more mature woman, say a 31-year-old, out for drinks, she'll gauge her thirst—for drinks and companionship—and give you a simple yes or no. There is value in clarity that can pay off if the relationship moves beyond the bar.

Rule Four: Assume she means what she says—or appears to be saying.

Explanation: Women are quite capable of eliminating ambiguity without your assistance. If you ask a woman to go to dinner and she says, "No, thanks, I have a boyfriend," there really isn't much room for follow-through. But if she says, "I would *love* to have dinner with you, but I just can't do it tonight," then you would be quite justified in proposing something else. If a woman's response creates honest ambiguity, then assume that ambiguity is what she had in mind, and deal with it. Or don't.

WE NEVER TALK

Part of communicating with women is *not* communicating with women. Most of the time, you can get around it. But when your girl says, "We never talk," it's the red flare off the sinking ship of true love.

When a woman says those three words, what she doesn't mean is that you never talk. What she does mean is that something is bothering her and you'd better figure out what it is.

Doing this requires a deft manipulation of mood and meaning. It's a well-mined area, however, and one light misstatement can cost you a leg. So before you say anything, make sure you have a road map of all the things you should never say.

THINGS NEVER TO TELL YOUR LOVER

The we-never-talk thing seems like such an alluring invitation to open up that many men actually say what's on their minds. Then they are taken outside into the dark parking lot of romance, where a bullet is put into their heads.

Here's a list of notions that should never be voiced, the things that will put your love life in a barrel and, in the current of conversation, carry it over a personal Niagara.

This is an extremely arbitrary list, plucked from an almost infinite catalog of sins, vices, fears, perversions, potty rituals that you should not only never tell *anyone* but should probably not even admit to yourself.

What follows, on the other hand, are the things you might actually say, rather than the ones you should try to repress.

So, here goes:

- "You know, maybe you'd *like* working out. Just to loosen up. Really," or any variant on the why-don't-you-lose-a-few-pounds theme. No matter what, never criticize your girlfriend's body. It is completely unnecessary. Women always know exactly what their bodies look like: If she's fat, she knows it. If she's skinny, she knows that. If her ass is flat, she's already spent a lifetime twisting like a living pretzel in front of full-length

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mirrors. She doesn't require your evaluation of her failings. She already knows what they are.

• "Say, did I ever tell you about the way Naomi used to slap me in the face with her giant casabas when she'd gallop on my magic pony?" This really happens: Boy meets girl, boy likes girl, girl moves in and, suddenly, one day three months into the relationship, boy finds there are two topics he absolutely cannot resist talking about. One is his old cars ("I used to drive a Lamborghini"); the other is his old girlfriends ("When I was at Syracuse, I used to boff a go-go dancer named Cheryl Lamborghini who knew Lindsay Wagner personally"). When men replay this part of their personal history, women roll their eyes and wait for the old "nothing compares to you" routine. Women don't want to know about your ancient case of crabs or your swinging-bachelor past. In fact, the only things women want to know about your old girlfriends is whether or not they gave you herpes simplex—and whether or not you're still seeing any of them. The old girlfriends, that is.

• "Your daddy's poor and your momma's bad-looking." Don't criticize her family. To men, families are a circumstance. To women, they're a context. When you criticize her family—and, to a lesser extent, her friends—you're questioning her own view of herself. Besides, it'll get back to them pronto and you'll be made to answer for it at some inopportune moment—say around a Thanksgiving dinner table in front of the whole hostile tribe, who are certain, probably with good reason, that you're not good enough for her.

• "Without you, I'm nothing." There are probably better ways to instill in your lover a healthy sense of respect for you than to confess and whine continually about your weaknesses and how much you depend on her. This sort of thing is, of course, gross manipulation, a way of putting a price on any sudden decision on her part to blow you off. Naturally, women will be eager to rid themselves of someone with no self-esteem, for here's a simple truth: Women *hate* weaknesses in men. Women want you to be strong, like Dad, so they don't have to be strong for both of you. The sensitive, weepy New Man, born in the Seventies, is now rightfully ridiculed, since women quickly noticed that his limp sensitivity quickly turned into yet another way for him to avoid manly responsibilities.

Along those same lines, she doesn't want to hear you say, "My father never told me he loved me."

So? Sue him. Get a life. The statute of limitations for psyche crimes committed by unfeeling dads ought to expire at the age of majority, after which time, women have the right to expect men to assume responsibility for their own misfortunes. Women, after all, are already the center of their own self-absorbed universes; they are adept enough at inventing excuses for their own misbehaviors and neuroses. They aren't apt to be sympathetic to you when you try to milk the same cow—mostly because they're busy being mad at their mothers, and women hate competition.

• "I'm sorry I'm such a jerk." Civility is a swell thing and good manners are always in style. But make sure your apologies are for genuine transgressions, not for the state of your own personal cosmic odiousness. Men who wimp around begging for reassurance often lead lives of a deservedly celibate charm.

• "Why is that guy looking at you? Did you smile at him? You *did*, didn't you? I knew it! Whore." Jealousy is the outer limit for most women, who, unlike many men, don't see it as a measure of affection but rather as a demeaning, highly insulting manifestation of insecurity.

Men set themselves up for jealousy far more often than women do, usually by trying to live one fantasy or another. For instance, some guy will tell his lover that maybe a threesome would be exciting, and—presto—there's the overnight-express man in his boxer shorts making a delivery right there in bed with the guy's wife, who looks up innocently and says, "Gee, Albert, this was a great idea you had."

WHAT YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR LOVER

• Compliment her.

Say, "I love your body." As noted above, women are always aware of their physical shortcomings. Alas, the converse does not hold: Women do not have a firm grip on their physical attributes. Hence, any discussion about the way your lover looks should always include your comment that you love her body, that you adore it and worship it, that it's what you think about all day and dream about all night, that you think it's so much more than just a way to keep her chin off the floor. Women can't hear this enough.

Amazingly, this doesn't dawn on many men. We seem to take for granted all the swell things they say about us and then never return the favor. So when she says something like, "I love the way your profile reminds me of a young, golden boy god," we mumble back something like, "Thanks, honey. I love you, too." Well, "I love you" is good, but for most women under the age of 80, "I love your body" is better.

• Be romantic.

Say, "Listen to this, darling:

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars."

Reading aloud heart poems, like this one by William Butler Yeats, is an attractive, gently seductive gesture. Don't think too much about what this particular poem means—it might be a downer or something. But it sounds great recited out loud, especially if you can work in a little crack of emotion after the "pilgrim soul" bit.

Women really do like sensitivity, especially if they think it's been induced by your romantic entanglement with them. So tell her about your hopes and dreams for the future of the California condor and about your ozone worries and how you've never felt like you could talk about them before with anyone else. Confess your fear of bats and how Bach moves you to tears. You tell her these things and she'll tell her friends how sensitive you are.

Beware: Women don't care much for men who express too much sensitivity. They especially despise men who are more sensitive to their own inadequacies, fears and troubles than they are to their lovers'. They don't like it when men confuse sensitivity with confession, and they have a special place in ladies' hell for guys who weep and moan about their insecurities.

• Talk like a provider.

Say, "I got a raise."

Now there's a phrase that's never out of season, one that rings sweet no matter when it's spoken. And if the subject happens to be your paycheck, bear in mind that while most women aren't mercenary wenches, every woman sees a new dimension of power in a lover who's pulling his own weight. Remember, a man's job may be the most attractive thing about him, and his success only adds luster to his image. Why do men think it's jake to lust after women with giant tits but horrible for women to lust after men with giant wallets?

• Embrace spontaneity.

Say, "Let's go away."

Lovers often find that the humdrum grind of daily life can quickly suppress the spark that brought them together in the first place. But choose your itinerary with care: A romantic weekend for

two in the country will reinforce that us-against-them, two-lovers-alone-in-a-heartless-world theme that helps make your love affair seem so unusual to you. A weekend for two at a Werner Erhardt seminar or a regional NOW convention won't.

- Say something polite.

Try, "Thanks very much."

Appreciation of small things, evidence of good manners and thoughtful gestures of recognition all help intensify a lover's feeling of worth. A lover too long taken for granted will not only go away, she'll go away mad.

- Talk dirty.

The distinction between vocal and oral sex is a fine one, depending mostly on what you're doing while you're talking. Either way, a good play-by-play man can heighten the general excitement of the match, provided that a few rules are observed:

Keep your opening remarks nonspecific: "I'm just happy to be here. We're going to give it our best shot. I'm excited just to be a part of this." There are a million ways to say this. Choose one. As the play unfolds, use your skills at color commentary to keep the momentum going. Avoid insipid variations on "This is as good as it gets," since your lover hopes it will get a *lot* better than this pretty quick. Don't be afraid of lapses in commentary, but if you feel silence is dampening the proceedings, try "I love your body," a never-fail line.

In the heat of the action, a little straightforward play-by-play will work wonders. Simply announce, in an urgent but straightforward way, exactly what you're doing to her, along with a scattering of hints about what's coming up next. Use the most direct language you can imagine and eschew euphemisms. Your lover really doesn't want to hear you yell, "Going, going, gone! *Boom!* Hey, it's outa here!"

Postgame, go from being a grizzly to being a stuffed bear. Let your lover do the talking for a change. Above all, don't ask questions—especially ones that call for her to make an analysis of the plays, since, unlike other ball games, sometimes it isn't over when it's over. Sometimes it isn't over even when the fat lady screams. Remember, you can always play again tomorrow, or, as Ernie Banks used to say, "Let's play two."

HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN ABOUT SPORTS

Women actually like to hear men talk about sports. (A few women can even talk with men about sports, but they are scarce.) To make sports intelligible to women, however, keep in mind that your interest in a particular sport, say baseball, is somewhat mystifying to your girlfriend, to whom baseball is only a game. So forget about explaining rules and technical procedures. Concentrate instead on the things that make the sport interesting to you—its ability to stand for the important things in life or its epic quality. For example, if the Orioles are playing the Brewers, talk to her about 1982, when the Orioles fought back to come within nine innings of winning the divisional championship. Talk about how that final game was a match between Don Sutton and Jim Palmer. Explain to her who Sutton is; she'll already know who Palmer is. Make the contest personal, an extension of an emotional conflict. Make it a diamond-shaped soap opera, so you can both work with something you know.

BODY LANGUAGE

It pays to know what a woman is saying with her body. Touching her hair, touching your arm, thrusting out her chest, staring into your eyes, wagging her feet, walking slightly tip-toed—all these are part of what anthropologists call presenting behavior. You can tell a woman is attracted to you, for example, if she faces you, arches her body backward, runs her fingers through her hair while groaning softly, tracing the contour of her figure, pausing briefly at her breasts, and then—while her eyes are still half-closed in ecstasy—tells you she's glad to make your acquaintance. (OK, we've never seen it, either.)

HOW NOT TO TALK TO WOMEN

Want to start a fight? One little word ought to be enough to do it. As if you needed the help, here's a short list of loaded lingo:

- mother
- children
- menstrual (or hormone, or period, or PMS or any of that stuff)
- Clarence
- *Playboy*
- girl
- sex

THE ULTIMATE THING NEVER TO SAY TO A LOVER

"I do."

Well, OK, it's not that you should never say this to your lover. It's just that you should think long and hard first, so you say it to your lover *almost* never. Like once, to be exact.

"Pricewise, what are we looking at?"

PRESUMED GUILTY

(continued from page 76)

"'What you find is women who don't like or trust men in a position of absolute power over men.'"

centers. Yet we have no corroborating eyewitnesses. None." He pauses. "Throughout it all, these children somehow always come home in the right shoes and socks and underpants. Do you have kids? Do you realize how hard it is to dress two kids in a hurry without some kind of mix-up, let alone ten or twelve or twenty kids?"

Gardner vigorously argues that the methods used by social welfare agencies and prosecutors to investigate such charges are often so flawed—and so contaminated by the predisposition to find wrongdoing—as to be utterly worthless.

Those same methods are routinely brought to bear in allegations of abuse that arise during child-custody battles, an area where any accusations aimed by one of the feuding parties ought to be seriously questioned. Again, there are many such charges that prove valid—harrowingly so. The problem is, in many cases, that the accused men (it is almost always men who are accused) tend to find themselves presumed guilty from the moment the charges are leveled.

"Simply in legal terms," says Dr. Melvin Guyer, a University of Michigan psychology professor who is also a practicing lawyer, "an accusation of child abuse is close to an ultimate weapon. It ends the custody battle. Even if the guy is eventually exonerated, by the time the social workers and courts have sorted it out, the custody question is moot."

There are a number of reasons for that. Government agencies are concerned, above all, with protecting themselves. In the current atmosphere, those charged with defending children are inclined to be overly cautious. Nor does the current wisdom in such circles, with its blind faith in the word of accusers and in small children, tend to engender concern for the rights of the accused.

"I don't think there's much active malice," says Lee Coleman, a child psychiatrist who has studied tapes of over 900 hours of interviews with small children conducted by caseworkers and psychologists involved in abuse cases. "Most of them honestly believe—they've been *trained* to believe—that if you care about children, it is your job to reach a finding that the child has been abused."

Then, too, some social welfare agencies hardly bring an objective worldview to the task. "This is a field that tends to attract people with a strong feminist bias," says Hart. "So what you basically find is women who don't like or trust men in a position of absolute power over men."

"For a lot of these people," adds a lawyer who has handled two dozen such cases for both accusers and accused, "'Believe the children' is just code. What they really mean in an angry divorce is 'Believe the woman, no questions asked.'"

"The irony," says Guyer, "is that the guys who get hit hardest are those who have been most involved as caretakers. They're the ones who are interested in the custody of their children in the first place. Suddenly, that nurturing behavior is misrepresented and turned against them."

GETTING HELP

If you or someone you know has been wrongly accused of sexually abusing children, we encourage you or the accused to contact one of the agencies listed below. Consult with an agency and an attorney as soon as a charge is leveled. It may spare a great deal of legal, economic and emotional distress later.

Kim Hart
National Child Abuse Defense and Resource Center
P.O. Box 638
Holland, OH 43528
419-865-0513

Ken Pangborn
Men International
5814 Riddle Road
Holiday, FL 34690
813-938-6911

National Congress for Men and Children
2020 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Suite 277
Washington, D.C. 20006
202-328-4377

Dr. Lawrence Spiegel
40 Baldwin Road
Parsippany, NJ 07054
201-334-2420

•

Tom Anson vividly recalls his lawyer's words over the phone: "You're not going to believe what she's done now."

True enough, the separation had been a messy business, and the divorce negotiations were even messier. The issue was money, but, of course, the bitterness had deep roots. In reflecting on the marriage now, Anson continually returns to his ex-wife's drinking and what he sees as her uncanny capacity for denial. He says she suffered such violent d.t.'s that she had to be hospitalized. Shortly after they were married, she went through a rehab program and stopped drinking for a while. In the following two years, 1981 and 1982, their daughter and son were born. But when he became convinced she was drinking again and urged her to seek treatment, she was outraged.

"She accused me of imagining it," he says. "She accused me of having some kind of vague, malicious motives." He pauses. "After you've been through something like that once, you know you're not imagining it. Finally, I gave up. I signed up for a program designed to help spouses of alcoholics."

The tension over the issue escalated until Anson moved out and initiated divorce proceedings. It is easy to imagine his wife's feelings when she learned that he would be seeking custody of their children, then three and four. (Anson claims he was aware that fathers are virtually never awarded custody. He was merely going through the motions so he could later demonstrate to the children that he had at least tried.)

At this point, says Anson, he imagined that he and his estranged wife had the kids' best interests at heart. His weekend visitation arrangement seemed to be going smoothly. Which is why, he says, he gave her his permission to send them to her mother's house in California for a visit to Disneyland. He says he would never have conceived that the children would return three weeks later, having never visited Disneyland, supposedly claiming that their father liked to play "dirty licking games" with them.

Charged with sexual assault, Anson wouldn't see his children again for more than four years.

Anson recalled a couple of past episodes that suddenly loomed as meaningful. He remembered his ex-wife's story, told with great emotion, of the night when her father sat on her bed and explained to her that he was leaving home. But she should stop crying, he consoled her, he would never stop being there for her. She didn't hear from him again for more than a decade.

Anson also remembered the day when his wife was desperately ill in the hospital and he picked up his mother-in-law at the airport. "All she'd talk about the whole way to the hospital was how everything bad that had happened was the fault of my wife's father. Twenty years and several husbands later, and my mother-in-law was so bitter you'd think they'd been divorced yesterday."

•

It is striking how uncannily similar most of these cases tend to be. The

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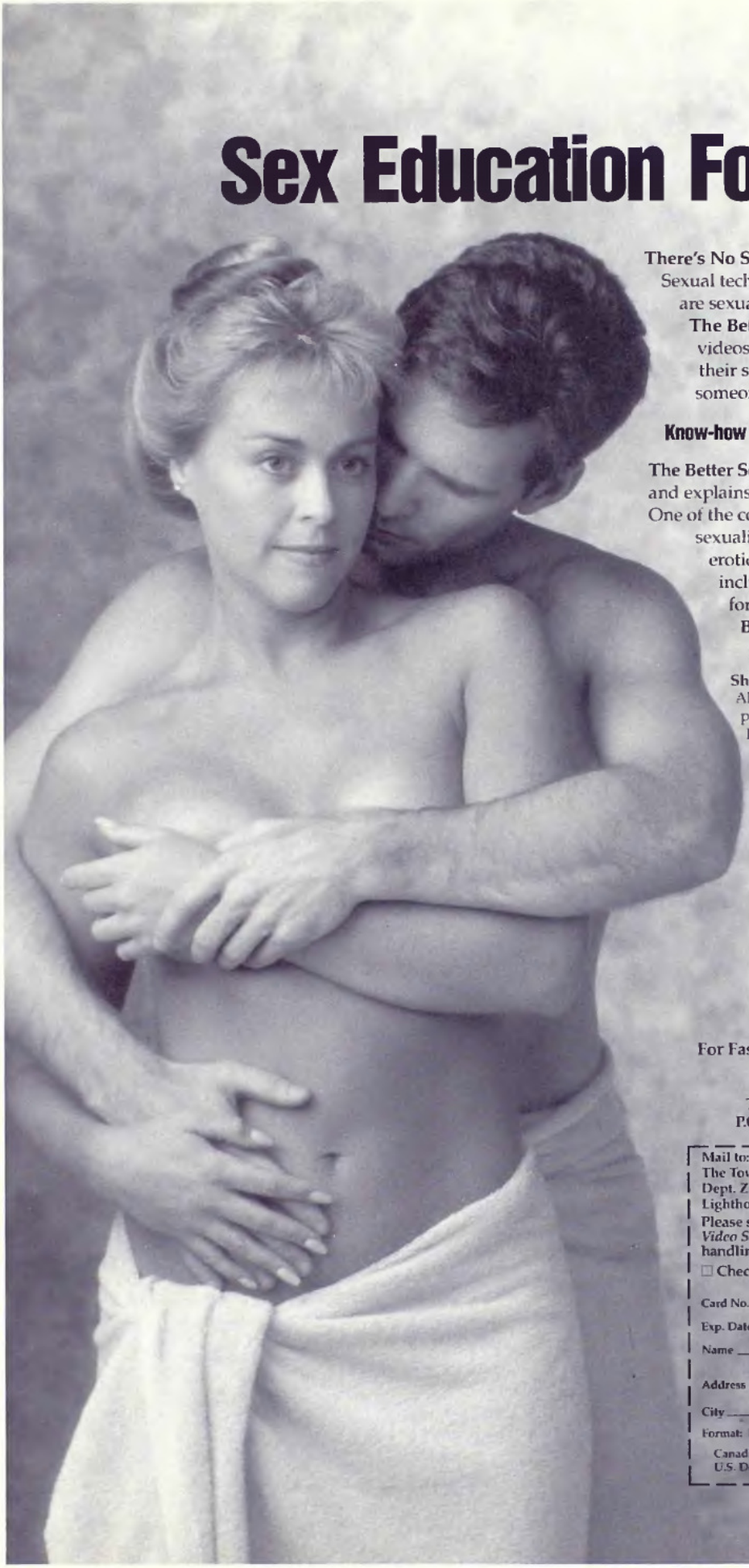

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accusation invariably arises at a pivotal moment in the custody battle. Almost always, the system responds to it in the same way: by clamping down first and asking questions later, if at all. Moreover, the accusers also tend to have a great deal in common. Researchers Ross and Blush have come up with a personality profile of the characteristic "presenting female" in such cases:

- Typically, she has an unresolved relationship with her father. It is even possible that she was herself abused as a child (or imagines she was) and thus tends to project that abuse onto the current situation.
- She is prone to exaggerating and distorting reality.
- When her version of events is credibly challenged, she will often seek to alter the terms of the argument. In some cases arising from custody battles, for example, she will move out of state.

"I've had cases," adds the University of Michigan's Guyer, "where I've examined the children and found no sign of abuse, and instead of being relieved, the mother is furious. It's like telling someone with headaches that they are not caused by a tumor. She refuses to accept it as good news."

Dr. Ralph Underwager of the Institute for Psychological Therapies in Northfield, Minnesota, has been researching child sex abuse since the early Fifties. He puts the case in even starker terms. In 1990, Dr. Underwager presented a paper to the American Psychological Association in which he reported on a sample of close to 100 custody battles where accusations of abuse arose. Underwager found that 75 percent of accusers had a "severe personality character disorder." In a control group involving participants in equally bitter custody battles where no sex-abuse allegations were made, "the numbers were exactly reversed," he says. "Only twenty-five percent of the women displayed any psychological disorders. What we have is a system that's a dream for someone with a character disorder. An angry woman can completely ruin someone's life. Not only is she unchallenged, she's considered a heroine."

Dr. Daniel Schuman, a Massachusetts-based psychiatrist with long experience in evaluating child-abuse cases, is far more measured in his language, but he offers a similar assessment of the means used to judge the accuracy of abuse claims. "In a clinical sense," says Dr. Schuman, "the procedures I've seen employed are by and large completely useless. These are very complex situations, but the emphasis is very much on simple answers. What happens is that people will use tools that appear to be clinical in an effort to reach what are, in fact, predetermined conclusions."

Indeed, the title often used by those who evaluate sex-abuse charges—validators—itself suggests the level of objectivity likely to be brought to the task. While these people are usually credible in manner, with a full command of the psychological terminology, they quite often have little training beyond having attended a weekend seminar. Since most states have no formal standards in this area, and every court creates its own definition of an expert witness, virtually anyone can be declared a validator.

Validators usually work in close conjunction with the accuser. In the absence of compelling medical evidence of abuse, their investigation tends to be limited to enumerating the mother's charges and observing alleged victims.

Here, too, critics question the methodology. "It should be obvious," says Schuman, "that the only way to properly conduct such an evaluation is to look closely at all the principals—mother, father and children, and if it's germane, the extended family and social circle."

More distressing is the manner in which information is elicited from small children by validators. Even when there is the appearance of honest inquiry, in innumerable ways—both overt and subtle—the search is always for information that will confirm the charges. It can come through leading questions or subjective interpretations of drawings, dreams and modes of play. Validation sometimes comes by choosing to ignore some of the child's comments while stressing others, or by stimulating reaction through the use of grotesque anatomically correct dolls. Cleveland attorney Jay Milano, who has been involved in more than 30 child-abuse cases, refers to it as "voodoo science."

"What you have," says Elizabeth Loftus, a University of Washington psychologist who specializes in the study of memory, "is people who are looking for sex abuse bringing up things, quite literally injecting these ideas into the kids' heads, so that they often find what they are looking for."

"Almost always you find the kids are three or four years old," notes Gardner. "The two-year-olds are no good because they can't speak well enough and are totally unreliable in what they do say. The five- and six-year-olds are already old enough to say, 'He didn't do that, lady, and nothing you say is going to convince me of it.' But threes and fours are perfect. After they've been worked over by a parent or zealous validator, they can be counted on because *they* believe it and will testify accordingly."

•

When Tom Anson was summoned to his county office of child protective services, he was ushered into the office of the social worker who had filed the report in response to his ex-wife's complaint. Exactly what was said at the meeting remains at issue. The social worker later testified that Anson tacitly acknowledged the accuracy of the charges. He

told her "that he was doing a lot of thinking about it," she said, "wondering if perhaps he did these things and was blocking it out or not realizing it. And he was trying to face the truth, even to himself."

According to the court transcript, Anson responded to the social worker's testimony by shouting, "That is a damn lie."

"What really happened," he says now, "is that she leveled her charges at me and I adamantly denied them. I told her, 'It's not even in my being to do something like that.' She didn't want to hear it. She tossed a piece of paper across the desk—an admission of the charges—and said, 'Look, just sign this and we'll arrange for you to start seeing a psychiatrist. After a while you'll be able to see your kids again.'"

If such an exchange seems implausible, there are lawyers experienced in defending such cases who insist it is anything but. "Quite often," as one puts it, "the real object of these charges is to guarantee the woman custody. Her lawyer knows it, even if the woman doesn't. And as soon as she gets custody, the record is expunged and the charges fade away."

Anson says he wasn't buying. "How would I ever be able to explain that to my children?" he asks. "I told the social worker, 'You can go to hell, lady. I'm not going to admit to something I didn't do. I'll see you in court.'"

Thus began a process that would be far more tortuous than Anson ever imagined. "I really thought they would at least make some attempt at getting both sides of the story," he says. "That's how naive I was."

Already, the children had been examined by a female psychologist who had been hired by Anson's ex-wife on a private basis and who had ties to the social worker at child protective services. Her evaluation of the case left no room for ambiguity. Her findings indicated far greater abuse than was cited in the original agency report, which alleged that the "perpetrator licks [his daughter's] cheeks, shoulders, chest and puts his tongue in [her] mouth and ears." She had found reason to believe, among other things, that he had molested his three-year-old son "in the anal area, with probable digital penetration," had masturbated on his four-year-old daughter and had had her "dress in women's black panties."

Later, on the stand, the psychologist explained how she had reached such conclusions. At one point, she noted, the little girl told her that she had a dream about a bee. "She was afraid that he was going to try to take her to the bee house and put honey all over her." Her hypothesis? "It was possible that the sexual activity had involved ejaculation." The psychologist also observed that, when asked to draw on an outline of the human body, the child at first moved the pencil in the air "around the genital area," and then colored another part of the picture "as far away from the genital area as you can get." Her hypothesis? "What it suggested . . . was that she had been touched in that part of her body and that she felt anxious about it and she was considering saying it, but chose not to, and she touched these other areas instead."

Among the most poignant aspects of the psychologist's testimony came with her belated acknowledgment that early on in the process, the little girl had sought to abandon her story. "She would say no, her father didn't do those things. He loves her in the right way. But in saying those things, she would get very confused. Her denial was with a lot of confusion."

Through it all, the psychologist never felt it necessary to talk to Anson, the alleged abuser. Nor was the report from the head of a respected local clinic that confirmed the accuser's likely abuse of alcohol at the time of the allegations deemed admissible as evidence. The children were never examined by independent mental-health professionals.

"You're guilty until proved guilty," says Anson now, "and if you're not, you're guilty anyway."

Several months after the charges were

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lodged, Anson was becoming increasingly aware of how long and expensive the struggle was likely to be. He took a second job. "It wasn't hard to figure out," he says, "that part of their strategy was to drag it out in hopes of breaking me."

He was fortunate in that his employers fully backed him. Obviously, with sex-abuse charges that is not always the case. He was blessed, too, with a lawyer who was nearly as outraged by the allegations as he was. But, above all, it was Anson's own mettle that was put to the test.

After two years away from his children, and after innumerable legal delays and court postponements, Anson finally got a hearing in late 1987 on his claim that the child welfare agency had mishandled his case. Though the result would not be legally binding, he knew he had to win. If the charges were deemed valid, he might face a criminal indictment as well.

To judge from the transcript, Anson's attorney relished the opportunity to force the psychologist and social worker to justify their handling of the proceeding. In a devastating commentary on the social worker's attention to detail, he quickly got her to admit that on the official forms, Anson had actually been charged with the wrong offense: incest, instead of sexual assault, the far lesser crime of which he was in fact accused.

Then, after quietly cautioning Anson to keep a straight face, the attorney began probing the social worker's relationship with the ex-wife. Then he piped up with the following question: "Did you ever have any oral sex with her while she was in your office?"

"The whole place went into an uproar," recalls Anson, grinning. "Of course, the other side immediately objected and we moved on. But, and this was the lawyer's point, for just that instant, they knew how it felt to have a filthy, groundless accusation thrown at them."

In the end, the hearing officer's report repudiated all charges of abuse. "The allegations," it concluded, "were contrived to deprive Tom Anson of his parental rights to custody and visitation."

But this proved to be a limited victory. The hearing officer's findings carried little weight in the family court still charged with deciding the custody issue. And, in any case, before the report was formally released, Anson's ex-wife had relocated with the children to her mother's home in California.

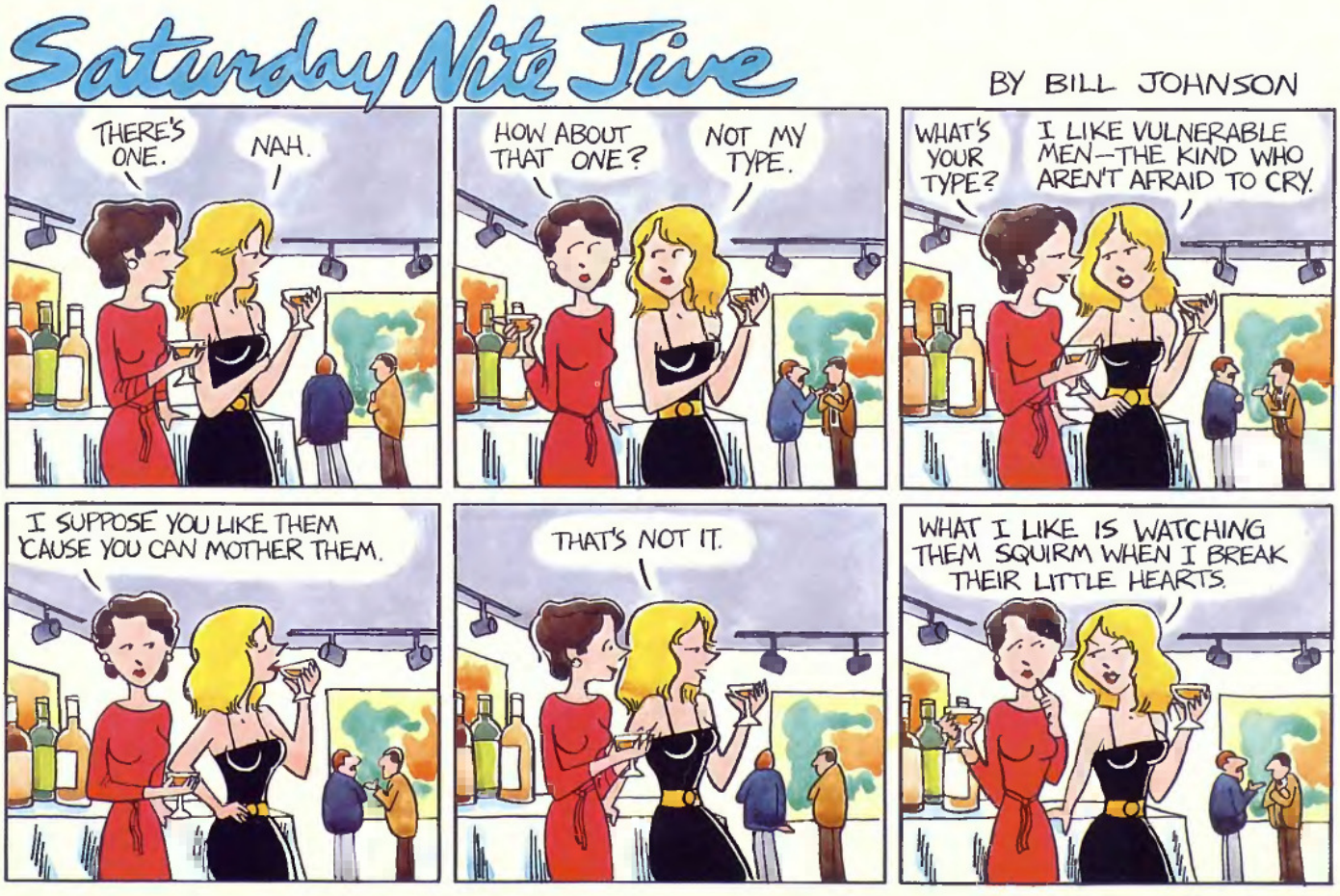
An even greater effort was thus demanded for Anson's battle in family court, which was going on at the same time. He still faced the possibility of criminal action. He knew he had to overcome the court's sympathy for a mother's right to seek the comfort and support of her extended family—his ex-wife's avowed reason for moving to California.

So, when a court date was set and his ex-wife was recalled from California, Anson and his attorney produced their big gun, Dr. Lawrence Spiegel.

It was likely that no other authority anywhere knew as much about false allegations of child abuse. Dr. Spiegel's recent history had been as disturbing and complex as Anson's. Four years before, the respected clinical psychologist and college instructor had been similarly charged in the midst of a bitter divorce. Arrested and led off in handcuffs, deserted by old friends, finding his career short-circuited and his freedom in jeopardy, Spiegel fought for more than two years before finally being vindicated in a highly publicized jury trial.

In the wake of that experience, Spiegel, who had previously given little thought to the child-abuse issue—or, more precisely, had tended toward an uncritical acceptance of the prevailing view—became a specialist in false allegations of child abuse. Spiegel prides himself on an approach that is rigorously neutral and has no hesitation reporting findings of actual abuse. "My own experience notwithstanding, I am a clinician," he says. "It is my role to do clinical evaluations based on the protocols developed to assess these situations. It is not, thank God, my role to judge guilt or innocence."

Nonetheless, Spiegel came to regard the experience of Anson as a perfect


Saturday Nite Jive
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THERE'S ONE.
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NOT MY TYPE.
WHAT'S YOUR TYPE?
I LIKE VULNERABLE MEN—THE KIND WHO AREN'T AFRAID TO CRY.
I SUPPOSE YOU LIKE THEM 'CAUSE YOU CAN MOTHER THEM.
THAT'S NOT IT.
WHAT I LIKE IS WATCHING THEM SQUIRM WHEN I BREAK THEIR LITTLE HEARTS.

example of what is wrong with the existing system. Over the course of more than a day of testimony, Spiegel reviewed the case in detail. He paid particular attention to the emotional climate in which the charges were made and closely reviewed the children's videotaped interviews with the validators. He cited studies on the extremely low reliability of dolls, which had been used in the sessions with the Anson children, as tools in validating sexual abuse. Spiegel noted that there is a strong tendency "for a child with a doll or a puppet in his hand to assume that this is pretend, because that's what children do with dolls." He described the various "red flag indicators" apt to signal a valid accusation or, just as frequently, a false one. Anson's children, he said, evidenced only one of 13 indicators of abuse, and 12 that pointed to false accusation.

The notion that children don't lie about sexual abuse "is pretty much the truth," Spiegel noted, "except that it's the wrong question. Children don't premeditatively lie about sexual abuse unless they are encouraged to make up pretend stories, or if they go through the repetition and reinforcement process where they begin to believe. It's very clear in the literature that a four-year-old cannot distinguish between his internal reality and other people's reality."

By the end of Spiegel's bravura performance, it seemed clear that the case was at last close to resolution. (The youth services organization that supported the charges tried to expunge from the record the testimony of the psychologist who had done Anson such harm.) The judge suggested to the lawyers for both parties that a way be found to begin reintegrating the father into his children's lives, and preliminary contacts were made with a local mental-health professional to initiate such a process.

That is when Anson's ex-wife succeeded in having jurisdiction transferred to California.

•

Today, things seem at last to be going Anson's way. In early 1990, a judge, after reviewing the case, ordered that he be granted immediate supervised visitation with his children. In August 1991, he left his job and resettled in California, just a few miles from where his daughter and son, now ten and nine, live with their mother. He is able to see them every other weekend.

But any sense of resolution is illusory. His condominium is only minimally furnished, the home of a man ripped from the life that he has always known. He concedes that he is lonely. He has no friends here.

He can see his children only in the daytime and, even then, his visits are closely monitored.

"No matter what happens now," he muses, "I can never get back what's been lost." He pauses and looks away. "My dad took ill last year. He was delirious, pleading to see his grandchildren. He kept on for twelve hours, begging me to have his bed put on a plane."

He stops. "I couldn't take it. I even had my lawyer offer that I'd go to jail if she'd fly them in to see their grandfather. But he died. It was too late."

Through it all, Anson insists that his primary concern has been his children's welfare. It eventually becomes clear that what is hardest for him to accept is his loss of a relationship with his kids. "The first time I saw them," he says, "from a distance they looked so big. My first thought was that it was another trick, that they had switched them on me."

After a bit of initial standoffishness, his little boy has warmed up, some days seeming to cling to him for dear life. But his daughter has remained distant, awkward and guarded, and he hasn't been able to pierce the armor.

"It hurts a lot," he says. "Who knows what she's hearing about me? What has it done to them, being around people who may have really been abusing them for five years?"

Children caught up in such situations, says Underwager, "are taught to be psychotic. They learn to believe that reality has no meaning, that things that didn't happen happened and that the world is full of monstrous people who do unspeakable things."

Even a man of Spiegel's experience and training found the process of reestablishing a bond with his child difficult. "What finally saved my daughter," he says, "was coming to understand that there was a safe harbor. She couldn't talk to her mother, but over the years she began to unburden herself to me. It just takes lots of time."

Spiegel will even venture that the ordeal has brought them closer than they otherwise might have been. "She's become the focus of my life," he says.

But for Anson, such consolation has been impossible to accept. He has repeatedly been admonished by the caseworkers chaperoning his visits with the children, elderly women with whom he otherwise gets along famously, not to keep bringing up the abuse charges, not to keep making a point to his kids of his innocence.

"How can I do that?" he asks plaintively. "What kind of man with any integrity could settle for that?"

He stops, shaking his head. In almost any other context, what he says next would ring melodramatic, but it's hard to imagine the words being more heartfelt. "I wake up every morning and I wonder, 'Is this real? Is this what America has become?'"

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PATRICK SWAYZE *(continued from page 121)*

"All the hype wound up making me cynical and I turned into a not-very-pretty drunk."

How did you and your wife, Lisa, meet?

SWAYZE: We met when I was assistant manager at the Galleria ice rink in Houston. I'd see her hanging out, smoking a cigarette, leaning against a pole and always alone. She usually wore bell-bottom jeans and looked kind of *schleppy*, but every time we talked, I got more intelligence from her than from any other woman I'd ever been involved with. I was twenty, Lisa was *fifteen*!

She was the first female I could really confide in. Lisa wasn't one of those girls hanging on your ear going [*in a high voice*], "Oh, Patrick!" I hated that and Lisa wasn't like that; she was shy and mysterious. When she discovered dancing, she probably saved her life by finding a place to put all the sensitivity that was imploding inside her. My mother wasn't too thrilled about my seeing her because Lisa was her prodigy and Mom didn't want me to mess her up.

7.

PLAYBOY: After making four movies back to back—*The Outsiders*, *Uncommon Valor*, *Grandview U.S.A.* and *Red Dawn*—did you feel you were on the verge of becoming a star?

SWAYZE: What I mostly felt was burnout. That's the reason I went back to acting classes. I'd been jamming for two years with no rest and I was fried. I hadn't realized the movie business could be as hard as it is. I always look for passion in my work, but after working so hard, passion just went out the window. I was too tired to do it anymore.

Something else, too: I felt I wasn't good enough. The work was coming easy but I wasn't winning any Academy Awards. It was time to move up to the next level: I wanted to work with the Robert De Niros, the Harrison Fords, the Dustin Hoffmans and directors like Martin Scorsese. Trying to get considered for A-list projects and A-list directors isn't easy. If you allow yourself to become nothing but a teen idol, it's unlikely it'll ever happen. The only hope I had was to go back to class and try to progress as an actor and grow as a man.

Then I started working on *North and South*, a twenty-four-hour TV miniseries. A lot of people told me I was crazy to go back and do television and that it would hurt my movie career. But the scope of this Civil War epic and the money that was going to be spent on it convinced me to do otherwise. And I was right: *North and South* made me a household name.

8.

PLAYBOY: Did the glare of publicity become a little too bright for you?

SWAYZE: I realized I couldn't hide out because then I'd never get the kind of movies I wanted to do. That was my first step in accepting fame as a way of life. I felt that I'd done enough movies and had paid my dues. It was time to make a big splash. My choices were limited and, at that point, I didn't want to look like a flash in the pan. I wanted to take the world by storm. So I brought dancing back into my life. Once again, I wound up going against the advice of everyone I knew: I did *Dirty Dancing*.

9.

PLAYBOY: What were their objections?

SWAYZE: They thought it would be a fluffy little movie. When I read the screenplay, I saw how it could affect people's hearts, even though it *was* fluffy. The script validated some special things for me and I really liked the Johnny Castle character. In many ways, he was me growing up. Johnny was a trendsetter. But he was down on himself because he'd become a piece of meat that rich women paid to get into his pants. He was turning into a male prostitute. Eventually, because of his relationship with the girl, he gains the courage to have a sense of self-worth and to perform the kind of dancing that he'd done only in basements. All the elements were there for a terrific character and a terrific movie.

10.

PLAYBOY: When *Dirty Dancing* opened, did you suspect you'd become one of the hottest box-office attractions in America?

SWAYZE: Not really. I was disappointed that someone on TV would say, "And after this commercial break, we'll see how Patrick Swayze bumps and grinds his way into movie history." For a while, that stuff wanted to drive me into a beer bottle. Don't underestimate the effect that fame can have on you. If you don't have a strong sense of self-esteem, it can send you into a tailspin. You feel you've somehow pulled off an enormous hoax and that your whole life is a lie. All the hype wound up making me cynical and I turned into a not-very-pretty drunk. I'd get a six-pack of beer and go up on Mulholland Drive almost every night to race the guys there. Lisa would want to talk to me and try to help me sort out this stuff, but if it sounded at all like criticism, I'd slam the door and take off. That was my Crazy Swayze phase.

11.

PLAYBOY: Were you doing anything else destructive?

SWAYZE: Like drugs? Yeah. Cocaine put me into a living hell. I'd lock myself into a room because I couldn't be with people. Everybody else would do their coke and have a good time; I couldn't do it. This lasted maybe six months, spread out over a few years. I did it mostly when I was on location. But coke and speed and downers didn't work for me—I hated to be out of control and unable to put words together. I would allow myself to be physically destructive only up to a point. I didn't put in all those years to build a career and then destroy it with something stupid. If I were going to destroy it, I wanted to go up in flames in a way that would make the papers, like: SWAYZE DIES IN CAR CRASH.

12.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so ambivalent about becoming a star?

SWAYZE: When you fear that maybe you're not good enough to achieve what you want to achieve but you go ahead and try anyway, that's great. Still, if you win, you have to put it in its proper place: You won because of your belief in yourself and not because you were better than everybody else. When I got straight on that, I became a lot more comfortable with my life.

13.

PLAYBOY: And with your career, as well? Didn't you follow up *Dancing* with two critical and box-office flops—*Road House* and *Next of Kin*?

SWAYZE: Everybody expected *Road House* to go through the roof and it didn't, but it made its money back and earned a profit. I walked away from *Road House* and *Next of Kin* screaming for something that would cause people to walk out of theaters feeling wonderful about their lives. But I needed to walk out of a role feeling wonderful about my own life. Then my wife and my agent showed me the script for *Ghost*, and when I read it, it brought tears to my eyes in a big way.

14.

PLAYBOY: We have heard that when director Jerry Zucker learned that you wanted in on *Ghost*, he said, "Over my dead body." Why do you suppose he felt that way?

SWAYZE: [*Laughs*] He saw *Road House*.

15.

PLAYBOY: So how did you get him to change his mind?

SWAYZE: I called Jerry and said, "Just give me a chance. I'll come in and I'll read for you. I'll do the whole script right in your office. The only thing I won't do is screen-test for it." He asked why I wouldn't do a test. I said, "Because my

work means too much to me to put a fifty percent version of it down on film for you to show to somebody."

16.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any say about Whoopi Goldberg's being cast in *Ghost*?
SWAYZE: No, but once I was in, I fought for her. They were talking about Tina Turner and Oprah Winfrey and others, but I wanted to work with Whoopi because she was perfect for the part. Jerry and I flew to Alabama, where she was shooting *The Long Walk Home*, to talk to her about it. Whoopi and I had an incredible rapport during that visit—we traded crystals—and after I left, I called her just to let her know that over my dead body would anybody else do that role.

17.

PLAYBOY: Did you think that *Ghost* would become one of the biggest sleeper hits in Hollywood history?
SWAYZE: I thought it could do well, but to gross five hundred million dollars worldwide—that was unheard of. *Ghost* was many different kinds of movies rolled up into one. It was a thriller, a suspense film, a romantic comedy, a buddy movie about a ghost and a clairvoyant, and maybe even a science-fiction movie, given all the special effects.

By the time I got to *Ghost*, stardom didn't scare me anymore. The biggest change for me was that it drastically upgraded the quality of scripts that were sent to me. *Ghost* put me in serious contention for all the major films that were about to be made. I was finally on the A-list.

18.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, then why did you next play a small role as a bank robber in *Point Break*?
SWAYZE: To be honest, it gave me a chance to become a licensed sky diver and to fall off some of the biggest waves in the world. I had a great time doing that movie. For years, I'd been dying to do something like an *Elephant Man*, a character that wouldn't be dependent on my physicality but be dependent only on my skill as an actor. The role of Bodhi—a surfer guru with scars and long hair and skin ruined by the sun—took me closer to that point. I did keep asking myself, "What are people going to think when they see me in a supporting role as a bad guy? I may take some heat for this." It turned out to be an accidentally smart choice for me. I got a lot of feedback from people who really liked the Bodhi character.

19.

PLAYBOY: Aside from getting on the A-list, how did *Ghost* change your status in Hollywood?
SWAYZE: Word went out that Patrick Swayze can open a movie and that people want to see his movies—or so the studios thought. I was in the place I'd always dreamed about, but I was also in the same place I'd always been in, trying to find something worth a hill of beans to do. For months, I read at least ten scripts a week and I got very frustrated. And then the screenplay for *City of Joy* came along and it was a film I had to do. It's about a disillusioned doctor who goes to Calcutta in search of truth and who winds up living in the middle of one of the most horrifying slums on the planet. The film then moves into an epic story about the dignity of all of us as human beings. The character of the doctor—a young man trying to run from himself because what he sees in his insides is pretty ugly—just wrapped me up.

Shooting this movie was possibly the saddest five months of my life. What I found doesn't compute with the Western mind. How can these people lead lives so consumed with such terrible poverty that they sell parts of their bodies in order to feed their families? It doesn't make sense how they can have such beautiful smiles and be willing to share their last bowl of rice with you. Director Roland Joffé went to India to show the dignity and power of its people. I think *City of Joy* is going to change a lot of people's lives. It changed mine.

20.

PLAYBOY: You've said you've wanted to be a combination of Brando, Dean and De Niro, but recently you added Spencer Tracy. Any more people on that list?
SWAYZE: I have always said Brando, De Niro, Dean and Spencer Tracy; I've also said John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier. I don't mean to be presumptuous or to put myself in that category, but that's my desire. I create impossible dreams for myself and I figure if I get halfway there, I've come a long way.

"Nice cast, sir."

OUTLAWS *(continued from page 96)*

"'If I talk about triad business, my family will die. I will be killed by a tiger in the forest.'"

tells his interviewer, "if anyone learns of this conversation, both me and you will be in a lot of trouble."

The motive for Louie's willingness to talk stems from his dissatisfaction with triad life. Five years earlier, far away in Brooklyn, two fellow Sun Yee On members were executed on the street in the middle of the day. New York police suspect that the murder of Billy Wong Ming-fung and Wong Chi-ming, both 25, arose from a power struggle for control of an illegal casino in Chinatown. The case was never solved, but Leung claims he knows who ordered the killings. "Sun Yee On officers in New York hired professional assassins to murder their own members," he says.

He goes on to say that he was disgusted that triad officers would order the killing of fellow members. "I was always told that when there are disputes between members, no matter what, we should sit down and work it out. As far as I am concerned, Sun Yee On violated its own oath." Since the murders, he says, he has tried to avoid triad activities and live a "clean, law-abiding life."

But Leung's growing disenchantment with his triad affiliation was a long time coming. Eighteen years earlier, when he was first inducted into Hong Kong's secret criminal fraternity, he couldn't have been more proud. Like many youths that have come from poor and working-class families, he was recruited while hanging out in video arcades and playing soccer in his neighborhood.

When Leung was barely a teenager, he was roughed up by a group of gang members and told that if he didn't want it to happen again, he would have to join their organization. He acquiesced. For one year he waited to be initiated, a period known in the triad lexicon as "hanging the blue lantern."

One evening, Leung and a group of 20 or so other youths were rounded up by their *dai lo*, or big brother, who had sponsored their membership. The inductees were scared to death. "There was a small shrine in the room, with a statue of an ancient Chinese warlord. We were each given a stick or two of incense, which was lit. Then we recited the thirty-six oaths, extinguishing one incense after each oath. We all stood in a circle and they pricked our middle fingers with a needle. A drop of blood from each of us was mixed with water in a bowl. The bowl was passed around and we all had to take a drink."

An egg with a face drawn on it was placed before the group. Each inductee was told to slice the egg with a knife. The egg represented the face of an informer. By cutting the egg with a knife, the triad members pledged to seek vengeance against any member who cooperated with the police.

"From that day forward," Leung says, "I am a triad soldier, what we call a Forty-Nine. If I talk with anyone outside the group about triad business, my whole family will die. I will be killed by a tiger in the forest. If I go swimming, the fish will eat me."

Having become part of one of the oldest and most revered criminal organizations in the world, he began practicing the ways of brotherhood, triad style. "Me and the other Forty-Nines, we meet maybe a few times a month. We discuss new groups operating in our territory. Should we beat them up, take them out? We go to the market for extortion. We take maybe five dollars each from all the small businessmen. When we walk into a restaurant and eat, we don't pay for the food. We just sign the Sun Yee On symbol on the bill and walk out."

After eight years of dedicated involvement, Leung was promoted to the prestigious rank of 426, or Red Pole fighter. Only the triad leader, or Dragon Head, can authorize such a promotion. In ancient times, the Red Pole was the triad's most respected warrior, a proletarian symbol of righteousness and liberation. Today, his primary role is to punish triad rule breakers and terrorize shopkeepers who are slow to pay extortion.

"If some brother make a mistake," he explains, "we slap him in the face and give him a verbal warning. If he don't listen, we beat him up. Then we cut him. Also, we protect businesses in our territory. One time there was a shooting in some Sun Yee On mah-jongg club. We tell the parties involved, 'Listen, go make your living somewhere else.' They didn't listen, so we went after them."

Leung is quick to add that, given the triads' reputation, violence is not often required. Any Hong Kong businessman knows the routine. In fact, many

"There it is—the home of the 'National Enquirer'!"

so-called legitimate businessmen are themselves members of a triad, having joined to enhance their chances of succeeding in a highly competitive environment. This relationship between business and criminal elements has been termed "the Chinese waltz," and it is a dance familiar to any Chinese gangster—from low-level racketeers like Leung to the most powerful international heroin traffickers.

When asked whether or not it would be possible for a professional criminal to exist in Hong Kong without being a triad member, Leung laughs. "Yes, of course. If this person had a death wish."

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The omnipotence of triads is a shared preoccupation in Hong Kong. At least once a week, the *South China Morning Post*—the territory's largest English-language newspaper—contains a triad-related article. Estimates by the Royal Hong Kong Police place membership somewhere around 160,000, or three percent of the population. There are close to 50 triad groups, with turf established along territorial lines.

Typically, rank-and-file membership is composed of working-class kids roped in at a young age, enamored with the triad's ritualistic trappings and the sense of importance provided by the secret societies. Yet the attractions have proved to be far-reaching, with solicitors, policemen, an occasional legislator and white-collar types having opted for the benefits of triad life.

Despite a long-standing ordinance that prohibits Hong Kong residents from joining secret societies, attending triad meetings or possessing paraphernalia that in any way relates to their activities, the societies' broad sphere of influence has consistently bedeviled law enforcement. "We try," says David Tong, an assistant commissioner with Hong Kong's Customs and Excise Department, "but so many citizens are fearful and uncooperative."

Tong's office on the ninth floor of the Harbor Building overlooks Hong Kong's port, which hosts a colorful panorama of ferries, junks, sampans and other seagoing vessels. Gulls swoop the shoreline looking for morsels amid a constant swirl of activity along the docks. The harbor is the world's second busiest, after Rotterdam, with as many as 5000 craft passing through each day. For Tong and other local lawmen, it is a continuing nightmare.

Shipments of China white are smuggled through Hong Kong's port every day. Fishing trawlers chug up the coast from Thailand and off-load the dope in the South China Sea. Small junks bring the contraband to Hong Kong's container terminals, where triad members see that it is unloaded. This pattern was first established a century ago, when the British government systematically foisted tons of opium on an unsuspecting Chinese populace, creating millions of addicts. "Today," says Tong, "the heroin trade is carryout."

It would be inaccurate to say that triads control the heroin business. An individual Chinese entrepreneur in the U.S. can initiate a major deal, whether he is a member of a triad or not. It is unlikely, however, that the deal will proceed as smoothly as he would like without some help from the triads. A well-known code phrase or secret handshake associated with the Sun Yee On, 14K or Wo Hop To triad can consummate a deal. Triad connections move the dope from Hong Kong to Europe and the U.S.

The loosely structured manner in which triad affiliations enhance large-scale dope transactions has perplexed some Westerners. Trained on a generation of *caporegimes*, *consiglieres* and *capo di tutti capis*, American law enforcement has had a hard time grasping the opaque ways triads operate internationally.

At the street level, of course, the triads function much like criminal mobs anywhere: Gangsters enforce their will through fear and intimidation, and group loyalty is brutally upheld. Unlike the American Mafia, though, which has a rigid corporate structure, upper-echelon triad members are free to initiate criminal projects on their own and use their affiliations as they see fit. "It's more in the nature of a brotherhood like the Freemasons than a Mafia family," says a senior officer with the Hong Kong police.

Over the years, triads have firmly established their role as an integral part of free-market capitalism, but they can play the other side of the fence as well. In the face of competition from American and European expatriates, for instance, some Chinese businessmen have exploited the triad mystique while espousing the belief that it represents a sacred historical tradition.

But that game is just about over. Now that they face the prospect of a hostile government at the century's end, triad members are eager to make one final big killing under the old regime. To do so, they are pushing their drug trade with extraordinary vigor. It is, quite literally, their passport to the world.

•

In New York City's Chinatown, the prospect of Hong Kong's impending change in status has already begun to reshape the community's traditional boundaries. Elaborate triad-run smuggling networks, in which illegal aliens pay huge fees to be shuttled through Canada and Central America, are flourishing as never before. Adjacent neighborhoods like Little Italy, once a Mafia stronghold, have been pressured by immigrants from Hong Kong, mainland China and other Asian ports of call.

For many years, Chinatown's ruling

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structure has remained the same. Tongs (business associations) dole out jobs and housing to loyal members. Violent street gangs, allegedly controlled by the tongs, uphold territorial boundaries. Whether or not an infusion of triad gangsters will unsettle this balance of power is a source of much debate.

According to Leung in Hong Kong, one triad has already begun to stake its claim. On frequent visits to New York, he says, he has met many fellow Sun Yee On members. "One guy," he contends, "a Red Pole fighter, was sent to Chinatown for only one reason: to oversee the migration of Sun Yee On into the U.S." The vessel they hope to use, he says, is the Tsung Tsin Association, one of Chinatown's wealthiest tongs. Situated in the heart of Chinatown, the association's seemingly placid, nondescript redbrick facade is the perfect cover for one of Chinatown's liveliest gambling dens.

In 1988, infighting over a Tsung Tsin Association election led to a number of shootings. One longtime member filed a lawsuit alleging that fraud and bribery tainted the election of the association president, Tony Ng. The lawsuit claimed that Ng had been placed in office by Paul Lai, a former president and current association "advisor for life." According to Leung, both Ng and Lai are Sun Yee On members, having been initiated into the society in a secret Hong Kong ceremony.

The fraud and bribery charges against Lai were never proved, but in a 1988 judicial hearing, even more serious allegations were raised. A lawyer for the complainant accused Lai of hiring a gang of thugs, which he housed in an apartment on the fourth floor of the association. When asked about his triad affiliation, Lai denied even knowing what the word meant.

The possibility that one of Hong Kong's largest triads has already penetrated Chinatown presents a daunting challenge for American law enforcement. In the past, the Chinese community was always allowed to monitor itself. Only when gang violence spilled out into the street did police intervene, and even then charges were haphazardly pursued. To many, Chinatown's peculiar isolation stemmed from a tacit agreement between cops and the tongs, well known for their ability to grease a palm when necessary.

Leung says that "Sun Yee On wants to follow the Hong Kong style. You have to understand, Chinatown is not Hong Kong. They know they must move slow and make all the right contacts so they can place their people in power."

With few Asian cops or agents, American law enforcement is ill-equipped to deal with criminal developments in Chinatown. In their attempts to understand triad groups, many of which speak different dialects, police have to deal with a closed and distrustful Chinese community, the product of years of neglect.

Any Chinese citizen who is pondering whether or not to cooperate with *low fan*, as Caucasian police are sometimes disdainfully known, might want to consider the case of Steven Wong. Born in Hong Kong and raised in Chinatown, Wong infiltrated the United Bamboo, a powerful Taiwan-based triad, in 1985. Neither a cop nor a criminal in a bind, Wong was simply a citizen fed up with the stranglehold criminal groups had on legitimate businesspeople in Chinatown when he agreed to help in a police investigation.

"Every day I would read the Chinese newspaper," says Wong. "I see the problem. Kids dropping out of high school, being gunned down. We have ninety-nine percent of our population living in fear of the one percent who are bad."

Posing as a Chinese gangster with Mafia connections, Wong worked his way into the inner sanctum of the United Bamboo, a group with deep-rooted political connections in the Taiwanese government. Wearing a recording device strapped to the small of his back, he even recorded his initiation into the triad, the first time any such event had ever been taped by cops in the U.S.

With a lean, muscular physique and steely glare, Wong approached his undercover duties like a Method actor preparing for the role of a lifetime. Since he was a teenager, he had wanted to be a cop. Throughout the investigation, says Wong, agents and prosecutors constantly reassured him there would be a job for him in law enforcement when the case was over. "They tell me, 'Steven, you're a hero. We can use you.'"

By the time FBI agents made their arrests of 11 United Bamboo members, Wong had risked his life making heroin deals and even contracting to commit a murder. The case was tried in federal court using the RICO statutes. Wong was grilled on the witness stand by 11 defense attorneys, who accused him of being, among other things, a Communist agent and a lifelong gangster.

The trial resulted in the only conviction of a major triad group in U.S. history. Afterward, Wong inquired about his job. "They told me, 'Mr. Wong, you are not eligible for a police job because you are a member of a criminal organization.'" Wong was dumbfounded. He had joined the United Bamboo solely as part of the investigation.

Having testified against his fellow Chinese, Wong was ostracized in the community. The FBI told him there was a contract out on his life. He was offered relocation through the Witness Protection Program, which he refused, asking, "Why should I have to live my life in hiding, like a criminal?"

Today, Wong works in a restaurant outside New York. He rarely shows his face in the city before midnight; his memories of the United Bamboo case haunt him. "They never did let me be a part of the team," he says of the cops, agents and prosecutors he worked with. "They never trusted me because I was not one of them. To me, Chinatown was at stake. But they didn't care about anything except improving their careers."

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If Chinese organized crime were still only a Chinatown problem, American lawmen would not be sounding alarm bells. The fact that second- and third-generation Chinese-American criminals have branched out, however, is impossible to ignore. There was a time when Chinese heroin dealers made distribution arrangements only with Italians. Now, police sources say, the Chinese are willing to deal directly with Dominican and African-American groups, the primary street-level distributors of China white. The Mafia, no longer the feared presence it once was, has been relegated to a lesser role.

Far away from New York, in hill regions of the Golden Triangle, fields of poppies are in bloom. The plant's slender four-foot stems are topped with brilliant, multicolored petals and a core bulging with opium. DEA intelligence reports say that the last three years have produced record crops of raw opium sap, which is extracted and used as the base ingredient for heroin.

In many ways, the drug trade is just an example of the way the Hong Kong mob has always done business, and it is the base for the triads' international expansion. By exploiting their connections throughout the world, heroin brokers reap huge profits, which they in turn launder through Hong Kong banks or use to finance multimillion-dollar real-estate deals. "Some traffickers are quite well regarded," explains a Hong Kong investigator with triad expertise. "To them, heroin is just a commodity like sugar. You could put it on the stock exchange. These people don't have to look at users on the street in Washington, D.C., or New York. They aren't concerned with some poor black kid in Harlem. It's just a business, plain and simple."

Junkies all across America have reason to rejoice. Soon, the latest shipments of China white will be blanketing their neighborhoods. A new generation of heroin addicts is about to be born.

In the Marion Hotel, Africa cooks up a righteous batch. This time, he remembers to tie off. The needle is poised; a vein is bared. Down the hall, a junkie moans, his voice reverberating through an open window and out into the street.

Africa is asked if he ever wonders about the origins of his dope.

"Who gives a fuck?" he replies. The needle enters his vein with a pop.

BEST PLACE

(continued from page 112)

tax and tip. Moderate indicates restaurants serving dinner for $15 to $25. Expensive means $26 to $45 and very expensive means $46 and up.

ATLANTA

Buckhead Diner, 3073 Piedmont Road, 404-262-3336. Moderate to expensive.

Critic: Elliott Mackle, *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

The drop-dead-looking Buckhead Diner was a hit the day it opened and it's still the toughest table in town to get—especially since reservations aren't accepted. That's OK, though. The place attracts a sexy crowd, so you never know whom you'll meet while you wait. Chef Gerry Klaskala's American fare includes potato chips with blue cheese, sirloin pepper steak with celery, mashed potatoes and guacamole, and traditional Southern desserts.

Alternative choices: the Dining Room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Buckhead, Chops (also in Buckhead) and Burton's Grill.

BALTIMORE

Milton Inn, 14833 York Road, Sparks, 301-771-4366. Expensive.

Critic: Rob Kasper, *The Sun*

Situated in the horse country just outside Baltimore, this 240-year-old former stagecoach stop has a kitchen that Kasper rates as the best in the state. "Order the softshell crabs in grain-mustard sauce," he says. Executive chef Mark Henry's hearty venison-goose-rabbit-boar sausage and grilled smoked loin of pork with bourbon glaze are outstanding examples of regional American cooking. In cold weather, you'll want a table by the fireplace. In the summer, ask for one on the garden terrace.

Alternative choices: Hampton's in Harbor Court Hotel, the Polo Grill and Obrycki's.

BOSTON

Jasper's, 240 Commercial Street, 617-523-1126. Expensive.

Critic: Robert Levey, *The Boston Globe*

Ten years ago, Jasper White pioneered the "new" New England cookery in this handsome dining room. His style is now widely copied. He has paired johnnycakes and poached eggs with osetra caviar and made old-fashioned Indian pudding taste as if it were a Nineties creation. White has pulled off combinations with flair, including Portuguese pork with clams, lobster and corn chowder and bacon-wrapped shad roe—all sensational. Many think that White serves the best seafood in Boston.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 30: "Bottoms Up": **Jeans:** By *Rifle*, to order or for store locations, 212-819-9099. By *Calvin Klein*, at major department stores nationwide. By *Wrangler*, to order, 800-888-8010. By *Levi Strauss's Naturals*, to order, 800-USA-LEVI. By *XAM*, at all Bradlees stores and Caldor stores. **Sweat pants:** By *Higgins Natural*, at Terra Verde Trading Co., 72 Spring St., N.Y.C., 212-925-4533 and 420 Broadway, Santa Monica, 310-394-1115; at select Dayton's, Hudson's, Marshall Field's stores. **Bike pants** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030 and selected others. **Chinos** by *J. Crew*, to order, 800-562-0258. **Shorts** by *Rifle*, to order or for store locations, 212-819-9099. "Buckle Up": **Belts:** By *Leegin Creative Leather Products, Inc.*, for store locations, 800-235-8748. By *John Henry*, for store locations, 212-354-3639. By *Crookhorn Davis*, *Joseph Aboud* and *Boston Traders*, for store locations, 800-243-5673. "Hot Shopping: Atlanta": Muse's, 404-261-6882; Puttin' on the Ritz, 404-262-2224; Buckhead Men's Shop, 404-992-1566; Dagher, 404-365-9454; Porter's, 404-874-7834. "Clothes Talk": **Blazer** by *Fendi*, at Fendi, 720 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-767-0100. **Shoes** by *Bally of Switzerland*, for customer service, 800-825-5030.

REAL MEN WEAR SILK

Page 88: **Jacket, shirt** and **trousers** by *Men Go Silk*, at Theodore Man, 451 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-274-8029. Page 89: **Jacket** by *Per Lui Per Lei at Kolsen Apparel*, at Grigio for Men, 9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbor, FL, 305-864-1880; Washington Designers, Inc., 1500 Wisconsin Ave. NW, Washington, D.C., 202-965-3685. **Shirt** by *Per Lui Per Lei*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Trousers** by *Per Lui Per Lei*, at Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 215-564-9000; Washington Designers, Inc., 1500 Wisconsin Ave. NW, Washington, D.C., 202-965-3685. Page 90: **Shirt** by *Men Go Silk*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300; Theodore Man, 451 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-274-8029. **Shorts** by *Per Lui Per Lei*, at Clappers-Adam Ross Men's Shop, New York and New Jersey, 718-476-7440; Adam Ross, Cleveland, Princeton, NJ, and Fort Lauderdale, 718-476-7440; Evasion, 3001 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, 612-825-4226. Page 91: **Jacket** by *Robert Stock*, at May Co. Ohio, 158 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, 216-575-7340. **Shirt** by *Men Go Silk*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300; Theodore Man, 451 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-274-8029. **Jeans** by *Men Go Silk*, at Theodore Man, 451 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-274-8029. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Foot Locker nationwide; Nordstrom nationwide, 800-695-8000; Wild Pair nationwide. Page 92: **Jacket, trousers, shirt** and **tie** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Belt** by *Joseph Abboud*, to order, 800-243-5673. Page 93: **Jacket** by *More & More*, at Grigio for Men, 9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbor, FL, 305-864-1880. **Shirt** by *Equipment*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040; H. Lorenzo, 8660 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-659-1432. **Trousers** by *Men Go Silk*, at Theodore Man, 451 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-274-8029. **Tie** by *Brian Bubb*, at Bubb, 138 E. 74th St., N.Y.C., 212-794-1717; C. Orrico, 311 S. County Rd., Palm Beach, 407-659-7820; Metier, 50 Maiden Lane, San Francisco, 415-989-5395.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Pages 116–119: **Laser karaoke player** by *Pioneer*, for store locations, 800-421-1623. **Desk accessories** by *Toshiba*, to order, 800-321-6993. **Audio note stereo** by *Sansui*, to order or for store locations, 201-460-9710, ext. 412. **Clock** by *Michel Perrenoud International, Inc.*, 1111 Clifton Ave., Clifton, NJ, 201-778-1194. **Baseball encyclopedia** by *Franklin Electronic Publishers, Inc.*, for information or to order, 800-762-5382. **Lamp** by *Boston Brass Works*, 800 Main St., Dennis, MA, 508-385-5089. **Traveler** by *Computer Products Plus, Inc.*, to order, 800-274-4277. **Electric Moto-Cross scooter** by *Badsey Design*, to order, 714-661-8699.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 177: **Personal stereos:** By *Aiwa*, for store locations, 800-BUY-AIWA. By *Fisher*, for store locations, 818-998-7322, ext. 435. By *Sony*, for customer service, 201-930-1000. By *Memorex*, to order, 800-482-3388.

Alternative choices: Biba, Olives and Seasons in the Bostonian Hotel.

CHICAGO

Everest, 440 South LaSalle Street, 312-663-8920. Very expensive.

Critic: William Rice, *Chicago Tribune*

This aptly named posh dining room on the 40th floor of the Midwest Stock Exchange Building has a view that is almost as spectacular as chef Jean Joho's eclectic nouvelle cuisine. The Everest draws a power-lunch crowd during the day; at night it becomes a romantic aerie. One of the best ways to test the kitchen's mettle is to order the $59 seven-course tasting menu, which offers such dishes as quail risotto, foie gras with turnips, "cappuccino" of lobster on beluga caviar, and caramelized pears with fresh cheese ice cream. The Everest also has an outstanding Alsatian wine collection that is reasonably priced.

Alternative choices: Charlie Trotter's, Topolobampo and Vivere.

CINCINNATI

The Precinct, 311 Delta Avenue, 513-321-5454. Expensive.

Critic: Sara Pearce, *The Cincinnati Enquirer*

The Precinct is second home to the Bengals and the Reds, and it includes a regular crowd of hot-looking hangers-on. The restaurant occupies a former police station and the food is straight-up-the-middle American steaks, chops, fresh seafood and pasta. Most of the menu items are named after such local sports figures as Bengal Tim Krumrie, rumored to have downed two 44-ounce sirloins at a sitting. The dessert called Death by Chocolate shouldn't be missed.

Alternative choices: the Maisonette, Primavista and Montgomery Inn.

CLEVELAND

Sammy's, 1400 West 10th Street, 216-523-5560. Expensive.

Critic: Wilma Salisbury, *The Plain Dealer*

Twelve years ago, Sammy's single-handedly sparked the revitalization of the Flats, one of Cleveland's oldest neighborhoods. Now the area boasts many trendy hot spots, but Sammy's is still the liveliest. Its redbrick warehouse setting has swagger and the kitchen creates such imaginative specialties as grilled snapper with pomegranate sauce, salmon with saffron risotto and cranberry-pecan pie. Ask for a window seat.

Alternative choices: the Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, the Baricelli Inn and Z Contemporary Cuisine.

DALLAS

Routh Street Café, 3005 Routh Street, 214-871-7161. Very expensive.

Critic: Waltrina Stovall, *The Dallas Morning News*

One of the innovators of Texas cooking, chef Stephan Pyles marries such Southwest flavors as chilies and mesquite at Routh Street Café. The café's pale salmon-and-chrome decor represents cool minimalism at its best, and the crowd obviously shops the best fashion boutiques in Dallas.

Alternative choices: the Mansion, the Riviera and Actuelle.

DENVER

Zenith American Grill, 1735 Arapahoe Street, 303-820-2800. Moderate.

Critic: Alan Katz, *The Denver Post*

The Zenith's sleek black-and-white dining room has the buzz of a long-running hit. Chef Kevin Taylor's eclectic menus feature such dishes as smoked corn soup, steamed mussels in a creamy peppercorn sauce and chocolate bread pudding with brandy custard sauce. Add to that moderate prices, an on-premises bakery and an outdoor café, and there's not much debate as to where to dine the next time you hit Denver.

Alternative choices: O Sole Mio, the European Café and the Palace Arms in the Brown Palace Hotel.

DETROIT

The Rattlesnake Club, 300 River Place, 313-567-4400. Expensive.

Critic: Molly Abraham, *Detroit Free Press*

Owned by Jimmy Schmidt—one of the nation's most dynamic chefs—the Rattlesnake Club is a lively riverside restaurant that shook downtown Detroit out of its doldrums. Set in a renovated redbrick building, the room has a striking postmodern design decked out with art by such contemporary American painters as Jim Dine, Frank Stella and Jasper Johns. Schmidt's food is a canny balance of new American concepts and Midwestern flavors. His game dishes—venison with pomegranate and tarragon, pheasant with leeks and vanilla, and duck-and-pheasant ravioli—may be

"Did I tell you you didn't have to protect your financial records with a secret password? Did I tell you you would forget the secret password? Did I?"

the best in the Midwest.

Alternative choices: Pike Street (Pontiac), One 23 (Grosse Pointe Farms) and the Whitney.

HOUSTON

Tony's, 1801 Post Oak Boulevard, 713-622-6778. Very expensive.

Critic: Teresa Byrne-Dodge, *Houston Metropolitan* magazine

Through recessions, depressions and boom times, Tony's has remained as popular with tycoons as it has with great-looking Texas women. The diverse menu includes everything from robust Italian dishes to legendary chili, and the wine list is excellent. "If it's not on the menu," says Byrne-Dodge, "the owner, Tony Vallone, will have it prepared for you."

Alternative choices: Café Annie, Goode Co. Barbecue and Brennan's of Houston.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

The American Restaurant, 25th Street and Grand Avenue, 816-426-1133. Very expensive.

Critic: John Martellaro, *The Kansas City Star*

With its dramatic two-tiered dining room and a glorious view of the city's sunsets, The American Restaurant sets the standard for dining in Kansas City. The bar (which mixes a mean martini) is a prime afterwork meeting spot and the food—always good—has improved even more since chef Rex Hale took over. Expect local foods prepared in imaginative ways, often with Oriental seasonings.

Alternative choices: Venue, Café Allegro and Stephenson's Apple Farm.

LAS VEGAS

The Palace Court, Caesars Palace, 702-731-7110. Very expensive.

Critic: Elliot S. Krane, *Las Vegas Review-Journal*

Flamboyant but not as flashy as most of the rococo casino restaurants, the Palace Court is where Krane sends visitors who wish to get away from the intensity of the gaming tables. High praises go to chef Arnaud Briand's salmon wrapped in potato with lemon vodka sauce and to the fabulous Caesar salad. Desserts are equally impressive.

Alternative choices: Pegasus in the Alexis Park, La Pamplemousse and Andre's.

LOS ANGELES

Spago, 1114 Horn Avenue, 213-652-4025. Expensive to very expensive.

Critic: Ruth Reichl, *Los Angeles Times*

Say what you will about this celebrity-haunt gourmet pizzeria, it's "still the place everybody wants to go," says Reichl. Owner Wolfgang Puck made pampering the stars an art form while simultaneously transforming American cuisine. Try the chopped salad, smoked-salmon pizzas or the roast lamb dishes. And if you don't see at least a half-dozen famous faces in the dining room, you either have the address wrong or, worse, you were seated in the back room.

Alternative choices: Citrus, Patina and Campanile.

MIAMI

Mark's Place, 2286 Northeast 123rd Street, 305-893-6888. Very expensive.

Critic: Geoffrey Tomb, *The Miami Herald*

Absolutely the hottest spot in town, Mark's Place is where you'll find the shortest skirts, the longest legs and the deepest tans. In a subtly lit room with an open kitchen, chef-owner Mark Militello marries flavors and textures in such dishes as pancetta-artichoke-and-roast-garlic-cream pizza, wild mushroom pasta with breast of duck and dried chilies, and salmon with honey-mustard glaze and couscous. Forget trying to snare an eight o'clock reservation on a weekend. Go at ten, when Miami's well-dressed Latinos start coming in to dine.

Alternative choices: Didier's, Yuca and Chef Allen's.

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL

Dakota Bar and Grill, 1021 East Banadana Boulevard, St. Paul, 612-642-1442. Moderate.

Critic: Jeremy Iggers, *Star Tribune*

If only for the great jazz artists it features—Max Roach, Betty Carter and Abbey Lincoln, to name a few—the Dakota would be a prime destination for anyone coming to St. Paul or Minneapolis. But it also serves some of the most exciting food in the Twin Cities, featuring a menu Iggers calls "haute cuisine from humble pie." Chef Ken Goeff's dishes are based on the local larder: Minnesota-brie-and-apple soup, broiled walleyed pike with wild rice and corn relish, thyme-marinated pork loin with maple-blueberry glaze and Sebastian Joe's ice cream.

Alternative choices: Lucia's, Goodfellow's and Nicollet Island Inn.

NEW ORLEANS

Galatoire's, 209 Bourbon Street, 504-525-2021. Expensive.

Critic: Gene Bourg, *The Times-Picayune*

If you want to soak up the essence of old Creole culture and cooking, get in line outside the glass door of the 87-year-old Galatoire's (after 2 P.M. or before 6 P.M. to avoid the crowds). You'll be

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seated in a long dining room with ceiling fans, tiled floors and lights that dim whenever a streetcar starts up. Skip the menu and ask the waiter what's good that day—perhaps shrimp remoulade or pompano with crabmeat or *crepes maison* flamed with a liqueur.

Alternative choices: Commander's Palace, Emeril's and Brigtsen's.

NEW YORK

Le Cirque, 58 East 65th Street, 212-794-9292. Very expensive.

Critic: Bryan Miller, *The New York Times*

Power, glamour, clout and some of the best food in the world. That's Le Cirque, where you are where you sit and where on any night of the week you're likely to spot Elle Macpherson, Woody Allen, Henry Kissinger or Barbara Walters seated at tables as tough to come by as Dan Quayle's law school grades. Chef Daniel Boulud's cuisine is widely regarded as an ideal balance of classic and modern. Order "scallops in black tie," anything with white truffles or fresh foie gras—and don't miss the famous *crème brulee* for dessert. At $34, lunch is a steal.

Alternative choices: Le Bernardin, Gotham Bar and Grill and River Café (Brooklyn).

PHILADELPHIA

The Fountain Restaurant in the Four Seasons Hotel, 1 Logan Square, 215-963-1500. Expensive.

Critic: Elaine Tait, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

The Fountain Restaurant is the kind of place to go to for a serious romance or to impress a client. The dining room is formal but not stuffy and chef Jean-Marie Lacroix turns out exquisite French cuisine along with an alternative vegetarian menu and at least five not-to-be-missed chocolate desserts. In Philly, where the Sunday brunch competition is fierce, the Fountain's version is exceptional, breaking the bagel-and-eggs-benedict mold with such dishes as Provençal *pissaladiere*, *pot au feu* and Paris-Brest pastry.

Alternative choices: Le Bec Fin, Jack's Firehouse and Susanna Foo.

PHOENIX

Vincent on Camelback, 3930 East Camelback Road, 602-224-0225. Expensive to very expensive.

Critic: Nikki Buchanan, *Phoenix Magazine*

For years, Vincent on Camelback has been considered the city's best restaurant. "Ironically," says Buchanan, "it took a French chef to bring Southwestern cuisine to Phoenix." Vincent Guerithault sees nothing odd about that because his sense of taste has never allowed him to go overboard with strong flavors. Such dishes as lobster *chimichanga*, foie gras with black beans and sweet tamale with caramel sauce have made him a chef that others around the country look to for new trends. The open kitchen lets you watch Guerithault at work while you sip the house chardonnay and nibble smoked-salmon *quesadillas*. Don't miss the mesquite-grilled rack of lamb with burning rosemary.

Alternative choices: Los Dos Molino's, Havana Café and Franco's Trattoria (Scottsdale).

PORTLAND, OREGON

Genoa, 2832 Southeast Belmont, 503-238-1464. Expensive.

Critic: David Sarasohn, *The Oregonian*

For 20 years, Genoa has been the friendliest spot in the city—a perfect northern Italian restaurant where everybody eats too much. But instead of opting for pasta and a salad, order the seven-course, fixed-price dinner that may include *gnocchi* with spinach, rabbit braised with fresh rosemary and fennel, and seven desserts. The place is dark, spirited and no one's ever rushed.

Alternative choices: L'Auberge, the Heathman Restaurant and Pazzo in the Hotel Vintage Plaza.

SAN FRANCISCO

Stars, 150 Redwood Alley, 415-861-7827. Expensive to very expensive.

Critic: Michael Bauer, *San Francisco Chronicle*

Stars is "a great American brasserie. Chef Jeremiah Tower does the kind of gutsy food people really love to eat." That means hearty dishes such as veal shanks and risotto, shellfish stews and luscious, lavish desserts. The bright, colorful dining room reflects the vitality of San Francisco's restaurant scene, and the crowd cuts right across the city's society. "And," notes Bauer, "next door at Star's Café, you can eat wonderful food in an even more casual atmosphere for very little money indeed."

Alternative choices: Ozone, Sam's Grill and Undici.

SANTA FE

Santacafe, 231 Washington Avenue, 505-984-1788. Expensive.

Critic: Babs Suzanne Harrison, *The New Mexican*

Situated in a 180-year-old adobe with a Spanish courtyard and a Southwestern starkness that reminds you of a Georgia O'Keeffe painting, Santacafe is the most historically evocative restaurant in town. Hungarian-born chef Laszlo Gyermek uses a savory blend of Southwestern and Asian ingredients in such sensational dishes as Chinese dumplings with *serrano chile* dipping sauce and Madagascar vanilla *crème brulee*. "Count on the women to show up in black cowboy boots and tight miniskirts," says Harrison, "and most nights you'll probably catch a visiting celebrity."

Alternative choices: Coyote Café, La Traviata and Maria's New Mexican Kitchen.

SEATTLE

The Dahlia Lounge, 1904 Fourth Avenue, 206-682-4142. Moderate.

Critic: Jonathan Susskind, *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*

With its red walls, paper lanterns and a Pacific Northwest menu with an international flair, the casual Dahlia Lounge epitomizes the kind of laid-back yet profound dining experience for which Seattle is known. You can make a whole meal from the appetizers—or go vegetarian for a night—and still be amazed at chef Tom Douglas' creativity.

Alternative choices: Restaurant Le Gourmand, Ray's Boathouse and Trattoria Sostanza.

ST. LOUIS

Tony's, 826 North Broadway, 314-231-7007. Expensive.

Critic: Joe Pollack, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

"What keeps Tony's on top," says Pollack, "is that owner Vincent J. Bommarito and his sons are so competitive. When a new place opens up, Tony's tries to do better. It doesn't matter if you're a regular or from out of town, you'll get the full treatment." The menu's basically Continental, with a few new Italian items. Portions are lavish and the drinks generous.

Alternative choices: Balaban, Grappa and Fio's La Fourchette.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Jean-Louis at the Watergate Hotel, 2650 Virginia Avenue NW, 202-298-4488. Very expensive.

Critic: Phyllis Richman, *The Washington Post*

Set in a subterranean section of the Watergate Hotel, Jean-Louis is the place where lobbyists go to bend a Senator's ear or celebrate a client's exoneration. If you like exotica, try *moulard* duck hearts stuffed with foie gras or chocolate pasta with mocha sauce. Or, if you're feeling particularly flush, order the seven-course all-truffle menu at $150 a pop.

Alternative choices: Restaurant Nora, Twenty-One Federal and Galileo.

Bon appétit!

"And now that you've seen my etchings, my dear. . . ."

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June 6, 7 Fort Walton Beach, FL
June 13, 14 Clearwater, FL
June 20, 21 Daytona, FL
July 4, 5 Charleston, SC
July 11, 12 Long Island, NY
July 18, 19 Ocean City, MD
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HAVE TUNES, WILL TRAVEL

STEVE CONWAY

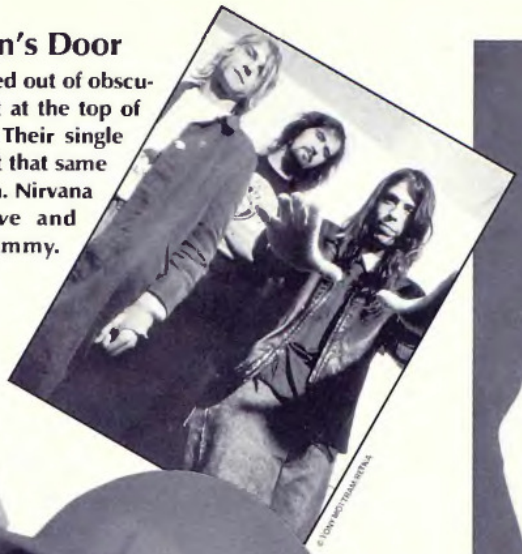
More than a decade after the first Sony Walkman hit the streets, the personal stereo remains one of the hottest categories in consumer electronics. In fact, there's not an audio format on the market today that can't be enjoyed on the run, and that includes everything from basic AM/FM radio and analog cassettes to compact discs and digital audio tape. The real news, though, is the technology. Some of the latest portable stereos are packed with the kinds of advanced audio features (digital presets, graphic equalizers, wireless earphones, etc.) that were formerly available only on full-sized systems. One portable CD player even incorporates exclusive antishock memory circuitry that lets you hop, skip and jump without missing a beat.

Clockwise from top left: Aiwa's sleek top-of-the-line palm-sized HS-PX1000 stereo cassette player in a titanium case offers a graphic equalizer with jazz, rock, pop and flat presets, an LCD six-band spectrum analyzer, a full-function wired remote control with a rechargeable battery and an optional AC adapter, $400. The Fisher PCD7 portable compact disc player boasts 22-memory random programing, an LCD remote control, plus an exclusive antishock mechanism that prevents skipping—even while you jog—about $500. Sony's WM-WX50 wireless radio/cassette Walkman uses UHF to transmit sound at a distance of up to nine feet from the player, about $200. Memorex's CDX-605 AM/FM cassette player is not much larger than a pack of cigarettes and features auto-reverse playback, enhanced stereo earphones and a special battery case that extends playing time up to 24 hours, about $160.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

Knocking on Heaven's Door

Seattle rockers NIRVANA rolled out of obscurity to a triple-platinum start at the top of the charts with *Nevermind*. Their single *Smells Like Teen Spirit* caught that same spirit and is nearing platinum. Nirvana played *Saturday Night Live* and got nominated for a Grammy. Incredible beginner's pluck.



An Offer We Can't Refuse

Starlet TONYA OFFER has been spotted on TV in episodes of *In the Heat of the Night*, *Drexell's Class*, *Empty Nest* and *Married . . . with Children*, commercials for cognac and the California lottery and in *Swimwear Illustrated* and Landmark calendars. Here, we're enjoying Tonya undone.

Buns of Fun

DEVON JENKIN appeared on screen in *Twisted Nightmare*, Tom Petty's music video *Free Fallin'* and in TV commercials. For us, Devon salutes summer with a tip of her hat.

Once in Love with Ami

Actress AMI DOLENZ (ex-Monkees Micky's kid) is making movies. In *Rescue Me*, she plays a kidnap victim; in *Miracle Beach*, a genie. In *Grapevine*, she plays cute, which is how to get in with us.

Louisiana Red-hot

Zydeco rocker STANLEY "BUCKWHEAT" DURAL, JR., is a happy man. Zydeco, accordion-powered dance music that comes out of his Creole roots in southwestern Louisiana, has finally hit the mainstream, propelled by his own LP *On Track*. Listen to the Buckwheat Zydeco version of Jimi Hendrix' *Hey Joe* and you'll get the idea. Then put on your dancing shoes and catch him in concert.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

Seeing Through to Marie

MARIE LAURIN was in an episode of *The Hitchhiker* and some TV commercials, but really, she's just starting. We're glad to help.

© DAN GOLDEN

Is There a Doctor in the House?

Comic HOWIE MANDEL is much too busy to be sick. A Showtime special he wrote and directed, *Howie Spent Our Summer* (get it?), will be on TV—you guessed it—this summer, and you can see *Bobby's World*, his TV cartoon, Saturday mornings. A combination of live action and animation, Mandel does the voices for Bobby and his father. Imagine getting paid for being silly.

LASTING IMPRESSION

Some greeting cards sing, play music or even pop up. But Intimate Impressions Greeting Card Kits convey a message that's much more intimate. Included in each kit is a scented ink pad, a blank greeting card (with a Cupid on the front) and an envelope. The sender applies the nontoxic ink to a part of his or her body and then presses up against the card. (The ink washes off easily.) The card kit called Nipple Notes (shown here), obviously aimed at a lady in love, is rose-scented. The men's version, Peter Prints (don't laugh, they could have called it Pecker Tracks), is bay-rum-scented. (It has a randy-looking rooster on the front.) Each costs about five dollars in card and novelty stores, or call 619-448-6636 to order.

CITY OF LIGHT WALLETS

Just in time for the recession comes a revised edition of Sandra Gustafson's best-selling *Cheap Eats in Paris*. According to the publisher, Chronicle Books, *Cheap Eats* now covers "over 100 inexpensive restaurants, brasseries and bistros"—and all for only $9.95. A revised companion edition, *Cheap Sleeps in Paris*, has also been updated. And in case you're heading to the U.K., cheap-eating-and-sleeping books are available for London, too.

DAVE CALVER

JOHN SCHNEIZER

WORDS TO COMMUTE BY

Commuter's Audio Review, in Corona Del Mar, California, describes its newly released series of *Train of Thought* 90-minute audiocassettes as an acoustic adventure "camouflaged as a magazine on tape." The first volume of this quarterly contains short stories from National Public Radio and other sources interspersed among musical selections that range from *Lullaby of Birdland* played by the Earl Palmer Trio to the clean, clear notes of Mary Black, a colleen whose records go platinum in Ireland. A year's subscription to *Train of Thought* is $50, or you can order individual cassettes by calling 800-676-7166. Humorist Dave Barry will be on volume two. Now they're talking.

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER GAMES

If you can't make it to the summer Olympics, there's always Olympic Gold—Barcelona 1992. It's a video game by U.S. Gold for the Sega Genesis and Sega Game Gear systems that allows you to participate in seven events: sprint, swimming, hurdles, hammer throw, archery, pole vaulting and springboard diving. You can even play in eight languages and compete against three other athletes. The price: $54.95. Let the games begin!

YANKEES PRIDE

Love them or hate them, the New York Yankees are still the greatest dynasty in baseball. If you don't believe us, pick up a $24.95 copy of *The Bronx Bombers*, a 140-page book of Yankees memories and mementos published by Abbeville Press. Inside are hundreds of photos (plus a text by Bruce Chadwick) that trace the team's history from the days of Wee Willie Keeler. If you're a Yankees hater, Abbeville also has published a companion volume devoted to the Boston Red Sox.

GLENN ARVIDSON

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

Sensations, a "one-day Erotic Expo, Sensuality Faire and Romantic Fantasy Convention for loving couples and sensuous singles," will be held during July in—where else?—Las Vegas. The convention will feature sexy products, exhibitions offering amorous getaways, seminars and workshops on such intimate subjects as sexual self-gratification. For information on the exact day and location of Sensations, call 310-319-0484. No heavy breathing.

FIVE STARS, CHICAGO STYLE

The Windy City night skyline is a little brighter. For the first time in more than 20 years, a Chicago hotel is the home of the coveted Mobil Travel Five-Star Award that's bestowed on the nation's top lodging and dining establishments. The recipient is the Four Seasons Hotel on North Michigan Avenue. Other five-star winners include Lutéce in Manhattan, Tall Timber near Durango, Colorado, and The Wigwam in Litchfield Park, Arizona.

DAN CLYNE

WALK A NILE FOR A CAMEL

"The comforts of five-star hotels plus the romantic adventure of sleeping on your Nile felucca and in the desert under a million stars." That's what Hanns Ebensten Travel's Nile and Sinai Tour is all about. This November 11 to 29, Ebensten, at 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, will be taking 16 adventurous sail-and-sand buffs to Egypt. The cost: $4865 per person, not including airfare.

CHUCK WALKER

MAKING YOUR MARC TIEWISE

Marc Hauser, a Chicago photographer with a national reputation for exceptional portraits, has just designed a line of ties that are as bold as his work. Pictured here are examples of some of the silk hand-painted and hand-sewn styles in his first collection. The prices are $70 each, postpaid. You can obtain more information about these and other styles by calling Marc's manufacturer, Joe Sherman Inc., at 312-876-1480. Ask for John Grossman.

NEXT MONTH

GOOD MEDICINE

MALCOLM REMEMBERED

VIDEO GAMES

THE SLIP

"THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT RUN"—AN ASTONISHINGLY CANDID LOOK AT THE MEDIA'S FAVORITE NONCANDIDATE, NEW YORK'S GOVERNOR **MARIO CUOMO**—*PLAYBOY PROFILE* BY **BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON**

"RESTON'S RAT"—THERE ARE TRAPS WITHIN TRAPS WHEN GOLF BUDDIES MEET TO SORT OUT LOVE . . . AND BUSINESS—BY **KEVIN COOK**

"MALCOLM X REMEMBERED"—THE LATE **ALEX HALEY** KNEW THE MARTYRED BLACK LEADER FROM HIS DAYS BERATING "WHITE DEVILS" TO HIS FINAL CRUSADE FOR BROTHERHOOD. NOW, AS RAPPERS, HISTORIANS AND FILM MAKER **SPIKE LEE** LAY CLAIM TO MALCOLM, HALEY'S REFLECTIONS TAKE ON A SPECIAL IMMEDIACY

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"ADVENTURES IN SAFE SEX"—AFTER HIS SECOND DIVORCE, OUR BORN-AGAIN SINGLE TESTS THE SEXUAL WATERS AND FINDS THE TIDE HIGHER THAN HE'D REALIZED—BY **DAN GREENBURG**

"SMART DRUGS"—EAGER ENTREPRENEURS CLAIM HERBS, AMINO ACIDS AND PHARMACEUTICALS CAN HOTWIRE YOUR BRAIN—BY **JERRY STAHL**

AWESOME AUSSIE **NICOLE KIDMAN** TALKS ABOUT HER ON- AND OFF-SCREEN CHEMISTRY WITH HUBBY **TOM CRUISE** AND SINGS THE PRAISES OF SHORTER MEN IN A FAIR DINKUM **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"LET THE GAMES BEGIN"—VIDEO AND COMPUTER ACTION IS BACK WITH A VENGEANCE—AND THIS TIME, THE BIG BOYS ARE PLAYING, TOO—BY **DAVID ELRICH**

PLUS: "THE SLIP," A SHORT-SHORT STORY BY **GARY SMITH;** MEMBERS OF THE **U.S. OLYMPIC VOLLEYBALL TEAM** MODEL BEACH TOGS; CLASSIC SUMMER DRINKS, BY **PAUL PACAULT;** THE SEXIEST THING ON TV'S *HOME IMPROVEMENT*, PLAYMATE **PAMELA ANDERSON;** AND MUCH MORE

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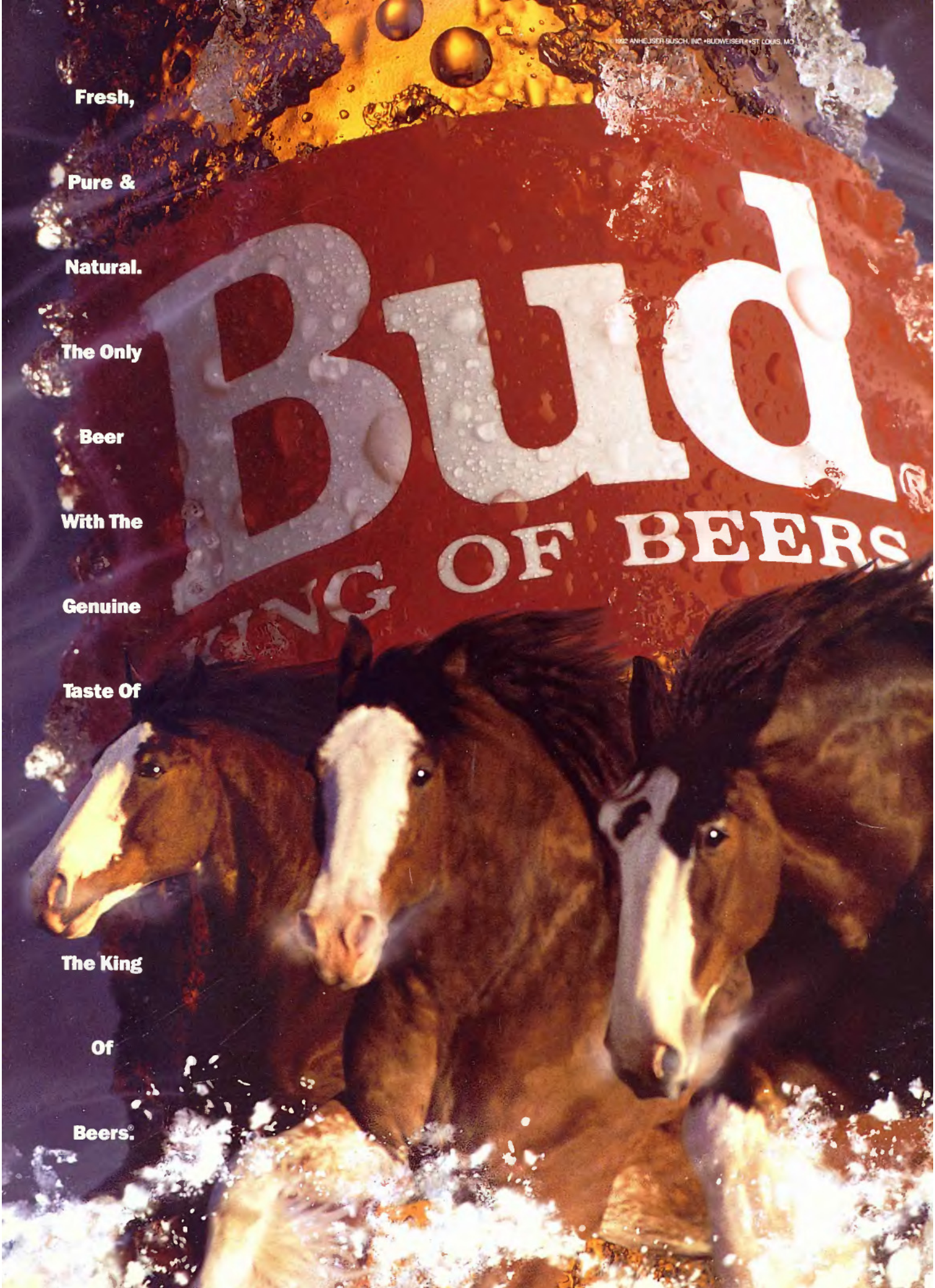
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